

ABUSES
STRIPT,
AND
WHIPT.

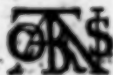
OR
SATIRICAL ESSAYES,

By GEORGE WYTHER.

Divided into two Bookes

Παλαίχρηστοι τοι καὶ μωροὶ ἀντὶ κατὰ κράτος ἔστε.

*Dispise not this what ere I seeme in shewe,
A foole to purpose speaks sometime you know.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by G. ELD, for FRANCIS
BVRTON, and are to be solde at his shop
in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of
the Green-Dragon. 1613.

A B V S E

STRIPT

AND

W H I T

OR

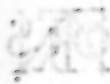
SATIRICAL ESSAYS

By George Withers

Printed in the Strand

By J. B. G. & Co. 1785

Printed by J. B. G. & Co. 1785



At London

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To him-selfe, *G. W.* wisheth
all hapinesse.



Hou (*euen my selfe*) whom
next God, my *Prince*, and
Country I am most enga-
ged vnto; It is not vnlike-
lie, but some will wonder,
why, contrary to the
worlds custome, I haue
made choyse of thy Patronage for this
booke, rather then the protection of such
whose mightinesse might seeme better able
to defend it; especially considering such a
Gigantick troupe of aduersaries haue ban-
ded themselues against the *Truth*, that one
of them *G. Iah*-like dares raile vpon a whole
hoast of *Israhel*. It may be (I say) some will
wonder, and some scoffe at mee for it; for
which cause (though to answer them with
sic volo had been sufficient; yet to shew I will
not like our *Great ones* stand so much vpon

The Epistle.

my authority as to make my *VVill* my *Reason*) I heere let you know why, and for what causes I haue done it; the first is this: I could not amongst all men finde any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my *Werke* was vnworthy, or too worthie his Patronage. Secondly, it is said; *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I doubting my free speech would hardly make a *Diapason*, pleasing to the eare of a common *Mecenas*, thought it best to hold my tongue, or speake to my selfe, whose disposition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather indure the *Kites* tyranny, then with *Aesops* *Doues* make the Sparrow-hauke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I haue spoken *Truth* it is able to defend it selfe; if not, who ere be my Patron, it is I must answer for it. Fifthly, for asmuch as I know my owne minde best; I purpose, if need be, to become my own *Advocate*. Sixtly, for my owne sake I first made it, and therefore certaine I am I my selfe haue most right vnto it. But seauently, and lastly (which is indeed the principal *Reason*) I haue

Dedicatorie.

haue made this *Dedication* to thee, poore
world-despiled *Selfe* ; euen to put thee in
minde, (seeing thou hast here boldly begun
to bid defiance to the *Flesh*, and vpon iust
causes quarrelled with the *World*) that thou
take heed to thine owne words, and not
through basenes of minde or vntowardnes
of *Fortune* (to thy euerlasting disgrace)
faintly giue ouer so noble a *Combat*; If euer
aduersitie (as tis like enough) oppresse thee;
yet remember thy owne sayings, and in des-
pight of outward *Destinies* haue a care to
keepe an vndeicted heart still free for *Ver-*
tue. Or on the contrary, if euer (as tis vn-
likely) vnexpected *Prosperity* bee cast vpon
thee, then look to thy selfe, take to thee this
poore booke of thine, wherein thou shalt
see the dangers of it, and be, perhaps, there-
by staid from many a perilous enterprise,
which that estate might else driue thee
into. Reade it, weekly, daily, yea and
howerly toe : what though it bee thine
owne ? thou knowest mans nature to
bee so vncertaine, and prone to forget-
fulnesse, euen in the best things, that thou
canst not haue too many *Memorandums*.

The

The Epistle.

The wisest fall, and therefore euery day was *Philip* desirous to bee remembred that hee was a *Man*; thou thinkest I know, still to remaine what thou art, I desire in some things thou maist, but vnlesse thou labour it with diligent watchfulnesse ouer *affection*, it is at least much to be doubted, if not altogether to bee despaired of; thou hast seene many by an alteration in their estate beene so *metamorphosed*, as if they were not the same men, nor of that *Nation*.

Now remember it, thou thy selfe, and that but vpon a bare hope, or imagination of some preferment, hast bin puffed vp and exalted aboue measure: consider now then how much more thou hadst beene so and what had become of thee if God had not by dashing those hopes called thee to thy selfe againe? Alas! if hee had answered thy *ambitious* expectations to thy desire, thou hadst bin by this time past recouerie and not thought of this; but delighted in *villany*, bin ouer-mastered by *passion*, rusht into all *vanity* and *presumption*; yet neuer felt any danger, till it were too late to preuent it. Thou hast oft wisht thou hadst bin borne to

Dedicatorie.

the like means that others are, which might
it haue beene so, now thou seest thou
shouldst hardly, or neuer, haue come to the
knowledge of those things, that are now
showne thee. Tis true, thou hast lamen-
ted to be crost in thy preferments, but thou
seest since that it might haue been thy vn-
doing if it had not beene so, and maist per-
swade thy selfe, whether it be now or neuer,
it will be to thy good. For tell me, hast thou
not often felt, euen when thou wert busiest
to preuent them; *fond loue, ambition, re-
venge, conceitsnesse* and such like *Passions*
then to invade thee? Hast thou perceiued
it I say? How much more then would
they haue beene ready to assaile thee, when
quite forgetting them, thou hadst wholly
addicted thy self to the things of this *world*?
Let mee aduise my *deare selfe* then, to make
use of this thine owne worke, it will be bet-
ter to thee then all the *world*: for this good
it may do thee, and to this end I made both
it and the *Dedication* thereof to thee, that if
euer hereafter the temptations of the *world*,
the *flesh* & the *diuel*, or any occasion should
make thee to forget this mind that thou art

now

The Epistle.

now in : or so blind thy vnderstanding
thou shouldst not perceine thy owne and
the *Worlds* follies as thou now dost; That
if thou shouldst be in that miserable state as
many are, to haue no feeling of thy danger:
that if thou shouldst bee wofully flattered
and haue no friend that dares, or loues
thee so well to put thee in mind of thy
transgressions.

Then I haue ordained this to shew
thee what once thou wert, to touch thee
again with the feeling of thy miseries,
and to bee vnto thee that true *Friend*
which, free from all faigned inuention,
shal plainly tell thee, what perhaps should
else haue neuer beene brought againe to
thy remembrance. Looke then that for
thy owne sake thou respect this, how e-
uer to others it may seeme a trifle. Be
carefull of thy actions, for seeing thou
knowest the dangerous *Passions* where
vnto *Man* is subiect, hast showne his *vani-
ties*, layed open his *Weakenesse*, and sharpe-
ly taxed his *Presumptions* : If now thou
shouldst wilfully runne thy selfe into
the same euilles, the *world* would vpraid

Dedicatorie.

thee, this *Booke*, yea thy *Conscience* accuse thee, God and good-men hate thee, thy fault be more odious and in-excusable, thy *Judgement* more severe, and which is worst, thy punishment most intollerable; I say seeke therefore (if for no other cause) so to carry thy selfe, that at least thou maist haue a good conscience before God, for *Si Deus tecum quis contra te*, but if now hauing made the *World* thine enemy, exposed thy selfe to the malice thereof, and hauing so many *Legions* of foes without thee, thou shouldest also, by thy negligence, suffer the inuincible fortresse of a sound *Conscience* to be crazed within thee, the *Di- uell*, that is alway watching such aduantages, would quickly possesse it with an vniuersall troupe of *Horrors*, *Feares*, and *Desperations*, that without *Gods* miraculous assistance thou wouldest grow wholly past either comfort or recovery.

For all the *World* cannot defend thee against thy *Conscience*, but that beeing with thee, thou maist preuaile against all the *World*. Beware then, doe not like the *Zib- hum* yeeld a perfume to sweeten others

and

The Epistle.

and be thy selfe a stinking vermine, but let this thy owne worke bee first confirmed by thy life and conuersation, yea let it be a *President* to thy selfe, for, *Tanti erit aliis quanti tibi fuerit*, but if not, I say if the *World* mis-esteeme either it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore esteeme the lesse either of thy booke or of thy selfe, but rather let them know

*That thou hast learned, still thy care, shalbe,
A rush for him, that cares a straw for thee.*

But now, though for these and diuers other *Reasons*, I haue to thee my *OWNE-SELFE* committed the *protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this booke, yet my meaning is not that thou shouldst keepe it wholly to thine owne vse; But rather seeing it is honourable to giue, (though none will giue thee any thing) I haue bestowne this on thee, that if thou canst in this corrupted age, finde any, whom desert, and thy loue may make so deare vnto thee, or whom thou art perswaded will gratifie, or but thinke well of thy honest endeauours, thou maist bee liberall to them both of these thy labours and expences. But this I com

iur

Dedicatorie.

sure thee to; be they neuer so great yet flatter not, or if he be a man whom thou knowest the *World* speaks any way iustly ill of; either tell him his fault, or leaue him wholly out of thy *Catalogue*: But because I begin to grow tedious to my *owne-selfe*, and since I shall haue *Opportunity* enough to consider with thee what is further needfull without an *Epistle*, with my prayers for my *Prince*, my *Country*, my *friends*, and my *owne* prosperitie, without any leaue taking, or Commendations of my *Selfe*; I heartily wish my *owne Soule* to fare-well.

Thy Princes, thy Countries, thy friends, and thine i. thine own whilſt Reason masters Affection.

GEO. WITHER.

17th Nov.

your letter to me; he says it is to great yet far-
et hope it had been whom it on know-
it the us; I feel as any way in all of;
I shall be his friend, or have him whole-
y out of the country; but I shall begin
to grow tedious to my friends, and since
I shall have opportunity enough to con-
tinue what I have not needful with-
out an effort, with my friends for my
sake, my country, my friends, and my
the province without any leave taking,
or contributions of my services; I

heartily wish my own
to be so well.

The friends, the country, the
friends, and this is the
country with respect to matters
affection.

Geo. Withers.

To the Reader.



Readers, I speake to you that
haue understanding; when
these first fruits of my con-
ueried Muses, shall come to
your iudicious censures, Do
not look for Spencers, or Da-
niels wel composed numbers;
or the deep conceits of now flourishing Iohnson;
ne say tis honest plain matter, & there's as much
as I look for. If I haue seem'd to err in any thing
suppose me not so obstinate, or wel conceited of my
own opinions, but that I may be perswaded by a-
ny that shal produce stronger reasons to the con-
trary. If any thing may seeme to haue a doubtfull
interpretation, assure your selues the honestest
meaning in it is mine, and although some may
think I haue not so wel ioyned things together as
I might haue done, I know whe you haue conside-
red the nature of the Subiect, & the diuersity of
things therein handled you wil accept my good wil
& les my yeeres be an excuse for that. For other
ignorant ouer-sights what forner. Some no doubt

To the Reader:

will mistake my plainnes, in that I haue so bluntly spoken what I haue obserued, without any Poeticall additions or fained Allegories, I am sorry I haue not pleased them therein, but should haue been more sorry if I had displeased my selfe in doing otherwise; for I know if I had wrapt up my meaning, in dark riddles, I should haue been more applauded and lesse vnderstood, which I nothing desire. I neither feare nor shame to speake the Truth, and therefore haue nakedly thrust it forth without a couering. To what end were it, if I (as some do) had appareld my mind in darke Parables, that few or none might haue vnderstood mee? I should doe better to be silent; but if it be more in request I may hereafter be obscure enough, yet in this tis not my meaning, for indeed, if I knew how, my desire is to be so plaine, that the bluntest Iobernole might vnderstand mee. Our Grand-villaines care not for a secret ierk; well wee may shew an honest wit in couertly nipping them, but either 'tis in vaine cause they perceiue it not, or else ridiculous, seeing they only vnderstand it who will but either malice or flout us for our labors. Many may dislike the harshnes of the Verse but you know, although it be not stately, yet it well
enough

To the Reader

though befits the matter, and whereas I may seem blame worthy in mixing Diuinity with Humanity: yet when you haue found my generall ayme; considered with what reuerent respect I haue done it, and what commendable authorities I may haue for it, I nothing misdoubt your approbation. Those things which concerne my selfe, may seeme childish, nothing pleasing, but you must consider I had a care to please my selfe as well as others; and if the World blame mee as to sawcy with her, 'tis for want of manners, but her owne fault, that would allow mee no better education. To bee briefe, if I haue any way offended I am so well perswaded you wil mildly conster my errors and infirmities, that I rest wholly, and onely on your sound and incorrupted Iudgements.

But

Readers; I meane you that are no more but Readers; I make no question if this book come to your spelling, it will haue many halting verses, and disioynted sentences: for I haue had experience of your insufficiencie: yet haue I strin'd to bee for your sakes I tell you (because I would if it were possible bee understood) as plaine (as they say) as a pack-saddle, and now the doubt is then fooles will ride me. If they doe certainly, I shall

To the Reader?

berough & vneafie for their tenderneſſes. Though
you vnderſtand them not yet becauſe you ſee this
wants ſome fine Phraſes & flouriſhes, as you find
other mens writings ſtaff withal, perhaps you
wil iudge me vnlearned, wel; and right enough.
Yet you will be counted but (aucy Coblers to go
beyond your Laſts. And if that be a fault did not
the ſubiect and your ignorances, requeſre me to be
in that ſort faulty? I could with eaſe haue amended
it, for it coſt me (I proteſt) more labour to ob-
ſerue this plaineneſſe then if I had more Poeti-
cally trim'd it, but for feare if I ſpeake much, I
confound your Memories, I will ſay no more but
this, Read and welcome, but Censure not,
for your iudgement is weake and I vt-
terly renounce it.

Valete

George Wither.

EPIGRAMS.

To Time.

EPIGR. I.

NOW swift-devouring, bald and ill fac'd *Time*,
Dost not thou blush to see thy selfe vncloak't?
Oh that I knew but how to laugh in *Time*?
Faith I would do it though thou wist me choakt.
Didst thou but see how thy faire *antique* shape,
Is now transformed to a *shapelesse* hew:
How like thou look'st to some *Barbarian Ape*,
Couldst thou I say with me thine owne selfe view
Thou wouldst be *Metamorphos'd* anew,
Run quite away, and either all amend,
Or wish thy selfe and all things at an end.

And yet dispaire not *Time*, thought thou art ill;
The worst that euer yet was knowne to be,
Tis not ordain'd thou shouldst remaine so still,
For I my selfe this age do hope to see:
The glorioust work that euer *Time* brought forth,
The master-peece, and the most noble act;
In the respect of which twere nothing worth
If all the braue deeds done were but one fact,
Romes fall I meane; I heard it when it crack't.
Yea from my *Cradle* I did still surmize;
I should see *Babell* tumble *Bethell* rise,

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 2.

I Heare theres some aske how I dare so plaine
Tax the *Abuses* that I now see raigne,
I muse as much they dare say ill vnto it,
Or dare but aske, but how I dare to doe it.

To the Stranger 3.

THou that wert so vnhappy first, to breath,
Without the compasse of *Great Britains* powe
And blest againe that fate did thee bequeath,
The knowledge of so rich a tongue as our.
If vnderstanding thou dost hap to read,
This booke wherein thou seest my nations shame
Yet do not thou against my Country plead,
For thine thou know'st doth merit as much blame
Our faults are many, this indeed is true;
But were they moe, we were no worse then you.

To the Satyro-mastix. 4.

OH Lord Sir y are decei'd I me none of tho
That write in Anger, or malicious spleene,
I haue not taken pepper in the Nose,
Nor a base forger of false libels beene,
Such ones there be indeed, such I haue seene;

EPIGRAMS.

I enuy no man for his greatnes I,
Nor seeke I any honest mans disgrace;
I ioy in euery ones prosperity,
Ile not the credit of a dogge deface,
My Aduerfaery shall not prooue the case.

Then stand back sirrah Whip-Jack with your
Do not incense my Satyr for thy life: (scourge,
Hee's patient enough valesse thou vrge,
Contentions are now a dayes to rise,
And he is very backward vnto strife,

But notwithstanding heere he lets thee see,
As long as there is cause and reason why:
In spight of all that foes to Satyrs be:
He shall, if I list taxe iniquitie,
It is a matter of necessity,

What? you would faine haue all the great ones
They must not for their vices be controld, (freed,
Beware; that were a faucines indeed;
But if the *Great-ones* to offend be bold,
I see no reason but they should be told.

Yea and they shall; their faults most hurtfull be,
And though I will not put them to that shame,
I no iniustice in the matter see,
If they were taxed by their proper name,
For no sinne can on earth haue her full blame.

Then *Scourge of Satyrs* hold thy whip from mine,
Or I will make my rod lash thee and thine.

EPIGRAMS.

To the gald Reader.

EPIG. 8.

Sir, he thats night-gald or hath cornes on's toes,
May blame the Shoemaker and curse his shoes
But those that are acquainted with the fault,
Can tell the reason wherefore he doth halt;
So thou maist think (perhaps) these *Saunders* sting thee
Where only thy owne guiltines doth wring thee.
For if thou wert from these diseases free,
Thou wouldst be quiet as some others be.
But tis well known a *ticklest beast bath tricks*
And the old *Proverb* saith a *gald l a e kicks*.
But I'll advise thee, if thou feele it smart,
Be rul'd by me and play not the fooles part,
Keep't to thy selfe, and there are none shall know,
Whether that thou art toucht therein or no,
Thou seest thou neither art markt out nor nam'd;
And therefore onely to thy selfe art sham'd;
Now if thou stir, at best thou shalt but make
The Country of thy faults more knowledge take.
And (as indeed it iustly may) diuine,
The worst faults that I write against are thine,
Then since to be reprooued seemes a curse,
And to be mooued makes the matter worse,
Either for to amend thy life haue care,
Or like a Pack'orse and an Assc stil beare.

EPIGRAMS.

To the Impartiall Author.

C*Eorge*, I did euer thinke thy faithfull breast,
Conteind a mind beyond the common sort,
Thy very looke and honest heart exprest,
And seem'd an aw-full mildnes to import:
Poets may vaunt of smooth and lofty straines,
Thine with thy subiect fitly do agree;
But then thy *Muse* a better praise obtaines,
For whilst the greatest but *time-pleasers* be,
Thou vnappald and freely speak'st the truth:
Not any one for feare or lucre sparing:
A vertue rare in age, more rare in youth;
Another *Cato*, but I think more daring;
Wel maist thou speed in these tempestuous times,
Thou soone begin'st to make the world thy foe
Yet I so wel do like thy honest rimes;
That I could wish al Poets would write so;
For thou the way of truth so rightly tend'st,
I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'st

Thy deare friend, TH. C.



The Contents of the first Booke.

<i>The Occasion.</i>	
<i>The Introduction,</i>	
<i>Of Man</i>	
<i>Offend Lane.</i>	<i>Satyr</i>
<i>Of Lust.</i>	
<i>Of Hate.</i>	
<i>Of Envy.</i>	
<i>Of Reuenge.</i>	
<i>Of Choller.</i>	
<i>Of Iealousie,</i>	
<i>Of Conuoufnes.</i>	
<i>Of Ambition.</i>	
<i>Of Feare.</i>	
<i>Of Despaire.</i>	
<i>Of Hope.</i>	
<i>Of Compassion.</i>	
<i>Of Cruelty.</i>	
<i>Of Ioy.</i>	
<i>Of Sorrow.</i>	
<i>The Conclusion of the first Booke.</i>	



THE SECOND BOOK.

<i>Of Vanity.</i>	<i>Satyr.</i>	1
<i>Of Inconstancy</i>		2
<i>Of Weaknes.</i>		3
<i>Of Presumption</i>		4

The Scurge

Epigramms to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Personages and friends, to whom the Author gave any of his Bookes.

THE SECOND

BOOK

1. 1712

2

3

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Of the
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Epitaph on the King, O. a. and to certain noble Per-
sons and Friends, to whom the Author gave out
of his Pocket.

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THE OCCASION.

Of this worke.

WHen nimble *Time*, that all things over-runs;
 Made me forsake my tops and elderne guns
 Reaching those yeares in which the schoole boyes
 In leauing off the bottle and the bagg: (bragge
 The very spring before I grew so old,
 That I had amost thrice fiue winters told,
 Noting my other fellow-pupils hast,
 That to our English *Athens* flockt so fast:
 Least others for a truant should suspect me,
 That had the selfe-same *Tutor* to direct me
 And in a manner counting it a shame,
 To vndergoe so long a Schoole-boyes name,
 Thither went I; for (though Ile not compare)
 With any of them that my *fellowes* were;
 Yet then (Ile speake it to my *Teachers* praise)
 I was vnfurnisht of no needfull layes;
 Nor any whit for Grammar rules to seeke,
 In *Lillies* Latine, nor in *Camdens* Greeke.

But

THE OCCASION.

But so well grounded that another day,
 I could not with our idle students say
 For an excuse I was ill enter'd; no;
 There are too-many know it was not so;
 And therefore since I came no wiser thence;
 I must confesse it was my negligence,
 Yet daily longing to behold and see,
 The places where the sacred *Sisters* be;
 I was so happy to that *Foord* I came,
 Of which an *Oxe*, they say, beares halfe the name:
 It is the spring of knowledge that imparts,
 A thousand severall Sciences, and Arts;
 A *Chryftall* fount, whose water is by ods,
 Far sweeter then the *Nectar* of the *Gods*:
 Or for to giue't a title that befits,
 It is the very *Nurc.ry* of wits;
 There once arriued, cause my wits were raw,
 I fell to wondring at each thing I saw
 And for my learning made a monthes vacation,
 In noting of the places scituation:
 The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
 Vnto the wise *Minervaes* hallowed crew;
 Their *cloisters*, *walkes*, and *groves* all which suruei'd,
 And in my new admittance well apaid;
 I did (as other idle *Freshmen* doe)
 Long for to see the Bell of *Osney* to:
 But yet, indeed (may not I grieue to tell?)
 I neuer dranke at *Aristotles Well*.
 And that perhaps may be the rea son why,
 I know so little in Philosophy.

Yet

THE OCCASION.

Yet old *Sir Harry Bath* was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot;
The *Forrest* by (beleue it they that will)
Retaines the surname of *shot-ouer* still:
Then hauing scene enough, and therewithall,
Got some experience at the *Tennisball*,
My *Tutor* (telling me I was not sent,
There to be idle, but with an intent,
For to encrease my knowledge), cald me in,
And with his graue instructions did begin
To teach: And by his good perswasions sought,
To bring me to a loue of what he taught:
Then after that he gan for to impart,
The hidden secrets of the *Logick Art*;
In steed of grammer rules he taught me than,
Old Scotus, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
He shew'd me which the *Predicables* be,
As *Genus*, *Species*, and th'other three,
So hauing said enough of their contents,
Handles in order the ten *Pradicaments*,
Then *Post pradicaments*: with *Priorum*,
Perhermenias and *posterorum*:
He with the *Topicks* opens; and describes
Elenchi, full of subtile falacies:
These to vnfold (indeed) he tooke some paine,
But to my dull capacity in vaine:
For all he spake was to as little passe,
As in old time vnto the vulger was
Their *Latine* seruice, which they vnderstood
As wel as did a horse to do them good,
And

THE OCCASION.

And I his meaning did as neere coniecture,
 As if he had beene reading *Hebrew lectures*;
 His *Infinities*, *Individuit es*,
Contrari's, and *Subcontrarie's*,
Divisions: *Subdivisions*, and a crew
 Of termes and wordes such as I neuer knew;
 My shallow vnderstanding so confounded,
 That I was grauel'd like a ship that's grounded;
 And in despaire the mistery to gaine,
 Neglecting all tooke neither heed nor paine,
 Yea, I remaind in that amazed plight,
 Till *Cynthia* fixe times lost her borrowed light,
 But then ashamed to find my selfe still mute,
 And other little *Dandipratts* dispute,
 That could distinguish vppon *Rationale*,
 Yet scarcely heard of *Verum Personale*;
 And could by heart (like *Parots*) in the Schooles
 Stäid prätling, those me thought were pretty fooles
 And therefore in some hope to profit so,
 That I like them (at least) might make a show:
 I reacht my bookes that I had cast about,
 (To see if I could pick the meaning out)
 And prying on them with some diligence,
 At length I felt my dull intelligence
 Begin to open; and perceiued more,
 In halfe an houre then halfe a yeare before,
 And which is strange the thinges I had forgot,
 And till that very day remembred not,
 Since first my *Tutor* read them; those did then,
 Returne into my memory agen;

THE OCCASION: T

o that with which I had so much to do, I
 weeke made easie, yea and pleasing too.
 ut then with that not thoroughly content,
 practis'd to maintaine an *Argument*,
 and hauing waded thorough *Sophistrie*,
 fell vnto reading of *Philosophy*,
 and thinking there the *Esicks* not enough,
 also had a longing for to know,
 the cause of *snow*, *hail*, *thunder*, *frost*, and *raine*,
 the *lightnings*, *meteors*, and what here 'twere vaine
 to come to speake of; since I shall but show-it,
 to those that better then my selfe do know-it,
 then from the causes of thinges naturall,
 went to matters *Metaphysical*:
 of which when I a little newes could tell,
 (as the rest did) vnto wrangling fell.
 And as the fashion was for to disgrace her,
 when I oppos'd the *truth* I could out-face her,
 but now ensues the worst, I getting foot,
 and well digesting *Learnings* bitter Root:
 ready to tast the fruit; and when I thought
 should a *Calling* in that place haue sought,
 found I was for other ends ordain'd,
 to forsake this course I was constrain'd
 for *fortune* that full many a boone hath lost me,
 thus in the reaping my contentment, crost me.
My (quoth she) that I must make my slave,
 for whom in store a thousand plagues I haue,
 come home, I pray, and learne to hold the plough,
 for you haue read *Philosophy* enough.

THE OCCASION. T

If wrangling in the *ſchools* be ſuch a ſport,
 Go to thoſe *Plejdens* in the *Inns of Court*,
 For aſke your pariſh-neighbors they can tell,
 Thoſe fellowes do maintaine *contention* well;
 For Art in numbers you no coile need keep,
 A little ſkill ſhall ſerue to tell your ſheepe:
 Seeke not the *Stars* thy evils ſhould relate,
 Leaft when thou know them, thou grow deſperate;
 And let alone *Geometry*, tis vaine,
 Ile find you worke enough to marre your braine;
 Or would you ſtudy *Muſique*? elſe 'twere pittie,
 And yet it needs not, you ſhall find Ile fit ye:
 Ile teach you how to frame a ſong, and will
 Prouide you *cares* to be the ſubiect ſtil:
 This, *Fortune* or my Fate, did ſeem to tel me,
 And ſuch a chance, indeed, ere long beſell me,
 For ere my yeares would ſuffer me to be,
 Admitted ſor to take the loweſt degree;
 By *Fates* apppointment (that no ſtay can brook)
 The *Paradiſe* of *England* I forſooke,
 And ſeing I was forc't to leaue thoſe *mountaines*,
Fine grones, faire walks, & ſweet delightful fountains
 And ſince it might not vnto me be granted,
 To keepe thoſe places where the *Muſes* hanted,
 I home returned ſomewhat diſcontent,
 And to our *Bentworth* beechy ſhadowes went:
 Bewailing theſe my firſt endeauors loſt,
 And ſo to be by any *fortune* croſt,
 Who though ſhe dayly do much miſchiefe to me,
 Can neuer whiſt I liue a eater dome!

T H E O C C A S I O N .

And yet in that, ere she procur'd her will;
 I learnt enough to scorne a *Fortune* still;
 Yea yse hath made her enuy seeme so vaine;
 That I am almost proud in her disdain:
 But being back returnd, as I haue said,
 Hauing a little in the *Country* staid,
 I there espi'de (as I had long suspected)
 I (vnder seru'd) of some was ill affected,
 And that by those tis thought my friends had been;
 But though they kept ther mallice long vnscene,
 And made faire shewes as if they sought my good;
 Yet they the same of all men most with-stood,
 For, (seeming kind) they often did perswade
 My friends, to learne me some *Mechannick* trade;
 Vrging expence (perhaps) and telling how,
 That *Learning* is but little made of now;
 When twas through mallice, cause they feard that I
 Might come to vnderstand my state thereby,
 Exceed their knowledge, and attaine to do,
 My selfe more good, then they could wish me to:
 For that, a worse, or some such scuruy end,
 This selfe-conceited crew did euer bend
 Their spitefull heads, by secret meanes to crosse
 My wisht desire, and to procure my losse:
 But hauing noted this their hollownesse,
 And finding that meere *Country* businesse,
 Was not my *Calling*; to auoyd their spight,
 (Which at that season was not showne outright)
 I to the *City* often did resort,
 To see if either that place, or the *Court*,

THE OCCASION.

Would yettld preferment; but in vain I sought,
Ill *fortune* still my hopes confusion wrought.
Which though for an ill signe some vnderstood,
Yet I presum'd vppon some future good.
For though I scarce am wisht so well of some,
I hope I haue a happy time to come:
Which, when I haue most need of comfort, shall
Send me true *loy* to make amends for all;
But say it be not whilst I draw this ayre,
I haue a heart (I hope) shall nere dispaire;
Because there is a God, with whom I trust,
My *soule* shall triumph, when my bodie's dust;
But when I found that my endeaours still,
Fell out as they would haue't that wisht me ill,
And when I saw the world was growne so coy,
To deeme me then to *young* for to employ:
And that her *greatnes* thought she did not want me
Or found no *Calling* bad enough to grant me,
(And hauing scapt a *thrall* which Ile not touch,
Here in this place, for feare I haue too much
Spoke on't elsewhere;) I say well weighing this,
Together what a foule reproch it is,
To be still idle: and because I spide
How glad they would be that my state enuide
To find me so although the *world* doth scorne
T' allow me action, as if I were borne
Before my time; yet for to let them see
In spight of *fortune* Ile employed be;
Casting *Preferments* too much care aside
And leauing that to God for to provide;

AN INTRODUCTION.

The times abuses I obseru'd and then
In generall the *state* and *cricks* of men,
Wherein although my labour were not *scene*,
Yet (trust me) the discovery hath been,
My great content: and I haue for my *paine*,
Although no outward, yet an inward *gaine*.
Of which because I can with all my heart,
Allow my *Country-men* to haue a part,
And cause I thinke it may do some a pleasure,
On opportunity Ile now take seisure,
And summon vp my *Muse* to make relation;
may b' imploid ere long, now's my *Vacation*.

AN INTRODUCTION.

Come then *Inuention*, and call *Iudgement* in;
Knowledge, and *Reason*, he where haue you bin?
Goe whistle off my *Muse* that wanton plaies,
Sub Epigrams, *Loue Sonets*, *Roundelaires*,
And such like trifling game; Bid her come on,
haue found brauer prey to seaze vpon;
ome new inspiring prayer warmes my heart,
nd adder fresh courage vnto euery part;
ew blood hath fill'd vp all my *loue-dre'd* *kindred*,
sacred *Fury* hath possesst my braines,
nd something too there is that swels my *breast*,
il that be utter'd I expect no rest;

AN INTRODUCTION.

For full with matter like a *Sibill Nun*,
 I shall grow furious till this taske be done.
 Then rouse thee *Muse* each little *Habby* plies;
 At *Scarabes* and painted *Butterflies*:
 Leauē thou such trash, it is not now for vs,
 To flye for pleasure; weele in earnest trusse,
 But thou lookest dull; vnfit for lofty things,
 Thy wanton flight I feare hath tir'd thy wings,
 Least therefore thou should'st faint, forsake th' effi,
 And turne thy selfe into a *Satyrist*;
 Not of the roughest, nor the mildest sort,
 Be most in earnest, but sometimes in sport,
 What e're thou find to speake be not affrayd,
 And for assistance craue *Iehouahs* ayd.
 Vse all thy art, for why, thou must vnfold,
 The strangest *Nature* that was euer told:
 At ripping vp whereof some smart will be,
 Yet goe thou foreward still, who dares touch thee?
 Diue if thou canst, til thou the bottome sound,
 Yet not too farre least thou thy selfe confound;
 Mistake me not, I meane not thou shouldst goe,
 To search the earths center what lies hid below,
 Or vndermine it for rich *Mineralls*
 Thou shalt not haue to do with *Vegetalls*, (*Plants*)
 Strange natures haue both *Stones*, *Trees*, *Herbes*, and
 Which let him speake of that a *Subiect* wants,
 There is an Herb indeed whose vertues such,
 It in the pasture only with a touch,
 Vnshoots the new-shod steed: within the North,
 The *Scottish* Iles cald *Orcades* brings forth

Trees

AN INTRODUCTION.

Trees, (or else writers false it) from whose feeds,
 A certaine kind of *water-foule* proceeds.
 The *Loadstone* also drawes the Steele vnto it,
 Yet hath not ginne or instrument to doe it,
 Rare properties you see, but neither these
 Nor what lies hidden in the vast wide Seas
 Meane I to speake off; I no knowledge haue;
 What Monsters play with *Norway* boistrous waue,
 Nor quality of *birds*, nor *beasts* I sound;
 For why their natures may be quickly found,
 Indeed we may, by little inquisition,
 Find out the brutish creatures true condition,
 As for example we for certaine know,
 The *Elephant* much loue to man will shew,
 The *Tygers*, *Woolues*, and *Lions* we do finde,
 Are rauenous, fierce and cruell euen by kinde,
 We know at caryon we shal find the crows,
 And that the roost-cock whe tis mid night knowes
 By a few dayes experiance we may see,
 Whether the mastife, curst or gentle be;
 And many other natures we find out,
 Of which we haue no cause at all to doubt,
 But theres another Creature called *Man*,
 Note him who wil, and tel me if he can,
 What his condition is; obserue his deeds,
 His speach, his rayment, yea and how hee feedes
 Try him a month, a yeare, an age, and when
 You haue so tride him; say, what is he then?
 Retaines he either vnto *Prasser Iahu*,
 Or else vnto the whore of *Babilon*?

AN INTRODUCTION.

If that you know not which of them to grant,
 Is he a *Brownist* or a *Protestant*?
 If in an Age you cannot find out wheither
 Are you so much as sure that he is either?
 Is his heart *proted* or *bumle*? know you where
 Or when, he *hates*, or *loves*, or *stands in feare*?
 Or who can say (in Conscience I think none)
 That this mans *words*, and *deeds*, & *thoughts* are one?
 Where shall you him so well resolved find,
 That wants a wandring and a wauering mind?
 Nay he of whom you haue most triall, when
 You see him dying, will you trust him then?
 Perhaps you may; yet questionlesse he leaues you,
 A mind misdoubting still that he deceiues you.
 And no great wonder; for hees such an else,
 That euer is uncertaine of himselfe.
 He is not *semper idem* in his will,
 Nor stands on *this* or *that* opinion still,
 But varies; he both will and wil not too,
 Yea euen the thing he thinks and sweares to doe
 He many times omits. Now God forgive him,
 I wonder how another should belecue him,
 But this same *diuers* and *inconstant* creature,
 That so contrary is in his owne nature,
 'Tis him my new-inspired *Muse* here tries,
 Whilst he is liuing to *Anatomize*:
 Tis his abuses and condition,
 (Although it be beyond all definition)
 I labour to discouer: But as well
 I may againe dragge *Cerberus* from hell:

Aloydes

AN INTRODUCTION.

Alexydes toyles were much, yet this is more,
Yea if his *twise-sixe*, had beene *twise sixe-score*.
It is so infinite for to vnfold,
Although that I did speake til I were old,
Yet should I leaue vnnam'd I'me sure e'en than;
Many a humor I haue seene in *Man*.
And yet I must needs say in him there be,
A thousand times more trickes then I can see.
Tis wonderfull, and my imagination
Is almost ouerwhelm'd with *admiration*;
Indeed it is, so deep's mans heart; but yet,
Since either *want of yeares*, or *want of wit*,
Or *lack of worke*, or *lack of all*, hath brought me,
To be more heedful, then a number thought me;
Since it some time and study too hath cost me,
And many a *humor* of mine owne hath lost me.
Since it hurts none, and since perhaps some may,
Be benefitted by't another day,
Although it be a taske that's not alone,
Too huge for to be done by any one,
But more then al the world can well dispatch,
Yet looke what my weake memory could catch,
He heer relate and nothing of it spare,
Saue things vnfit, and such as needlesse are.
Now some will say twere fit I held my tongue,
For such a taske as this I am too young:
He ne're had dealings in the world with men,
How can he speak of their conditions then?
He cannot they conclude: strong reasons why,
Know none how market goes but such as buy?

We

AN INTRODVCTION.

We see it happens that a shifting *Knaue*,
A sly deceitfull Connicatching slaue,
Playing at *Cards* with some vnskilfull gull,
Whose purse is lin'd with Crownes and pennifull,
May put a nimble feat for to deceiue;
Which though a cunning gamester nere perceiue,
He per aduenture may the same descry,
That is no player but a stander by:
So I *alsoe* may view, without suspition,
Mensidle humours and their weake conditions:
Plainer perhaps then many that haue scene,
More daies & on th' earths stage haue *Acton* been,
And tis no matuaile, for employment takes them,
Quite from themselves, and so dim-sighted makes
They cannot see the fooleries they doe, (them
Nor what ill *passions* they are subiect to:
Then who ere carpe, the course I haue begunne,
In spight of them I wil (*God helping*) runne:
And least th' exordium hath too tedious bin,
My *Observations* loe I now begin.

OF

OF MAN,

MOunted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,
And noting with my selfe the state of things,
I plainly did perceiue as on a stage,
The *confus'd actions* of this present age,
I view'd the *World*, and I saw my fill,
Because, that all I saw therein was ill.
I weigh'd it well and found it was the *Scene*,
Of *Villany*, of *Lust*, and all yncleane
And loath'd corruption. Seeing which my *Mind*,
(That by some *inspiration* ganne to find
The place was not in fault for this) search't on,
To find the cause of this confusion.
And noting every Creature, there I found,
That only *Man* was the chiefe *spring* and *ground*
Of all this *vprare*; Yea I soone did see,
He there was *all in all*, and none but he;
Then being also willing for to know,
What thing man was, I did begin to grow
Yet more inquisitiue. An old *Record*
At last I hapt ypon which did afford
Much sacred light. It shewed *Man was a Creature*,
First made by God, *Iust*, and *vpright by nature*,
In his owne Likenesse. That he was compounded
Of *soule and body*; That this last was founded

of

O F M A N.

*Of earth: The first infus'd by inspiration,
 And that the finall cause of his creation,
 Was to set forth the glory of his maker,
 And with him to be made a ioynt-partaker
 Of endless happines. Growne much amazd,
 To read this of him for a time I paus'd,
 And finding now in man no marke or signe,
 That ere he was a Creature so deuine,
 I knew not what to thinke, vnlesse the same,
 Meant any other Creature of that name:
 But prying further on I there found out,
 The resolution of my present doubt,
 I saw the cause of s fall: How with free-will
 He fell from his first goodnes vnto ill:
 I saw how he from happines did slide,
 Through disobedience and vthankfull pride:
 Yea and I found, how by that cursed fall,
 He was bereaued and quite stript of all
 That so adorn'd him; his first holinesse,
 Was chang'd to a corrupted filthinesse
 Then he began to draw a painefull breath,
 And was a slave, made captiue vnto Death;
 His body was expos'd to labour, sweate,
 And much disquieting: He got his meat
 With sorrow, care, and many perturbations,
 And then his soule grew subiect vnto Passions
 And strange distemperatures. Moreouer he,
 So perfect miserable grew to be,
 That if he had not a Re-generation;
 Nothing was left him but meere desperation.*

Hauing

O F M A N.

Hauing scene this, I made no question than,
 But this was spoken of the Creature *Man*
 Which I sought after: Serching further yet,
 On some *Ap:criphall* Records I hit,
 The workes of wise *Philosophers*; from whence,
 I haue receiued more intelligence
 Concerning him, for there they do vnfold,
 Each part about his body, and haue told
 Secrets of *Nature* very rare to finde,
 Besides they haue considered of the *Mind*:
 The *vnderstanding* part, and do relate
 The Nature of his *soule*, and her estate:
 Deepe misteries indeed: But cause that I
 Cannot diue into that *Philosophy*,
 So farre as these. And since I shall but tell,
 Those things which no men can explaine so well
 As they themselues, I leaue you to their bookes,
 In which he that with good aduisement lookes,
 Shal find it largely handled: As for me,
 I meane to speake but what I know and see
 By tri'd experience, which perhaps may giue,
 (Although I haue but now begun to liue)
 Some profitable notes. First I avow,
 What euer *Man* hath beene, that he is now,
 A Reasonable living Creature: who
 Consisteth of a soule and body too.
 His Body's flesh and blood, subiect to sinning,
 Corrupting euen in his first beginning,
 And full of al vnpleasantness: Then his soule
 Is a pure lasting substance, yet made foule
Through

O F M A N.

*Through others filthines: much suppress
 By diuers hurtful passions which molest
 And hinder his proceedings; yea hee's this,
 A Creature that exceeding wretched is,
 And that he may be sure no fault to want,
 Vaine, Fickle, Weake, and wondrous Arogant.
 And though his nature heretofore were pure,
 Now nothing is more fading or vnure.
 But Ile omit at this time to relate,
 The curses Iu'e obseru'd in's outward state;
 For though the body, that before the fall
 Susteind no sorrow, were it ner'e so small:
 Doth now fee'le hunger, with heat, thirst and cold,
 A feeble birth, defects in being old,
 With thousands more; and though each gaspe of
 In misery he draw vntil his death. (breath,
 Yet al this outward change which I do find,
 Is nothing when I do behold the mind:
 For there (as I haue said) abused passion,
 Keepes Vmpire, and hath got predomination.
 Vertues depos'd thence, and Vice rule obtaines;
 Yea Vice from Vice there by succeSSION raignes:
 Thrusting out those that Vertues presence grac't
 And in their steads these hurtful monsters plac't
 Fond Loue, and Lust, Ambition, Emuity,
 Foolish Compassion, Ioy and Iealousie:
 Feare, Hope, Despaire, and Sadnesse, with the Vice
 Cal'd Hate, Reuenge, and greedy Auarice,
 Choller and Cruelty: which I perceiue,
 To be the only causes man's bereau'd*

OF MAN:

Of quietnesse and rest. And these I found
To be the principall, and only ground
Of all pernicious mischeefes that do rage,
Or haue disturbed him in any age,
And therefore I do heere entend to show,
Ere I goe farther, what ill humors flow
From these fore-named; yea I will declare,
To what *abuses* most men subiect are
Throgh any of them: For when as I tooke view,
Although I saw not all, I found a few;
And for because I wil not order breake,
I will assunder of each *passion* speake.

OF

And thus I found
to be the principle and only ground
of all perditions which themselves do rage
And thus I found him in my eye
And therefore I did hence intend to show
to I got farther, when I thus began
to write these few lines which I will declare
to you as a witness which are
though many of them; For I have I took view
though I saw not all I found a way
to for because I will not order practice
will attend to it as I have before.

Of

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OF THE PASSION.

OF LOVE.

SATYR. I.

First *Love*; the same I heere the *first* do call;
 Because that *passion* is most *Natural*;
 And of it selfe could not be discommended,
 Wert not with many a foule abuse attended,
 Or so much out of measure, as we see,
 By those in whom it raignes it oft wil bee
 For looke wher't growes into extremity,
 It soone becometh *Verues Lethargy*,
 Makes them set light by *reasons* sound direction,
 And beares them headlong by vntain'd affection.
Crosses in vain, cause when this fit doth take them
Reason and *understanding* doth forsake them;
 It makes them some-time *merry*, some-time *sad*,
Vnau'd *diuine* mild, and many a *mild man* made:
 To fooles it *wisdome* giues, and makes the witty
 To shew theselues most fooles (the more's the pitty)
 Some it makes *publind*, that they do not know,
 The *Snow white Cygn* from the cole-black *Crow*;

D

That

That one to gold compares his Mistris *bayre*,
When 'tis like *foxe-fur* and doth think *shee's faire*,
Though she in beauty be not far before,
The Swart *West-Indian*, or the tawny *Moore*.
Oh those faire Star-like eyes of thine, one saies:
When to my thinking she hath look't nine wayes;
And that sweet breath; when I thinke (out vppon't)
'Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't,
Another hauing got a dainty peece,
(Prouder then *Iason* with his golden fleece)
Commends her vertues that hath iust as many,
As a *shee-baud* that neuer yet had any.
Yet sweares *shee's chaste* and takes her for no more,
VVhen all her neighbours knowes she is a ———
Another he growes carelesse of his health,
Neglects his credit and consumes his wealth,
Hath found a pretty *peet*, procur'd her fauor,
And sweares that he, in spight of all, will haue her;
Well let him take her since they are contented,
But such *rash-matches* are the soon'st repented.
Then there is one who hauing found a *peere*,
In all things worthy to be counted deere;
VVanting both *Art* and *heart* his mind to breake
Sits sighing (*wo is me*) and wil not speake.
All company he hates, is oft alone,
Growes Melancholly, weepes, respecteth none;
And in dispaire seekes out a way to dye,
VVhen he might liue and find a remedy.
But how now; wast not you (saies one) that late
So humbly beg'd a boone at beauties gate?

Was it not you that to a female Saint
Indited your *Aretophel's* complaint,
With many doleful *Sonnets*, wa'ft not you?
Sure twas saies he: but then how comes it now
You carpe at loue thus in a *Satyr's* vaine?
Take heed you fall not in her handes againe;
Sure if you doe, you shal in open court,
Be forc't to sing a *Palinodia* for't.
What are your braines dry, or your blood growne
Or are you on a sodaine waxen old? (cold?)
To flout at loue, which men of greatest wit,
Alow in youth is naturall and fit.
What reason haue you for't els? what pretence
Haue you for to excuse this vild offence?
To him I answer that indeed een'e I
Was lately subiect to this malady:
Lik't what I now dislike; employ'd good times
In the composing of such idle *Rimes*
As are obiected: From my heart I sent
Full many a heavy sigh, and oft-times spent
Vnmanly teares. I haue, I must confesse,
Thought if my *Loue* smil'd that no happinesse
Might equalize it, and her frowne much worse,
(O God forgiue me) then the *Churches* curse,
I did (as some do) not much matter make,
To hazard soule and body for her sake,
Hauing no hope sometime I did despaire,
Sometime too much built *castles* in the ayre,
In many a foolish humor I haue beene,
As wel as others; looke where I haue seene

Her (*whom I lou'd*) to walke, when she was gone,
Thither I often haue repair'd alone:
As if I thought the places did containe,
Something to ease me (*oh exceeding vaine*):
Yet what if I haue beene thus idly bent,
Shal I be now asham'd for to repent?
Moreouer I was in my *child-hood* than,
And am scarce yet reputed for a *Man*.
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry;
Nor cloi'd with any foule disease am I,
'Tis no such cause that made me change my mind,
But my *affection* that before was blind,
Rash and viruly, now begins to find
That it had run a large and fruitlesse race,
And therevpon hath giuen *Reason* place.
So that by *Reason*, what no *Reason* might
Perswade me from before; I haue out-right,
Iustly forsaken; for because I see
'Twas vaine, absurd, and naught but foolery,
Yet for all this looke where I lou'd of late,
I haue not turnd it in a spleene to hate:
No, for 'twas first her *Virtue* and her *Wit*,
Taught me to see how much I wanted it;
Then as for *Loue*, I do allow it stil,
I neuer did dislik't nor neuer will;
So it be *vertuous*, and contain'd within
The bounds of *Reason*; but when 'twill begin
To run at random and her limits breake,
I must, because I cannot chuse but speake.
But I forget my selfe, wherefore am I

So tedious in my owne *Apologie?*
 It needed not at all, Ile on againe,
 And shew what kind of *Lovers* yet remaine;
 One sort I find yet of this louing crew,
 Whose quality I thinke is knowne to fewe
 These seeke by all the meanes they can to gaine
 Each *Virgins* liking: Sometime not in vaine,
 They do obtaine their wish, but when tis got,
 Sorry they are and wish they had it not,
 For peraduenture they haue plac't their *Loue*,
 So as it cannot, nor it must not mooue
 And yet if they should faile for to procure it, (it
 'Twould greeue the so they hardly wouold endure
 Yea though in shew (at least) they haue said nay,
 Their *Loues* with like affection to repay,
 If they perceiu't abate, as it will doe,
 Both this and that, doth make them sorry too,
 But he that is with such a humor led,
 I may be bold to terme a wattle-head,
 More-ouer men in placing their affection,
 Haue seu'rall humors for to giue direction,
 Some like the *Faire*, but there's not all the grace,
 She may be faire, and haue a squemish face,
 Some like the *wanton*, some the modest eyes,
 The *pace*, or *gesture* some's affection ties,
 A *smile* wins one, anothers *lookes* mooues pittie,
 The next commends the lasse that's *bold* and *witty*,
 Again. some loue where they no cause can find,
 But onely this; *the wench they see is kind*,
 Yea one doth thinke her faire (another loathes)

Because she seemes so in her gaudy clothes,
More sorts there are ; but sure I am, not many
That for bare *Vertue* haue affected any.
Wealth many matches makes; but most can prooue
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it winnes not *loue*.
Then to obtaine his Mistress, one man tries,
How he can stretch his wits to *Portize*;
His *Passage* to relate his skill he proues,
But in this blockish age it little moues ;
Nor doe I wonder much true meaning failes,
And wit so little in this case auails,
Since dunces can haue *sonnets* fram'd & send them,
As their inuentions, when some others pen'd them.
Another seekes by *Valour* to obtaine,
His wished prize, but now that trial's vaine ;
The third brings *wealth*, and if he doe not speed,
The *woman* is worth the suing for indeed.
Then he that's neither valorous nor wise,
Comes ruffling in, with shamelesse brags and lies,
Making a stately, proud, vaine-glorious show,
Of much good matter, when tis nothing so.
In steed of lands, to which he ne're was heyre,
He tels her tales of Castles in the ayre,
For martiall matters, he relates of fraics,
Where many drew their swords & ran their waies.
His *Poetry* is such as he can cull,
From plaies he heard at *Curtaine* or at *Bull*,
And yet is fine coy Mistress-*Marry-Musse*,
The soonest taken with such broken stufte,
Another shallow braine hath no deuise,

But

But prates of some strange casts he had at dice,
Braggs of his play, yea sure it doth befall,
He vaunts oft-times of that which marreth all;
But some I note (now sic on such a man)
That make themselves as like them as they can,
Thereby to winne their loues; they faine their pace;
Order their lookes, and strue to set their face
To looke demure: Some wooe by nods, and lookes,
Some by their sighes, and others by their bookes;
Some haue a nature must not be denaide;
And will grow furious if they be declaide:
Others againe haue such a fancy got,
If they soone speed then they esteeme them not.
When women woo, some men do most affect them,
And some againe for wantons doe suspect them:
Besides, we see that fooles themselves they make,
What toyes they count of for their wenches sake;
One for some certaine months, or weekes, or daies,
VVeares in his hat a branch of wither'd bayes.
Or sweares for to employ his vtmost power,
For to preserue some stale-neglected flowre;
He weares such colours as for Louers be,
Drinks vowed healths vpon his bared knee:
Sue's mainly for a shoo-string, or doth craue her,
To grant him but a busk-point for a fauour:
And then to note (as I haue seene) an Ass
That by her window, whom he loues, must passe,
With what a fained pace, the Woodcock stalks;
How skurquely he sleareth as he walks:
And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,

As if his horse were troubled with the bots;
 'Twould make one swell with laughing: In a day
 He makes more errands then he needs that way,
 Bearing himselfe as if he still espide him,
 When as perhaps she flouts, or looks beside him:
 Nay should I tell you all the *Vanitie*,
 I haue obserued in this maladie,
 I should shame *Louers*, but Ile now be hush't,
 For had I said more I my selfe had blusht:
 Yet know; although this passion I haue tyde
 To loue of women, it concludes beside
 All whatsoeuer kinde of loues there be,
 Vnlesse they keep the minde from trouble free,
 And yeeld to *reason*: but of such-like *louers*,
 My *Muse* hereafter other feates discouers.

OF DESIRE OR LVST.

SATYR. 2.

Lustfull desire, (although twere rather fit,
 To some brute creature to attribute it)
 Shall in mans heart retaine the second place;
 Because it shrouds her vile deformed face
 Vnder *Loues* vizard, and assumes that name,
 Hiding her owne fault with the others blame;
 Tis a base passion, from the which doth flow
 Many base humours; tis the ouerthrow

Of

Of all in whom it enters; 'tis an euill,
Worse then to be possessed with a diuell:
This 'tis that oft hath caused publike strife,
And priuate discord; this makes man and wife
Grow each to other cold in their affection,
And to the very marrow sends infection;
And as Phisicians say, it makes the face
Looke wan, pale, yellow, and doth much deface
The beauty of it; and as for the sight
It either duns it or bereaues it quite;
It dries the body, and from thence doth sprout
Griefes of the stomack, leprosie and gout,
With other such; beside it doth decay
Not life alone, but also takes away,
Both memory and vnderstanding too;
So Doctors that haue tri'd it, say 't will doe
And which way comes that foule disease to vs
We call the French, so vile and odious:
Is't not by Lust? Breed not such-like desires,
Children begotten by vncertaine Syres?
Strange Generations, beds so oft defilde;
That many a father scarcely knowes his childe?
Or, is't not hence this common Proverbe growes,
Tis a wise child that his owne father knowes?
Doth it not others reputations soyle?
And them e'ne of their dearest Iewels spoyle?
Yes, yes; and hence a thousand other crimes
Doe daily spring, and yet in these our times
Tis highly made of: yea tis Lust doth weare
The richest garments, and hath curiou's fare;

The

The softest beds it hath for to repose;
With sweet perfumes, but sure there's need of those.
Drawne in a coach it visits now and then
Some neere acquaintance, mongst the Noblemen;
Yet doth it not the Court alone frequent,
But is ith' *Cittie* as much resident:
Where when it walkes the street it doth employ,
Either a *Prentice*, or a *roaring-boy*
To vsheer it along, and few disdain it,
But those vnable for to entertaine it.
Twere much to note the paine that some indure,
And cost that they'le be at for to procure
Their beastly wils: There's many spend their stocks
In *ruffes*, *gownes*, *kirtles*, *peti-coats*, and *smocks*,
For which one's paid with that shal make him craul,
(If he be friended) to some *Hospitall*.
Another's quitted for his wel-spent stuffe,
By some grim *Sergeant* with a *Counter-buffe*:
The last it brings, if still that course he followes,
First to the *Gaole*, and so forth to the *Gallowes*.
And what haue you obserued to haue bin
The vsuall associats of this *sinne*?
But *filthy speeches*, *bold face*'s *impudence*,
Unseemely actions, *riot*, *negligence*,
And such as these; yea to procure their lust
It makes them into any mischiefs thrust,
How hatefull or apparent ere they be,
Or put in practise any villanie.
Moreouer, where it enters once, the minde,
Cannot true rest, nor any quiet finde.

We see it also makes them for to craue,
Not what is best, but what they long to haue,
Yea, *Lust* hath many mischiefes that ensue it,
Which most men see, but few the lesse eschew it.
Men farther now, as if t'were no offence,
Are growne to such a shamelesse impudence,
They vaunt and bragge of their lasciuious facts,
No lesse then some, of braue *Herack* acts.
And not a few of this same humor be,
That would be term'd the foes of *chastitie*.
By whom if I see ill, Ile sure conceale it,
For they themselves will to their shames reueale it.
There's others who disliking so to vaunt,
V Vill, *si non caste tamen caste*, grant,
For that's their *Motto*, they make modest showes,
But what they doe in secret, man nere knowes:
Some make a Baud of their diuine profession,
Like *Shauelings* in *Auricular-confession*,
Th'other are bad, and sure of God accurst,
But of all others, these I deeme the worst.
There's other *Gallants* would desire but this,
VWithout suspition for to talke and kisse:
For other pleasures they do neuer craue them, (them
Nay if they might, they sweare they will not haue
So mean, perhaps: but time brings alteration,
And a faire woman is a shrewd temptation:
Then many make their *fained loue* to be
A cloake to couer their immodestie:
These will protest and vow, and sweare their life
Consists in hauing whom they wooe, to wife,

Yet

Yet if the villaines can their lust fulfill,
They will forswear them and be liuing still:
Some doe court all, and not alone doe proue,
But for because with all they are in loue,
With such deep *passion*, that they cannot smother,
Their *hott affection* till they meete another:
But why will man against himselfe and *Reason*,
Consent to such a Tyrant in his treason?
Why will he so his liberties foregoe
To be a slave to such a monstrous foe?
For what is this same *passion* We call *lust*,
Is not a *Brutish longing and vniust*,
And foule desire of the soule, to gaine
Some enill pleasure? Or to speake more plaine,
A furious burning passion, whose hot fumes
Corrupts the vnderstanding, and consumes
The very flesh of man? then what's the fact?
What may I terme that vile and shamefull act,
But this; *The execution of an ill,*
Out of set purpose and with a good will,
In spight of Reason? Tell me is not base?
When men shall so their worthy sex disgrace,
To giue their bodies in a deed vncleane,
With a foule nasty prostituted queane?
Or in their vnderstanding be so dull
As to obserue an idle short-heeld trull?
A puling female *Diuell* that hath smiles,
Like *Syrrens* songs, and teares like *Crocodiles*.
Yet there be some (I will not name them now)
Whom I haue seene vnto such *Puppits* bow,

And

And be as seruiceable as a groome,
 That feares another man will beg his roome:
 They had beene glad ful oft to please their pride,
 With costly gifts, and fore't for to abide,
 Imperious scoffs, with many scornfull words;
 Such as the humors they are in, affords
 And yet for these thei'le venter *Honors, liues;*
 If they command it; when for their poore *Wives*
 (Though they in Beauty, loue and true delight,
 Exceed them more then day-time doth the night)
 Theyle scarcely take vpon them for to speake,
 In any case of theirs their, loues so weake,
 Yea and their lust doth wrap them in such Blindnes
 They cannot giue them one poore look in kindnes.
 Moreouer for their lust they haue not laid
 Base plots alone, like him that was conueyd
 In a close *trunk*, because in secrecy,
 He would (vnseent) enioy his venery.
 I say not only therein haue they retcht,
 Their damn'd inuentions, It hath also stretcht,
 Vnto *strange lusts*, of which I wil not speake,
 Because I may offend the minde that's weake,
 Or least I to some simple one should show,
 Those sinnes by naming, he did neuer know:
 And here I leaue: there's lurking holes such store,
 This stinking *Vermis* I wil hunt no more.

These are the offenders for a recompence,
 Some make all that any way, except
 Which who thinks but they do very well,

OF

OF HATE.

SATYR. 3.

BVt I haue rous'd another here as bad
 They call it: *Hate*; A worse I neuer had,
 Before in chase: I scarce can keepe (insooth)
 My selfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.
 This is the *Passion* that doth vse to moue,
 The mind a cleane contrary way to loue;
 It is an *inspiration* of the *Diuel*,
 That makes men long for one anothers euill,
 It cankers in the heart, and plagueth most,
 Not him thats hated, but the hateful host.
 And yet theres too too many I do know,
 Whose hearts with this foule poyson ouer-flow:
 Of which I haue a true intelligence,
 By the sharpe scoffs and slanders springing thence
 For where it rules they cannot well conceale it,
 But either wordes or deeds, or both reueale it,
 Were it iust causes that did still engender
 This passion in them; or if they could render,
 A reason fort 'twere somewhat, but their will
 Carries them on in spight of *Reason* full.
 These are their *humors*, for a slight offence
 Thei'le hate th'offender for a recompence.
 Some malice all that any way excell,
 In which who thinkes but they do very well,

And O

And many haue abhorred (*God amend them*)
 The stranger that did neuer yet offend them:
 VWhich they are not asham'd for to confesse,
 Yet in their hate continue ne'r e the lesse,
 But though that they can yeeld no reason why,
 They beare them causlesse mallice, yet can I
 Their hearts are it, and it is seldome knowne,
 That a sweet brooke from bitter springs bath flowes.
 Theres some to when they see a man respected (red,
 More then themselves, though they be not neglec-
 They inly grudge, and outwardly disdain,
 Being alike condition'd as was Cain, (deare,
 Some hate their friends that loue and count them
 As by the sequel plainly shal appeare;

One that a seeming friendship had profess'd me,
 Vpon a time did earnestly request me
 That I would plainly my opinion shew,
 What I of his conditions thought or knew;
 And that I would without exception tel,
 What acts of his did not become him well.
 I scorn'd flattery, with a louing beare,
 Twixt him and me my mind did soon compare;
 And as a friend, that is unfai'd ought,
 Deftly making vnreueal'd of what I thought,
 Reuerendly feare I boldly reprehended,
 If I perceiue he any way offended,
 Provid'd alwayes that I did not sworne,
 From a decorum fitting to obserue,
 But marke: Many natures be perceiving I
 Had taken note of some infirmity;

He would not haue wrapt; And seeing too,
 I espyde more then he wist I should doe
 Of his ill humours; (though I must confesse)
 Being my friend I lou'd him nothing lesse;
 In steed of thanks and liking for my paines;
 My company and sight he now refraines;
 And for my kindnes like a thanklesse mate,
 Doth ill repay me with a lothing hate.
 This one I know, and by that one I finde;
 That there be many beate as bad a minde;
 But let vs for their true conuersion pray;
 For we alasse may very iustly say.

*Quod nulla est in terra Caritas;
 Et Odium parit ipsa Veritas.*

Againe the wicked hates beyond all measure
 The righteous man, that contradicts his pleasure;
 And that's the fundamentall cause I know,
 That many men doe hate their teachers so;
 These common humors are obseru'd of few,
 Yet may a yong experience find them true;
 And boldly say that all in whom th'are found,
 Haue poysoned hearts polluted and vnfound;
 But they corrupted aboue all the rest,
 Which hate their friends they should account of
 But let Men strue and study to remoue
 This passion from their hearts and graffe on Love.
 Let them not harbor such a hellish sinne,
 Which being entred marreth all within;
 Nor let them thinke my counsell merits laughter;
 Since Scripture saies, *to hate our brother's slaughter*

OF ENVY.

SATYR. 4

Then some enuenom'd with an enuious touch,
 Think eu'ry thing their neighbor hath to much;
O Lord say they (if in the field they be)
What goodly corne, and wel-fed beasts hath he?
(If in the house) they neuer in their lines,
Saw fairer women then their neighbours wines:
Tis pittie shew that puts so many downe,
Should be embraced by so rude a clowne:
That house is too well furnisht, or doth stand,
Better then his, or it hath finer land:
This farme hath profits more then his by much,
For wood and water he had neuer such.
 Yea so he grudges inwardly and frets
 At every good thing that his neighbour gets:
 Of these besides there are that when they see,
 Any beloued, or in fauour be,
 Especially in Courts, and great mens houses,
 Then the heart swelleth, and the Enuious rouses.
 Ne're resting till that like a spightfull elfe,
 He doe displace them or disgrace himselfe.
 Now some are in the minde that hate and This,
 Still goe together and one Passion is;
 Indeed, they soule inuious Humors be,
 So like, they seeme to haue Affinites:

But if't were so, me thinks betwixt them both,
There should arise more wrangling then there
So tis with *kinsmen*, they enuy the good (doth,
Of those that are the same in flesh and bloud.
But here may be the difference, and it shall
Hate doth extend to some, and this to all:
Yet envious men doe least spight such as be
Of ill report, or of a low degree:
But rather they doe take their ayme at such,
Who either *wel-be-loned* are, or rich:
And therefore some doe fitly liken these,
Vnto those flies we terme *Cantharides*:
Cause for the most part they alight on none,
But on the flowers that are fairest blowne:
Or to the boisterous winde which sooner grubs
The stately *Cedar* then the humble shrubs:
But yet that sometimes shakes the bush below,
And moues the leafe that's *witherd* long agoe:
As if he had not showne sufficient spight,
Vnlesse it also could orewhelme him quite
And bury it in earth; So I haue found,
The blast of *envy* flies as low's the ground,
And though it hath already brought a man
Euen vnto the meanest state it can,
Yet tis not satisf'd, but still deuising,
Vvhich way it also may disturbe his rising,
This I know true; or else it could not be
That any man should hate or enuy me,
Being a creature, (one would thinke) that's plast
Too low for to be toucht with *enuiers* blast.

And

And yet I am; I see men haue espi'd;
 Some-thing in me too, that may be enui'd;
 But I haue found it now: and know the matter,
The reason, they are rich and sle not flatter:
 Yes and because they see that I doe scorne,
 To be their slaue whose equall I am borne,
 I heard (although 'twere spoken in a cloud)
 They censure that my knowledge makes me proud,
 And that I reach so farre beyond my calling,
 They euery hower doe expect my falling:
 With many a prayer, and prognostication
 To shew their loue not worthy Reuelation,
 But what care I; to quit their good surmising,
I doe desire my fall may be their rising!
 Which say should once be, as I hope twill neuer;
 I trust to God it shall not be for euer;
 And for because I know it cannot be,
 Much lower then it is, it grieues not me,
 And where they say my wit augments my pride,
 My conscience tels me that I am belide:
 For knowledge of my *wants* doth grieue me so,
 I haue small ioy to boast of that I know.
 But let them scandall as I heare they doe,
 And see whose lot the shame will fall vnto;
 The shafts are aim'd at me, but Ile reiect them,
 And on the shooters too, perhaps reflect them,
 I care not for their enuy, since they show it,
 Nor doe I feare their mallice, now I know it.
 For to preuent the venome of their throat,
 Ile of this poyson make an *Antidote*.

And their presaging (though it be abuse)
I hope wil serue me, to an excellent vse;
For where before I should haue tooke no heed,
Their wordes shall make me circumspect indeed.
Yea I wil be more careful to do wel,
Which were a plague as bad for them as *hel*.
Some I do know, yea too too well I know them,
And in this place do a remembrance owe them,
These; when that through their enuy they intend,
To bring one out of fauour with his friend,
Wil make as though they some great vices knew,
That he is guilty of, and not a few:
Theile shake their heads, as if they did detest
The course he followes; and that not in iest.
If to the *Father* they dispraise the sonne,
It shall be sily, indirectly done:
And thus (I hope) there's some wil vnderstand,
He liues I tel you at a second hand.
Should I say as I know, 't would much offend you,
But more such children I pray God neuer send you,
With other words of doubt to breed suspicion,
But dare not (being of a base condition)
To name them any fault: And good cause why,
It may be prou'd vnto their shames a ly;
Now tis a quality I do dispise,
As such a one doth him whom he enuies,
If therefore any do that loue professe me,
Lord from their friendship I beseech thee blesse me,
Some crafty ones wil honor to their face,
Those whom they dare not openly disgrace:

Yet

Yet vnder-hand, their fames they'l vndermine,
As lately did a seeming friend of mine;
They'l sowe their *slanders* as if they with griefe,
Were forc't to speake it: or that their vnbeliefe
Were loth to credit it, when 'tis well knowne,
The damn'd inuention was at first their owne:
Some doe not care how grossly they dispraise,
Or how vnlikely a report they raise;
Because they know if 't be so false an ill,
That one beleeueth it not, another will;
And so their enuy very seldome failes,
But one way or another, still preuailes:
Oh villanous conceit! an engine bent
To ouerthrow the truest innocent;
For well they know, when once a slander's sowne,
And that a false report abroad is blowne,
Though they would wipe it out; yet they can neuer,
Because some scar will stick behind for euer.
But what is this, that men are so inclin'd
And subiect to it? how may't be defin'd?
Sure if the same be rightly vnderstood,
It is a griefe that springs from others good.
And vexes them if they doe but heare tell,
That other mens endeauors prosper well,
It makes them grieue when any man is friended,
Or in their hearing praised, or commended,
Contrariwise againe, such is their spight:
In other mens misfortunes they delight;
Yea, notwithstanding it be not a whit
Vnto their profit, nor their benefit,

Others prosperity doth make them leane,
Yea it deuoureth and consumes them cleane:
But if they see them in much greefe, why that
Doth only make them iocund, full and fat;
Of Kingdomes ruine they best loue to heare,
And tragicall reports do only cheere
Their hellish thoughts: And then their bleared eies
Can looke on nothing but black infamies,
Reprochful actions, and the fouleſt deeds,
Of ſhame, that mans corrupted nature breeds:
But they muſt winke when *Virtue* ſhineth bright,
For feare her luſtre mar their weakned ſight,
They do not loue *Encomiaſtick* ſtories.
Or for to read their predecessors glories;
For good report to all men they deny,
And both the liuing and the dead enuy:
Yea many of them, I do thinke had rather (ſather
Looſe all good fame then ſhare't with their owne
The biting *Satyr* they do only like,
And that at ſome particulars muſt ſtrike,
Or al's worth nothing: if they can apply
Some part of *this* to him they do enuy,
As well perhaps they may, then theil commend it,
And ſpite of their ill natures, I that pend it, (deem
Shall haue ſome thank, but why? not cauſe they
Me, or my writing either worth eſteem:
No, heere's the reaſon they thy labour like.
They think I meane him, then ſuppoſe I ſtrike:
Now whoſe endeauors thinke you proſper ſhould,
If the euent of thinges were as theſe would?

(No man can answer that, for it's vnknowne)
Nor parents, no nor childrens, scarce their owne :
(I say) their owne hand-works are seldome free,
But subiect to their proper cruities be
' Witnesse a certaine rich-man, who of late
' Much pittying a Neighbours wofull state,
' Put to his helping hand, and set him cleare
' From all his former misery and feare :
' But when he saw that through his thrift, and heed,
' He had well cur'd againe his former need,
' And grew to pretty meanes, though he no whit
' Vnthankfull was for this his benefit :
' Yet, being of a nature that did long,
' And ioy, to see anothers case goe wrong,
' Hauing no second cause; much grieued now,
' That he once helpt him; all his study's how,
' To ruinate the poore mans state againe,
' And make through Envy his owne labour vaine.
I wonder men should so from reason range,
Or entertaine a humor that is so strange
And so vnprofitable, tell me why,
Should we the honors, or the wealth enuy
Of other men? if we delight to see,
Our brethren when in euill case they be,
Lets wish them Riches, Titles, and promotion,
Twill make them greedy, proud, & choke deuotion,
Twill plunge them in a flood of misery,
In the respect, of which, the beggery
We thinke so vile, is heauen, Yea I know,
It is a thousand more men's ouerthrow

Then Pouertie can be. That if we hate,
 Or would enuy who are in happy state,
 In my opinion they must not be such
 That titles haue attained, or to be rich;
 No, poore men rather, who are combred lesse,
 And haue indeed the truest happinesse.
But be they rich or no, I passe not whether,
For my part, I am sure, I enuy neither,
So I but reach the glorie I desire,
I doe not care how many mount vp higher;
And if I want not, what hurt is to me,
If I the poorest in the kingdome be?
 Yet from this Passion, I belecue not many
 Can be exempted, if there may be any:
 But sure more mischief alway doth betide
 Th' enuius then to him that is enuide;
 And they haue often, (who would then bemone?)
 Lost both their eyes to lose their neighbour one:
 Yea there is many a periur'd enuius Noddy;
Damnes his owne soule to hurt his neighbours body.
 But now such men may best by this be knowne,
 They'le speake in no mans praise but in their owne,
 And in their presence but commend a man,
 They'l from his worth detract eu'n all they can:
 So do the foule mouth'd Zeils, spightfull Names,
 Whose eyes on euery new pen'd treatise romes,
 Not for their owne auaille or benefit;
 To feed their humors by disgracing it,
 They rather seeke: and that they'l disallow (how:
 Which they would mend themselves, if they knew
 But

But what are they that keep this censuring court,
None Ile assure you of the wisest sort;
None of the wisest said I: yet content ye,
They are a great way past *Ass in presenti*;
And think themselves, (but thought sometime is
A great deale wiser then indeed they bee, (free)
For howsoever their insinuation
Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,
They are but *glow-wormes* that are briske by night,
And neuer can be seen when sunne giues light;
Ill tong'd and enuious, ignorant of shame,
And vile detractors of anothers fame;
But let them carp on, what need any care;
Simce they are knowne for fooles without compare;
But fellow *Christians*, thinke vpon this euill,
Know 'tis an instigation of the *Devill*,
Remember 'tis a knowne apparant foe
To *Charitie*; and friendships ouerthrow.
A vicious humor, that with *Hell* acquaints,
And hinders the *communion of Saints*:
Consider that, and how it makes vnable,
To be partaker of the holy *Table*.
And so I trust you'll root it from the heart,
And, as th' Apostle counsels, *lay apart*
Dissembling, Enuie, Slander, Malice, Guile;
And *Evil-speaking* as most bad and vile.
Chiesely in those men, whose *Religion* saith,
Her mainest pillar, is *True-love*, next *Faith*.

OF REVENGE.

SATYR. 5.

(322)
Roome for *Reuenge*, he's no *Commedian*
 That acts for pleasure, but a grim *Tragedian*;
 A foule sterne monster, which if we displease;
 Death, wounds and blood, or nothing can appease;
 So wicked that though all good men disdain it,
 Yet there are many rashly entertaine it,
 And hugge it as a sweet contented *Passion*;
 But all men act not in one kinde, nor fashion,
 For one so priuate is, that no man knowes it;
 Another cares not, before whom he shoves it,
 Then some of them are fearefull, some are bolder
 Some are too hot, and some againe are colder:
 Oh, I haue scene, and laught at heart to see't,
 Some of our hot-spurs drawing in the street,
 As though they could not *Passions* rage withstand
 But must betake them to it out of hand.
 But why ich' street? *Oh company doth heart them,*
And men may see their valorous acts and part them.
 That humor yet, I rather doe commend
 Then theirs whose fury hath no stay nor end;
 Till of their liues they haue bereft their foes,
 And then they thinke they pay them; yet who be
 That tis a smal reuenge? since to be slaine, (know
 Is to be free from danger, care and paine.

So whilst his enemy lies and feels no smart,
 He hath a thousand tortures in his heart.
 And say his conscience do escape a flaw,
 He brings himselfe in danger of the Law.
*If such revenge he sweet sure he forgine,
 And neuer seeke for vengeance whilst I live.*
 But oh (me thinkes) heere our *Hacfers* tel me,
 With thundring words, as if their breath would fel
 I am a *Coward* if I wil not fight,
 True, *Cancelleros* you hane spoke the right,
 And if vpon good termes you vrge me to it,
 I haue both strength and heart enough to doe it,
 Which you should find; and yet my mind is still,
 Rather to defend my selfe then kill.
 But most men thinke, that he which kills his foe,
 Is most couragious: now I tell thee no;
 For he that hath a heart that fact to doe,
 Is both a *Tyrant* and a *Coward* too.
 But how is he a *Coward* some will aske?
 To answer that is but an easie taske,
 Thus he is one: He hauing by his might,
 A power on him with whome he haps to fight:
 Thinkes if he spare his life, in such a case,
 He one day may reuenge his foule disgrace;
 That thought with feare, of future dangers fills him,
 Which to prevent, he like a *Coward* kills him,
 But those that lustily in excuse can say,
 For present safety, they were forc't to slay,
 I must count blamelesse. Thou that hast a *Foe*,
 eke not to be his wofull ouerthrow.

Lib. i. REVENGE. Satyr. 51

Rather if 't may be keepe him liuing still;
 I tell thee 'tis a necessary ill, (*inimicus amicus*)
 My selfe haue some, their liues I do no grutch,
 For they haue done me seruice very much;
 And wil do still for wherefoere I goe,
 They make me careful what I speak, or does
 And when I step aside I here on't roundly,
 Or (as themselues say) they wil tel't me soundly.
 Whereas my friend, til I were quite vndone,
 Would let me stil in mine owne follies run,
 Or if he warne me it is so in sport,
 That I am scarce a whit the better sort.
 But this same good, I know but few can vse,
 Because that they do better thinges abuse.
 Mans nature's ill, and I haue noted this,
 If they vpbraided bewith what's amisse
 They cannot brooke it, but are readier still,
 For to reuenge that, then amend what's ill.
 We must not now our lusty-blounds gain-say,
 No not so much as in a yea, or nay;
 But presently we dye for't (*if we will*)
 They haue both hand, and heart prepar'd to kil.
 Let them but thinke a man to them iniurious,
 Although he be not so, thei'le straight grow furious
 And are so quickly up in a brauado,
 They are for nothing but the *imbrocado*:
 And in this humor they respect not wheither,
 They be vnto them friends, or foes, or neither;
 All are alike; and their hot choller ends,
 Not only loue, and friendship, but their friends:

Lib. i. REVENGE. Satyr 5.

I know 'twere vaine if I should tel to these
 The peaceful mind of ancient *Socrates*;
 Or if I should *Lycurgus* vengeance shew,
 How he behau'd himselfe vnto his foe,
 Twere but in vaine (I say) for there's no doubt,
 Our watle-headed *Gallians* would but flout
 At their wel tempered passions; since they deeme,
 None now but fooles, or mad-men, worth esteeme
 But whats the cause of their vnbridled rage?
 Oh know it is a humor of their age,
 For to be foolish desperate; and many
 Account not of him wil not fight with any
 On the least quarrel. Therefore most to gaine,
 A little fame that way, though nere so vaine,
 Wil put their liues in danger: may there's some,
 Had rather haue it then the life to come,
 Alas poore men, what hath bewitcht your mind?
 How are you grown so sencelesse and so blind,
 For to affect vaine shaddowes and let slide,
 The true substance, as a thing vnspide?
 Is *Reason* in you growne so great a stranger,
 To suffer an *affection* of such danger
 To settle in you? Bannish't from your breast,
 And there let *Mercy* and *Forgiveness* rest:
 It is a token of a humane mildnes,
 But *vengeance* is a signe of *Brutish* wildnes;
 Not fitting any but the *Tyger*, *Bear*,
 Or such like creatures, that remorselesse teare
 What ere they light on. Cast it from you then,
 Be in condition as in shape y' are now;
 And

And stand vnmoou'd, for *Innocence* ere long,
Will shew her selfe abroad in spight of wrong:
And of your *Patience* you shall not repent,
But be auenged to your owne content:
Yet some may say the Counsell I haue giuen,
Is hard to follow, strict, and too vneuen,
And whatsoeuer show I seeme to make,
Such as my selfe would hardly vndertake.
Know you that thinke so; I am not afraid.
If that it be a burthen I haue laid,
To bear't my self; Nay, I haue vndergone
If this be hard, a more vneasie one:
For but of late, a friend of mine in show,
Being (indeed) a spightfull secret foe,
I know not why, (for I did ne're in ought
Wrong him I'me sure; no not in an ill thought.)
Yet this man hauing wisely watcht his Time,
When I (a stranger, in another *Clime*)
Left my owne Country; did meane while repaire,
To my best friends, and with dissemblings faire,
And shewes of loue and grieve, did there vnfold,
The grossest slander, euer Villaine told.
A dam'nd inuention so exceeding vile, (boile
That gallants 'twould haue made your blood to
And out of your abused bodies start,
I know it would haue broken veines or heart:
I say if you had felt that cruell sting,
You would haue fret, fum'd, stamp't, done any thing
Or angry rag'd like mad-men in their fit,
Till mercilesse *Revenge*, had quenched it;

But what did I? at first I must confesse,
 I was a little mou'd, who could be lesse?
 But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
 To joyne with brutish *Passion* within,
 And raise disquiet humors in my brest,
 I fear'd if I should yeeld 'twould mar my rest.
 And therefore to my selfe I *Patience* tooke,
 VVhich whil'st I haue about me I can brooke
 Any misfortune. Then that *Patience*,
 Grew so much stronger through my *Innocence*
 That I forgot both wrong and vengeance too;
 Some thinke 'twas cause that I lack't *Might* to doe
 The hurt I would; No, it was onely *Will*
 For I had power enough to doe him ill;
 It is well knowne the coward dares not stand
 To abide the *Vengeance* of my wronged hand
 Were his strength tripled; Nay were I in bands
 Of impotencie wrapt, and had no hands,
 Yet I haue friends (whom if I had not prai'd
 And beg'd ynto, to haue their fury stai'd)
 Had chopt him, and made dogs meat for my sake
 Of his vile Carcas; yea and he would quake,
 A twelue-month after, had he but the daring,
 To thinke vpon the *Vengeance* was preparing
 For that lewd slanderous tale of his; which he
 Might better raise on one vnborne then me:
 Now though that course my *Reason* did gain-say,
 I was allow'd Reuenge a better way,
 Both *Law* add *Iustice*, proffer'd me a scourge,
 To whip him for it, which my friends did yrge:

Shewing

Shewing me motives to allure me to it:
Yet still was I vnwilling for to doe it:
For though I might (beside submission) gaine,
No little summes; my heart doth much disdain,
For to encrease my substance through his shame,
Or raise it with the ruines of my fame:
Now for because there's some may thinke I faine,
Or speake a matter fram'd by mine owne braine:
Know, this *back-biter lines* and may doe long
To doe me more, and many others wrong:
And though I doe not mind to staine my verse,
The name of such a Monster to rehearse,
For others satisfaction and to grace it,
Vpon the Margent here I thought to place it:
But that perhaps would Vengeance counted be,
Whereas it shall not be reueng'd for me:
Yet *Gallants* you may see I wish you to
No other thing, then I my selfe would doe,
You heare that I was wrong'd, and yet withstood
My owne mad *Passion* in the heate of bloud:
And am not I in as good case as those,
That haue reueng'd themselues with stabs & blows
In my opinion it is as well,
As if that I should pack his soule to hell
With danger of mine owne; and heere remaine,
To greue and wish he were aliue againe;
Nay now tis best, for why, he may repent,
And I with a safe conscience liue content:
Ther's some (perhaps) misdeem'd my innocence,
Because they saw that I with *Patience*

Indur'd

Indur'd the wrong: tis thought that I did know,
 My selfe in fault, because I tooke it so.
 Indeed tis true, I let him scot-free passe,
 What should I doe vnto him? say an Assie
 Had strooke me with his heeles; how should I quit
 The harme he doth me? you would blame my wit
 If I should kill him; If I went to law
 Who would not count me the most asse? a daw;
 The worst of fooles; I pray what were I lesse,
 If I had don't to his vnworthinesse?
 One that's more ignorant of his offence,
 And seemes as if he had no sparke nor sence
 Of humane goodnesse: one, whom if I touch,
 Or offer to lay hands on, tis as much,
 As if I in my anger would begin
 To breake the stoole that erst had broke my shin,
 I knew in this, and that, the case was one,
 And therefore I did let *Reuenge* alone:
 Yet will I note him, for this cause indeed,
 That other men may know him and take heed;
 And therefore marke, *the greatest feast is his yeare*
And ioyfullest his name at full doth beare.
A sacred syllable makes the first part;
Which since tis there alone, and not in's heart:
Take it from thence with the ensuing letter,
And the remainder will besit him better:
 Hereof enough; for why there doth remaine,
 Some more of these mad humors to explaine,
 Beside as those I first nam'd; for their brother,
 They cannot then *Reuengefull Nature* smother;

And for because they dare not deale with swords:
 Like valiant Champions fight it out with words,
 Such fraies haue made me oftentimes to sinile,
 And yet they proue shrewd combats other while,
 For from such braules do sodaine stabs arise,
 And sometime in reuenge the quart-pot flies;
 Ioyne-stooles, and glasses makes a bustling rumor:
 Yea this is growne a Gentleman-like humor:
 But in my mind, he that so wel can fight,
 Deserues for to be dubd an *Ale-house knight*:
 Ist not a shame that men should at their meeting,
 Welcome each other with a friendly greeting,
 As I haue seene, and yet before they part,
 Bandy their swords at one anothers heart?
 Wondrous inhumane, the Sauege bore,
 The wild *Armenean* heards wil do no more:
 Sure such beleue not it is God hath said,
Vengeance is his and must by him be paid.
 For if they did I thinke there would not be,
 Such caruers for themselves: But we may see,
 The Diuel doth so much possesse them than,
 They haue no honest thought of God or Man.
 As in this *Humor* you shall see't explain'd,
 Two falling out, would fight, but are restrain'd:
 Yet stil they strue to be each others fall,
 Which shewes their loue to man-kind none at all:
 But curbed of their wills through standers by,
 Forth breakes their fury, and they straight let flye,
 Such horrid, bloody, feareful cannon oathes,
 As theirs no honest Christian care but loathes,

Almost

Lib. I. CHOLLER: Satyr. 6.

Almost to heare them nam'd they seeme to reare
Christ's Man-hood peece-meal from him when they
 For foot, *heart*, *nailes*, stil vsing God withall - (sweare
 Their foule-mouth'd-rackets like a tennise ball
 Doth bandy too and fro: *His blood and wounds*,
 Set forth their vaunts they think with brauest
 And makes the simple people to admire; (sounds
 Their courage which is but as a flame on fire. (ther
 Thrice valiant Champions whereby should one ga-
 They haue a thought of God that's good; but rather
 That they are vile blasphemers; for when they
 Cannot haue *Vengeance* they desired, why,
 As if they scorn'd th' *Almighties* fearefull rod,
 Thus thinke they to auenge themselves on God,
 Who were he not as merciful as iust,
 Might with a blast consume them into dust.

OF CHOLLER,

SATYR. 6.

BUt now the cause of mens *Reuengefull thirst*,
 Proceeds from rash vnbridled *choller* first
 Which *Passion* flowes from imbecillity,
 And brings vs vnto much absurdity:
 Yea those that are infected with this crime,
 Are in a manner mad-men for the time;
 'Tis a short *Fury*, where-with man possesse
 Resembles most a wild vntamed beast;
 It makes him foolish, quite besides his wit,
 Doing and speaking many a thing vnfit.

Lib. 1. CHOLLER. Satyr. 6.

Those men in whom I find this *Passion* raigne,
 I haue oft seene to sterne for things but vaine,
 Yea, and as if they had some greuous crosse
 Chase out of measure for a penny losse,
 And fret as much in loosing of some toy
 As if therein consisted all their ioy:
 This too I noted in a *Chollersick man*,
 (Let any one disproue me if he can)
 They are not onely apt for to belecue,
 Any report that may occasion giue;
 But in light matters if they should contend,
 Would pick a quarrell with their dearest friend:
 Yea I haue seen where friends, nay more, where bro-
 That should & haue bin dearer far the others: (these
 These I haue knowne in choller e'ne like foes.
 Mingling sharpe words, with farre more sharpened
 When they are in their fit they do not spare, (blows.
 Any degree; No reuerence, nor care (sure,
 Doth then remaine; Thei'le speake though they be
 Their heedlesse words, not foes alone procure,
 But loose their friends: nor doe they in that case,
 Respect the Time, the company, nor place:
 Besides there is this oversight in some,
 Where *Choller* doth the *Reason* ouercome:
 They doe not onely blame him that offends,
 But are displeased euen with their friends,
 And all that are in presence or in view;
 I haue obseru'd it often to be true:
 Then if that any should but tell these men,
 Their anger were without iust Reason, then,
 Although

Lib. 1. CHOLLER. Satyr. 6.

Although it be so and thy know it right,
 Their fury is the more increast with spight;
 They cannot brooke controule, nor yet can they
 Endure that a man should nothing say,
 For then indeed tis presently suspected,
 He cares not, and his anger is neglected;
 And in some *Masters* I haue noted this,
 Wherein they doe in my conceit amisse;
 If they but thinke their seruant doth offend,
 He must not his suspected crime defend,
 Guilty or no; but yeild it an offence
 As if men still were slaues; but surely hence,
 Springs this abuse, in whom this humour passeth:
Choller beares sway, and they are wayward Asses:
 Who though they haue read some strict rules in *Case*
 Were neuer Schollers, to diuiner *Plato*:
 Oh *Anger* is a wondrous headstrong *Passion*,
 That hath a beastly, frantick operation;
 From which, how can we any man release
 Since we must neither speake, nor hold our peace?
 Some will be angry, if they cannot make,
 Another their opinions for to take.
 Others haue meanings but they cannot shew them,
 Yet are displeas'd, with those that doe not know
 And I haue seene (that anger may be holy) them:
 A good man moued for anothers folly;
 Yet in such cases let not any chafe,
 But pray (as I doe) they may mend and laugh;
 Me thinkes they should be men vnfit to weild
 The sword of Iustice that do basely yeild,

Lib. 12 CHOLLER. Satyr. 6.

Vnto so brute a passion; yet haue we
 Some Gouvernours that ouer-ruled be
 By this, and worse affections; yea some now
 Haue charge of others, that doe worse know how
 To guide themselues: the angry *Magistrate*,
 To be aueng'd on him whom he doth hate,
 For priuate causes drawes the publike sword,
 And all the Rigor that the lawes affoord
 Must serue his *Choller*; such there be, so many
 You cannot misse one, though I name not any.
 Now diuers doe affirme such men as be
 Hasty, (so they tearme this infirmitie)
 Are the best natur'd: who that lesson taught?
 If they be best Ile sweare the best be naught:
 Moreouer there be many doe suppose,
 It is a signe of courage; what meane those? (gather
 Where is their iudgements? they me thinkes should
 That it were *weakenesse* did produce it rather,
 Or else why should the feeble and the sicke,
 Women and children be most chollerick?
 Again there's some (whose iudgement is as rude)
 Doe thinke that *Anger* quickens *fortitude*,
 But that's a vertue surely will deny,
 With such a *Vice* to haue affinity:
 Thou that hast iudgement, tell me, can it be,
 That *Fortitude* and *Anger* may agree?
 I thinke it not, for why, the one is steady,
 And rul'd by reason, & other rash and heady;
 The one doth nothing but on consultation,
 The other cannot take deliberation:

And

Lib. I. CHOLLER. Satyr. 6.

And therefore if that we be well aduis'd,
 It is a humor ought to be despis'd:
 And though some thence much help may seeme to
 To whet on *Fortitude*, it hinders rather: (gather,
 Yea tis a strange vnreasonable *Passion*,
 That brings the owner cleane beside all fashion;
 Making him speake if ought but discontent him,
 Yea doe the thing of which he shall repent him,
 And of a friend if I might chuser be:
 I'd rather haue a man that's mad then he:
 Some say 'tis inflammation of the blood,
 And may with carefull heed be soone withstood;
 But their's so few that seeke to stop this ill;
 That most do let it runne at randome still;
 And very faintly yeeld to the inuasion
 Of this wild *Passion*, on the least occasion,
 But he indeed that would a medicine find
 For this disease, must haue a settled mind;
 Not giuing credit vnto all reports;
 Nor yet delighting in vaine toyes, nor sports:
 On dogs, or hawkes his mind must not be set,
 So much, as for their losse to chafe or fret:
 He should not fancy such fond idle trash,
 But euer taking heed of being rash;
Athenodorus good aduice embrace,
 And follow *Cotis* that wise King of *Thrace*,
 Whereby he best shall quench this *Passion* stinder,
 And many an *Angry* fumish fit may hinder.

OF IEALOVSIIE.

SATYR. 7

BVt though these *angry-ones* soon breed a braule
 And are pernicious to conuerse with-all.
 Not one iot better is the *iealous-head*,
 That thinks his friend, and's wife are still a-bed:
 This *Passion*, (as it plainly doth appeare)
 Proceeds out of a too-much *loue* with feare;
Loue in a match procures the highest blifs,
 That for vs men on earth ordained is:
 But adde a *feare* of loosing of our ioy,
 And that we loue so dearely, 'twill destroy
 All our delights; and strewing good with ill,
 Makes that seeme lost which we haue with vs still:
 Thus doth it often with the *Jealous* proue,
 VVho carefull in the choosfing of his *loue*,
 Hath gotten her that is not faire alone;
 But modest, wise, and curteous, hating none,
 Nor yet affecting any but her peere, (deceit,
 For which good parts, her husband counts her well
 As well he may, her vertues he'll vphold,
 Dares sweare she will not be allur'd with gold,
 Honor, nor beauty; but as she is chaste
 So hee's perswaded will be to the last;
 And to himselfe so well he seemes to thrive,
 He thinkes his owne the happiest choise aliue,

Lib. I. IEALOUSIE. Satyr. 7.

'Tis good : Thus for no hurt, he wiued well ;
 But soft there, there is an after part to tell ;
 This man when he by daily prooffe doth see,
 His wife no other then a wife should be,
 It so augments his *Loue* to that extreame,
 He knowes not if he be awake or dreame ;
 Now doth this *Loue* (for *Loue* will euer doe it) bnd
 For a Companion take in *Fears* vnto it ;
 A *fear* of loosing what he loues so much ;
 And then the nature of this *fear* is such,
 That it begets *suspect* ; which creeping in
 Doth by a little at the first begin
 To make him doubt his spouse doth loosely liue ;
 Whereto vpon a slight report to giue
 Firme credence he seemes loth ; but yet ere long
 He doth (but) think perhaps she doth him wrong,
 Which if he doe, that one false thought's enough
 To giue all former truths the ouerthrow,
 And why ? *Suspect* growes thereupon so great,
 See thrusts true iudgement, quite besides her seat :
 Which being done, then straight begins to wane ;
 The good conceit he of his bliss had tane ;
 For if his friend doth to his house repaire,
 He thinks tis onely, cause his wife is faire ;
 But if 't be strangers, he durst pawne his life,
 There's some compact betweene them & his wife ;
 Yea though their busines to himselfe he find,
 He thinks tis but a hood to keep him blind ;
 Then all the sweet he had is turn'd to sowre,
 Faine would he think well, but hath not the powre ;
 Much

Libr. **IEALOVSI E.** Satyr. 71

Much care torments his heart, and yet he will,
 Be prying farther to encrease it still:
 Yea, he will seeke, although he truly know,
 The more he seekes, the more he findes his woe:
 Beside, suspect receiueth in the head,
 All things that may be mis-interpreted,
 And the best thought her vertue's like to winne
 Is onely this: *It seru'd to cloake her sinne.*
 In brieft, his liking thus he marreth quight,
 And there he loath's where once he tooke delight;
 But wherefore? Onely cause he doth mistrust,
 And not on any prooffe, that she's vniust:
 Vnhappy woman haplesly to wed
 So meere a sot, and such a Icalous head;
 An owle-eyed buzzard, that by day is blind,
 And sees not things apparant; yet can find
 That out which neuer was. The feare to loose
 The Iewell he aboute all Iemms did chuse,
 That feare, I say, of wit doth so bereaue him,
 He thinks that's gone which means not yet to leaue
 Oh foolish man, that hauing gain'd a blis, (him;
 Dooft mak't a curse by vsing it amiss,
 If iudgement be not blinded in thee? looke;
 Try if thou hast not all this while mistooke;
 Is not thy wife still faire? and to the eye
 Seemes she not yet to haue that modesty,
 Thou didst commend her for? Is she not wary
 With whom she walks, or speaks, or where to tarie?
 Is she not still as willing for to please;
 As louing toe, as in her former daies?

Lib. 1. 2 IBALOUSIE. 1 Satyr. 7

In shew he sees it, but he thinks 'tis feind,
 Out blockish dolt that art most iustly pain'd;
 Thou but a few supposed shadowes hast,
 That makes thee to account thy wife vnchaste,
 But many firme substantiall proofes make cleare,
 That shee's vnstain'd, and ought to be as deare
 As e're she was; Why should an ill in thee
 Make her seeme so, vnlesse she euill be?
 A woman that is faire, shall much be view'd,
 And haue perhaps vnlook't for fauours shew'd,
 She shall be courted where she will or no,
 Nay be resorted to; and though she show
 Scarcely so much as common curtesies
 She shalbe censur'd by misjudging eyes,
 And false reports will fly; But what of this?
 Shall he that hath had triall what she is,
 And ne're saw ought amiss, shall he, I say,
 Cast all the good conceit he had away;
 And straight grow iealous, trusting the surmise
 Of the lewd vulgar more then his owne eyes?
 It were mad folly; and yet I doe knowe
 Some that are thus belotted, more's their woe,
And pittie's were but they had horned him,
Were't not a greater pity so to finne:
 Should you but sit with such a one at table,
 To hold from laughter you were scarcely able,
 To see what note the Iealous wood-cock-takes,
 Of his Wiues words, and euery looke she makes,
 In what a feare he eates his meate, and drinks;
 What signes he yses, how he nods and winks,

With

Lib. 2. **IEALOUSIE.** Satyr. 7.

With twenty scurvy gestures ; though he see
 No reason he should so suspicious be ;
 Now some haue cause enough, but that's all one ;
 Why should men strue to hold what will be gone,
 Vexing themselues so for anothers ill,
 Which they can neuer help ? Let him that will :
 But this is true, to seeke for to restraine
 A womans will, is labour spent in vaine ;
 And he that tries to doe it, might haue bin,
One of the crew that bedg'd the Cuckew in.
 Why should a man go put himselfe to paine,
 As some haue done, a iourney for to faine ?
 And then at night come lurk about his house,
 Where, be it but the stirring of a mouse
 He doth obserue it : wherefore doth he so ?
 Since if thereby he ought amisse doth know,
 The greatest good that he shall thereby find,
 Is more vexation to molest his mind :
 For then the mischief he but fear'd before,
 Hee's certaine of, and need not doubt it more :
 A goodly meed, but sure those wretched elues,
 Take pleasure in tormenting of themselues ;
 They hearken, watch, set spies, and alway long
 To heare some tales or inckling of their wrong :
 And he that can but whisper some such fable,
 Shall be the welcom' st guest that sits at table,
 Though it be ne're so false ; they loue so well
 To feele the Torture of this earthly hell :
 But I doe muse what diuell keeps their heart,
 They should affect the causers of their smart ;

Thol

Lib. 1. **IEALOUSIE.** Satyr. 7.

Those euer-buzzing-deadly-stinging flies;
 Those that of *Echoes* onely can deuise
 A formall Lie. What if't be true they say?
 It is a meanes to draw thy loue away
 From her thou ow'st it to; and that's a crime,
 Cause she must be thy best belou'd a time,
 Better or worse, be sure thou must abide her,
 Till from thy selfe the death of one deuide her;
 Then tell me were it not by much lesse paine;
 A good opinion of her to retaine?
 Could'st thou not be contented by thy will,
 At least to thinke that she were honest still?
 Yes sure in heart thou would'st be glad,
 Vnlesse that thou wer't voide of sense, or mad:
 Why shake off all these claw-backs then that vse
 Thy soone-beleeuing-heart for to abuse;
 For (trust me) they, are but some spightfull clues,
 Who cause they haue not the like blisse themselves
 Would faine marre thine; or else I dare be bold,
 If thou the truth couldst warily vnfold,
 They are some lust-stung Villaines, that did court
 Thy honest wife to some vnlawfull sport:
 And finding her too-chast to serue their turne,
 Whose euill hearts with foule desires did burne,
 To spight her (being far more euill doers,
 Then *Daniels* elders, faire *Susannas* woers)
 Tother they doe accuse her of an ill,
 VWhere to they sought for to allure her will:
 Nay, this I with thee whatsoe're he be,
 That of such dealings first informeth thee;

Beleue

Lib. II. *JEALOUSIE.* A Satyr. 7.

Belceue him not what proofes so ere he bring;
 Do not giue eare to him for any thing;
 And though he be the nearest friend thou hast,
 From such like knowledge shut all *sence* vp fast;
 Flye and auoid him as thou wouldst the Diuel,
 Or one that brings thee messages of euill;
 Let him be to thee as thy deadliest foe,
 A *fury*, or some one thou loathe'st to know;
 And be assured what soere he shewes,
 He is no friend of thine that brings that newes,
 So if that thou wert his most deadly foe,
 For any wrong it were reuenge enough.
 Now some men I haue noted loue as well,
 The husbands faults vnto the wife to tell,
 And aggrauate them to: as if thereby
 They either meant to feed their *Jealousie*,
 Or else stir vp their vnbeseeeming hates,
 Against their guiltlesse well-beloued mates;
 But of these monsters (fairest sexe) beware
 Of their insinuations haue a care:
 Belceue them not they wil coyne tales vntue,
 To sow foule strife betwixt your loues and you
 Out of ill-will: or else heere is my *doome*,
 They hope to get into your husbands *roome*
 By the aduantage of the discontent:
 They'll worke in you, But their intent
 They'll foe disguise, that you shal neuer *spy* them,
 Til you are snar'd too fast for to deny them;
 But oh you *Creatures* that for excellence,
 Haue *reasonable* for a difference,

Auoid

Lib. 2. **IEALOVSYE.** Satyr. 7.

Avoid this passion; If your wiues be ill,
 Advise them well, but let them haue their will,
 For curbing makes them worse, and their condition
 Indeed is such they cannot brooke *suspition*;
 Restraine them not I say, for as the powder,
 Being fast stopt makes the report the louder,
 Sending the bullet with the greatest force,
 So he that seekes to barre a womans course,
 Makes her more eager, and can ne're out-strue her,
But as she wil because she Diuel doth drine her.
 Let those that are so matcht then patience take,
 And there are none shal know their heads doake,
 But beware chiefly that no false surmises,
 Or flying tale some enuious head deuises,
 Make them to wrong their chaste and modest wiues,
 Who haue with vertue led vnspotted liues,
 For though some stand vnmoou'd for thats the way,
 To make a woman soonest go astray:
 But now I think on't, I do wonder why,
 The greatest part brand him with infamy,
 That is a *Cuckold*? Since that all men know,
 It is not his offence that he is so,
 I neuer heard a reason fort it h Schooles,
 Yet sure tis this, *the greatest part are fooles*:
 But now I will conclude these *lealous humors*,
 Which part I found b' experience, part by *rumors*,
 I feele it not, yet know it is a smart
 That plagues the mind and gripes the very heart,
 Yet I could wish but for the others sake,
 Their *thought-termenting-paine* might neuer slake;

For

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES Satyr. 8.

For there's none *jealous*, I durst pawne my life,
But he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

OF COVETOUSNES.

SATYR. 8.

BUt of that *Passion* how mist I to tell,
The *same* that brings her Pedigree from *hell*?
Cal'd *Avarice*, a humor *vile* and *base*,
And yet as common as to haue a face:
I misse it scap't, I say, since Ile be plaine,
I looke not vp but see where it doth raigne;
Many I know, and yet indeed but few,
That can this *slauish dunghill-vice* eschew;
I neither can excuse sex nor degree,
Young folks, nor such as middle-aged be:
Nay I perceiue them giuen most to craue,
VWhen they had need to dig themselues a graue,
Like *earth-bred moles* they scramble in the dust,
Not for the treasure that shall neuer rust;
But for vile cankered dross is all their care,
As if the same their *summum bonum* were.
When all that they haue with their labour bought
In my opinion is not worth a thought:
I haue knowne Chuffs, that hauing well to liue,
Yea and sufficient for to lend and giue:
Will naith'less *toyle*, *moile*, and take more paine,
Then a *Ienes* bond-slave, or a *Moor* in *Spaine*;

Lib. I. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 82. I

All day they brooke the *rains, hails, frost and snow*,
 And then as if they had not drudg'd enough,
 They lie and thinke all night with care & sorrow,
 How they may take as little rest the morrow.
 'Tis strange their minds so much for gold should
 And being gotten that it should bewitch; (*itch*)
 It is by nature in a prison pent,
 Vnder our feet i'th' basest element:
 And shall we pluck't from *dungeons, filth, and mire*
 To giue 't the chiefeft seat in our desire?
 'Twere want of iudgement, but braue spirits know
 Tis base, and therefore doe account it so.
 I haue heard those say that trauell to the *East*,
 Where this beloued mettalle hath its *neast*,
 That in those places where such *minerals* be
 Is neither *grasse*, nor *herbe*; nor *plant*, nor *tree*;
 A cursed soile; and this at home I find,
 That those which too-much do imploy their minds
 About that trash; their hearts are (*Ile be bold*)
 As barren as the earth where men digge gold.
 This humor hath no bounds, tis a desire,
 (Or disease rather) nothing can expire;
 'Tis *hell*, for had it all the world, yet,
 It longs as much as if it had neere a whit;
 A boundlesse gulfe: and I lament their paine
 Who haue this *never-quenched thirst of gaine*;
 So bottomelesse a *whirl-poolle* that receaues
 Still, yet the selfe same roome still empty leaues;
 Has's mad that food to such a *Vulture* giues
 That's neuer full; and e'ne as good fill sues

That haue no bottome, as for to endeauor,
 To glut a Monster that will hunger euer;
 Ye men full strive although it be in vaine;
 And though they feeke their longing still remaine,
 They'l weary out themselves like him that drinks
 Brine, or salt water, and still thereby thinks
 To slacke his thirst at last, though he feel more
 Augmented, at each draught then twas before:
 Yea, wealth doth as much lessen this desire
 Of *Avarice* in men, as flames of fire
 Alay the heate: besides, though they haue store,
 This makes them to themselves exceeding poore;
 And howsoeuer they may seeme, yet such
 Vntill their *giving-day* are neuer rich:
 They very seldome haue respect or care
 To promise, or Religion; the I not spare
 To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himselve,
 Thereby far to increase their cursed pelfe;
 They neither reuerence the right of lawes,
 Nor are they touched with the poore-mans cause:
 They would be well content to shed their blouds,
 Loose Soule and *Heaven*, for to saue their goods:
 To talke to them of better things were vaine,
 For they are onely capable of gaine;
 They neuer liue in true *societie*,
 Nor know they *friendship*, *love*, or *pietie*,
 And in a word, those that are thereby led,
 Neuer doe good till they are *sick* or *dead*.
 And therefore with these venime I will place them,
 That serue to no use till that we vnicate them.

I haue

THE COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

I haue obseru'd that such mens children be,
 Borne many times to greatest misery:
 For they haue neither *meanes* nor *education*,
 According to their Kindred, State nor Nation:
 VVhereby we see that they do often run,
 Into vild actions and are quite vndone;
 So then, these greeue to heare they do amisse,
 But nere consider that *their* fault it is;
 Tis greedines that makes a man a flauie,
 To that which hee should for his seruant haue,
 And teaches him for to esteeme of more,
 The *viuous Richman*, then the *honest poore*,
 Alas! how many are there I could name,
 Iniurious villaines, that for to defame,
 Or wrong another would forweare saluation,
 As if they thought that there were no damnation,
 Provided that when they their conscience straine,
 It be out of a hatred or for gaine:
 Yea there be idle thequing rogues a many,
 That haue no *Vertue*, nor will nere haue any:
 Yet for their wealth shall highly be respected,
 When honest men their beeters, are neglected,
 And then we also see that most men do,
 Put many worthy titles on them too,
 That such base scummies must oft entreated be,
 With good *yearly Worship*, and with cap and knees:
 But sure the world is now become a gull,
 To thinke such scoundrels can be worshipfull;
 And yet in these dayes, if that men haue riches,
 Though they be *hangers on*, *Kitchens* or *witches*,

Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

Dinels-incarnate, such as haue no shame,
To act the thing that I should blush to name,
Doth that disgrace them any whit? Fie no,
The world it meanes not for to vse them so;
There is no shame for Ritch-men in these times,
For wealth wil serue to couer any crimes;
Wert thou a *crooke-back-dwarfe*, deform'd in shape;
Thersites like, condition'd like an ape:
Didst neuer do a deed a good-man ought,
Nor spake true word, nor had'st an honest thought,
If thou be ritch, and hap to disagree
With one that's poore; although indeed hee bee
In euery part a man and hath a Spirit
Thats truly noble, able for to merit
Euen praise of Enuy; yet if thou wilt seem
A man far worthier and of more esteeme,
Although thou canst inuent no means to blame him
Yet I can tel a trick how thou shalt shame him,
And that's but this, *Report that he is poore*,
And there's no way for to disgrace him more;
For so this *Passion* doth mens iudgement blind,
That him in whom they most perfection find,
If that he be not ritch they count him base,
And oft hees faine to giue a Villaine place.
Moreouer the desire to gaine this pelfe,
Makes many a braue man to forget himselfe:
Some I haue knowne that for their worthy parts,
Their vertue and their skill in many Arts,
Deserued honor; and (if any can
Iudge by the outward looke, the inward man)

Lib. 1. C O R E T O K S N E S. Satyr. 8.

For to command men they me thought were borne
 And seem'd a slavish servitude, to scorne;
 Yet haue I seene when such as these (alas!)
 In hope of gaine haue croucht vnto an Ass,
 Obseru'd a Dole, and much debas't their metrics,
 To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits;
 How many of our finest wits haue spent,
 Their times and studies in more complements
 Gratifying with praises many a fat-fed Botch,
 Of whom the world thought too too well before?
 How many now that followed *Mar* his troope,
 Whom force of death could neuer make to stoop?
 Nay more, how many of our graue Diuines,
 That should seeke treasure not in earthly mines,
 What store I say of those, *against the haire*,
 (As goes the common prouerbe) *can speake faire*,
 Flatter for gaine, and huger such base groomes,
 As are not worthy of their horse, boyes rhymes?
 They wrong themselves, but those are counted wise
 That now a daies know how to temporize;
 I cannot brooke dissembling; and I vow,
 Ere I to any golden calfe would bow,
 Flatter against my conscience, or else smother
 That which I know for truth, to please another,
 Ere I for gaine would faune to please a clowne,
 Or feed *great fowles* with tales of the renowne
 Of their reputed fathers, when (*God mend them*)
 Thēselues haue nothing why we should commend
 And ere Ie coine a lie, be't ne're so small,
 For eu'r a bragging *Trasse* of them all.

Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr 81.

In hope of profit; He giue vp any play,
 And fall to labour for a groat a day;
 And for my clothing in a mantle goe,
 And feed on *Sham-vouts*, as the *brish* doe;
 For, what contentment can in riches be,
 Vnless the body and the mind be free?
 But tush what's freedom? look where gold beares
 It takes *That Credit*, yes and *Wit* away;
 Corrupts the iudgement, and can make the lawes
 Oft-times to fauour an vngodly cause:
 Besides, a worldly mind doth so affect,
 Where wealth abounds, & beares so much respect
 To those that haue it: that their vice they deeme
 To be a vertue, and so make it seeme;
 For, say they vse extortion, no men more,
 Vndoe their *Canntry*, hurt and wrong the poore,
 Be damnd *Vsurers*, and keep a house,
 That yeelds not crums enough to feed a mouse:
 Yet they I nor say hee's couetous; oh no,
Hee's thrifty, a good wary man, or so.
 Another though in pride he doe excell,
 Be more ambitious then the *Prince of bel*;
 If his apparell be in part like vs,
Italian, Spanish, French and Barbarous;
 Although it be of twenty seuerall fashions,
 All borrowed from as many forraine nations;
 Yet hee's not vaine, nor proud; what is he than?
Marry a proper, fine, neat Gentleman,
 Or if he be a drunkard that can swagger,
 Goe daily armed with an *alehouse dagger*,

Quaſſe

Lib. 2. COFFETORS NES. Sary. 1.

Quaffe *sonke sick healths* vntill his eyes doe stare,
 Sing *bandy Songs*, and *troules*, and curse and sweare;
 Though he vs gaming, as the cards and dice,
 So out of measure that he mak' a vice,
 Turne his owne house into a filthy stower,
 Keep *whores*, and *knauers*, and *braydes*, as that's no
 Yet if he be a rich man what is he,
 A rude ranke ruffine if you aske of me,
 A Ruffin? Owp Jack fauce boxe with a warrion,
 Nay hee's a *merry* and a *brave companion*,
 This is the *Worlds* censure, so beside,
 Another qualitie I haue espide,
 For those diseases they doe flume the poore,
 They doe abhor a Rich man as the poore
 Him I haue knowne that hath did drinke to sup
 Water, or beere, out of a poore mans cup,
 For feare of poysoning, or some thing as bad,
 Although he knew no malady he had,
 And yet haue I, seene the same curious
 Pledging a Rich man in the selfe same glass,
 When he hath knowne the party (if you please)
 He speak *aptaine English* had the *French* disease,
 But as the *Proverb* saith, *Birds of a feather*
Will alwaies fly to flock and *feed together*,
 I haue oft rused and doe still admire,
 That men should hunt full riches so desire,
 For weigh it well and you shall find it fil,
 The owner of it with a thousand ill,
 Much worse then these tokens d: for why we find,
 It choakes and mar's the Vertues of the mind;

Lib. 1. COVETOUSNES. Satyr. 8.

Then we perceine it greatly doth annoy,
Vexes the heart, and hinders the true ioy,
Would else be there; And as it may appeare,
Loads vs with diuers troubles, cares and feare:
It makes vs to grow arrogant, vnjust,
Drawes vnto pleasure, and prouokes to lust:
More hopefull for to practise villany,
Then for to further vs in honesty,
It nere contents the owners that enjoy it,
And those that haue it many times employ it
To corrupt iustice; or for to allure,
Matrons, or Virgins, to an act impure:
It hires murders, and makes men seditious,
Full of suspect, and enuie, or ambitious:
Yea it breeds *claw-backs*, *pick-thanks*, *flattery*,
Makes many theeves and causes perjury:
It hinders knowledge, for most that haue lands,
Liue neither by their wisdom nor their hands,
They follow sloath and pleasure, not the schooles,
And that's the reason there's such wealthy fooles:
These are the fruits of wealth; yet that alone
Seemes now the fairest marke of euery one
To make his course for; and which to attaine,
Or keep once gotten, we refuse no pain:
Labor nor dagger; yea it doth appeare,
They think that all which they were plac'd for here:
Now there's a *Counterpassion* vnto this, it weigh
Which to speake something of 'twere not amiss:
These, subiect thereto, haue got a fashion,
That's quite contrarie to the former *Fashion*.

For

Lib. 1. COCKETONS. Satyr. 1.

For e'ne as greedy men are set on fire,
 With an vnquenched and a foule desire,
 Of hounding Riches (God in heauen amend them)
 So doe the other hie as fast to spend their
 Their *house* & diuers; some vaine glorious Affes,
 Consum't in gaudy cloathes; and looking glasses;
 Others blowne vp e'ne with the selfe same bellows
 Seeke to obtaine the loue of all good fellowes;
 These at the *Alban* haue their daily pots,
 Though they be there or no. And looke what shote,
 Are in their chambers spent, bo't nere so many
 He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny
 These feare *the* their supposed friends, who
 That pay wish, *I think you will make*
 Yea, and in more things they haue laish bin,
 But those are pathes I haue no experience in,
 Yet such as they ere many yeares be past,
 Will wish (I warrant) they had held it fast,
 When for their kindnes and their former cheere,
 They hardly shall procure a cup of beere.
 But those must needs be some men prone to
 Or how a diuell shall our *flaw* keep?
 Yet can I not say rightly that those be
 From *Americ* and greedinesse quite free
 For though they doe consume it knauishly,
 And spend it on vaine pleasures laishly,
 They gladly would their euill course maintaine,
 And therefore ouerslip no meanes of gaine,
 For they haue vsed (by their owne confession)
 Secret and open Robberies; Oppression,

And

Lib. II. CONTINUANCES. Sarys. 18.

And diuers tricks which show this spending vice;
 May haue some reference to Auarice,
 Others there are, (but few) who hauing store,
 Neglect their wealth, and rather would be poore;
 And why? it stops the way to haue they say;
 Sure being misemploy'd so it may;
 And therefore rather then they should abuse it,
 'Twere good they hid it that know how to vse it?
 For such are lightly weake in resolution,
 And men but of a simple constitution,
 Or are by some seducing Villan taught,
 That their goods (rather then their good) haue
 Now I suppose the man that well obtaines
 His wealth, and in an honest calling gaires;
 More wisdom shewes in vsing it aright,
 Then such a Cynnick as contemnes it quite;
 Men will be in extreames; but sure the lesse,
 Is to neglect wealth, for much greedines;
 Makes not the body triely, leane and foale;
 But also spreads infection to his soule;
 And clogges her so with things of no account,
 That she is ouer-poyz'd to much, to mount.
 But those that for to goe assay are loth,
 Vse their endeouours to auoid them both.

For though they doe continue it knowingly,
 And spend it on vaine pleasures lustily;
 They gladly would their euill course maintaine,
 And therefore cherish no means of paine,
 For they haue ated (by their owne confession)
 Secret and open Roppes; Oppression

OF AMBITION.

SATYR. 1.

Heres yet another cal'd *Ambition*,
 Little with men of low condition,
 But 'tis a humor which doth never search,
 The stout-high minded, and doth always perch
 In men of spirit. This doth first surmount,
 The force of *Love*; It maketh no account
 Of *Reason*; nor *Religion*; his not *Law*,
 Nor *Conscience*; that can keep such men in awe;
 There's no estate contents them; peace and strife
 Are both alike to them; yea death and life
 Wiues, children, friends, nor none but such as may
 Be vnto their *Ambition* place a stay,
 Shall be respected; and so they may reape,
 What they desire; the is not sick to heape
 Murder on Murders; yea and drink't no harm;
 Be it of strangers, or their neere kin.
 They giue such filly boasts they can out-bear
 Danger it selfe; and be no whit afraid;
 Proud daring Spirits; yet we see, *confusion*
 Of such high minds doth procure the sad *conclusion*
 And he that first was ruin'd by this euill,
 Was our grand foe which wee doe call the *Diuell*;
 For he aspir'd so high, that higher powers,
 Wrought his fall, and now he seeketh out;

He

Lib. 1. 2 **AMBITION.** Satyr. 9.

He first infus'd this ill into our brest,
 For to disquiet and disturbe our rest.
 This most *unreasonable, strong desire*;
 This *too excessive longing to aspire*
 To honour and promotion; which indeed
 Doth from a sottish ignorance proceed;
 It is the wild, fit and most disorder'd passion,
 And a great enemy to contentation,
 For whatsoever state man hath attain'd,
 Tis e'ne as if that he had nothing gain'd;
 For he hath hereby still a farther scope,
 And neuer reaches to the end of's hope;
 That which he doth possesse he never respecteth,
 But altogether things unknowne affecteth,
 And counts them best; which whatsoe're they
 Being once gotten too, are not esteem'd: (seekt)
 But what's the reason that they doe abhor,
 The things possesse that they haue labor'd for?
 What is the cause I say they doe contemne,
 (Or cannot vse) things hauing gain'd them?
 Sure hence it doth proceed; they doe not know
 What the things are that they doe long for so.
 And they obtaine them oft, e're they haue might,
 And Reason fit to gouerne them aright.
 Had many of our reaching *Commons* (dye)
 That haue growne wealthy through good husbands
 And some of our proud *Gentry*, that haue sought
 War, and yndeserued Honors bought;
 Had they, I say, before hand knowne the shame,
 And beggery that followed on the same.

He

For

Lib. 1. 2 **AMBITION** A Sary 21

For want of knowing where so they aspir'd
 They would not haue those *Dignities* desir'd,
 And so indeed they might haue walk't the streets,
 And not haue feard the *Counters* nor the *Fleets*,
 Yea and with *Good-men* haue contented bin,
 Where now there's scarce a good man of the kin,
Ambitious men wil euer enuious be;
 Regarding neither loue nor amity,
 And though that they may make a goodly shew,
 With reason it can neuer stand I know,
 They should be faithfull, or with Iustice deale,
 Either for *Princes* or for *Common-weale*;
 For why this humor makes them to attend,
 And all their labours and best counsels spend,
 In their owne plots; And so they haue no losse,
 They care not whose proceedings they do crosse;
 Vertuous endeavors this doth also let,
 Yea makes men many a good thing to forget:
 And though I'me loath to speake it I protest
 I thinke it raignes not in the *Clergy* least,
 For they at first shew great humility,
 While that they are of meane ability:
 Thei'l be industrious and take paine to teach,
 For twise a week shal be the least thei'll preach;
 Or in their pouerty they wil not stick
 For *Catechizing*, *visiting the sick*,
 And such like dutious workes of Piety,
 As do belong to their society:
 But if that they can reach a *Vicarage*,
 Or be induc'd to some *Parsonage*,

Religion

Men

LIB. 2. AMBITION. A Satyre. 91

Men must content the mselues and thinke it well,
 If once a yeare they heare the Sermon bells
 Now if it be a *Dennery* or so,
 If not in twelue months it is oft enough,
 And why? Alas consider that *Dennion*,
 Is but a busie thing that lets *Promotion*,
 And if that they should giue their minds too't all
 Who should haue their great places when they fall
 No, no, twere fitter they their ease did take,
 And se what friendes and Patrons they can make
 For the next *Hierarchie*, or learne how
 To humor and to please the *Great ones* now;
 But, if that they in that aduenture speed,
 Thei'le be more painful; yes, tis like indeed:
 If they get into their *formalibus*,
 And Reuerent *Pontificalibus*,
 Tis very like I say that we shall heare,
 They vse the Pulpit once in twise a yeare:
 Nay and tis wel if it be done so oft,
 For this *Ambition* beares men so aloft,
 They soone forget their duties: and this pride
 I in the Clergy worst of all abide,
 In them I hold it the most odious,
 And no *Ambition* so pernicious,
 Either for prince, or Church, or common good,
 VVitnesse the beast of *Rome* and his foule brood
 Of clymyng *Cardinals*, who from base *fanes*,
 Are gotten to be Kings and Princes *maies*,
 Yea their *superiours*. This the diuel makes,
 His cheefest engine wherewithall he makes
 Religion

Lib. I. 2 AMBITION. A Satyre.

Religions soundnesse; And ronds in it chinks,
Which he dawbes vp againe with what he thinks
Shall ruin't all in time; was it not hence
He had his meanes to mar the innocencie, (*strong*)
Of *Romes* first Bishops? yes, the Church grew
And flourish't while it was suppress't with wrongs;
But when the worthy *Emperors* embrac't
The *Sacred Truth*; and with their favors grac't
Their good proceedings; They then gan to leaue
Their humble Nature off; and closely weaue
Vnder a Religious shew (not a bare *Antier*)
It fits not the successors of *Saint Peter*)
A triple *Diadem*; and such a state,
That neuer any earthly Potentate
Enioy'd the like (*yet all with humble preaching*)
A long degree I tak't, beyond the reaching
Of temporall *Ambition*. But I pray
Er's the first *Beast* his time be done away
There rise not up another monster here
'Mongst our *Ambitious Churchmen*; I should feare
A second *Antichrist*, but that I hope
They either shall be kept within their scope,
Or the last *Indgement*, whose high times unknowne
Shall cut him off ere he be wholly grown;
But more of these I here omit to speake,
Because, I thinke there's no mans fight so weake
But see'st their doings; yet let none suppose
I heare meane to defend, or maintaine those
That doe our *Religion* Colling a disloy;
Let them that can, for sure I know not how
Nor

Nor would I haue the world to vnderstand,
 That I tax all the Clergy in the land;
 Or the whole *Hierarchy*; I thinke not so;
 For why; this present age doth yeeld, I know,
 Men that are truly worthy; I hope many;
 Yea I am sure few times, since Christ, had any
 More knowing or more painefull then some few,
 And whatsoe're men thinke, yet for to show,
 Though I Satyrically carp at those
 That follow *Vice* and are true *Vertues* foes,
 I haue not such a spightfull cankered spirit,
 As to conceale and smother *Worth* and *Merit*:
 For Ile for *Canterburies* Grace be bold,
 Out of mine owne experience to vphold,
 That Sea was neuer gouerned as yet,
 By any one more Reuerent or more fit
 For ouer and about his Country cares,
 Wherein he neither *time* nor *counsell* spares,
 Besides *Church busines* whereto he applies
 His mind to further it, what in him lies;
 I say beside this publick care at large,
 Few Ministers haue, in their private charge,
 Showne greater paine; that here the truth I tell,
London and *Lambeth* both can witnes well,
 And thou wert vnhappy *London* then,
 When thou didst loose this rare *One* among men;
 Yet thou wert blest againe, thy fate did bring,
 In place of such a *FATHER* such a *KNOW*,
 A maine Church-pillar, and of so great worth,
Europe can hardly bring his equall forth:

Lib. II. AMBITION. A Satyr. 191

And for them both my *Muse* will this put downe,
 (Who scornes to sooth a King to get a Crowne)
Had she not thought them to be what she saies,
She would haue beere disdain'd to sing their praises
 But to go forward, I do wonder why,
 Men should be subiect to this *Vanity*
 For I haue seene those that had riches store,
 Great offices, and fauours, no men more,
 Honor and credit, yea and wisdom to,
 Yet see what an ambitious head wil doe,
 Clyming to high they got so low a fall,
 They forfeited their honors, liues and all,
 Me thinkes ere they in such an act should stir,
 Twere not amisse to thinke on *Aesops* Cur,
 Who catching but to get a shadow more,
 Did loose the substance that he had before,
 Imight a while vpon example stand,
 Of former times; but that within this land,
 The present *Age*, the which I onely view,
 Can yeeld enough to prooue my saying true,
 And of so many in this Kingdome showne,
 I meane at this time to produce but one;
 And that shal be the late Ambitious plot;
 The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not;
 I meane the powder treason, and intention,
 Brought (had not God assisted) past preuention;
 Yet see ere they could clime to their desire,
 When they were for to mount but one step higher,
 (Let God be true) how vile tumbled all;
 And gaue these *bel-bonnds* a defenied fall.

Lib. 1. **AMBITION.** Satyr. 9

As often as I call to memory,
 That horrid and detested villany,
 It makes me sorry such a hellish plot,
 Should scape vnblas'd to be so soone forgot;
 But some good wit ere long I do not doubt,
 VVil vndertake to paint that action out;
 And in it owne true *sable colour* show it,
 That children that are yet vnborne may know it:
 And to make plaine that *ruine* and *perdition*,
 Are the last *Periods* to conclude *Ambition*:
 But to that purpose they may labour spend,
 And per aduenture all to little end:
 They wil not thinke thereon, for we may see,
 How losly-minded stil there's many be,
 VVith what desires of titles they haue sought them,
 And at how deare a reckoning they haue bought them
 But that with other flowes from *Vanity*,
 A part essentiall in humanity,
 VVhich (if God grant me leaue) I meane to chase,
 But must referre it to another place:
 Some haue ambitious heads, but cannot rise,
 Because the want of meanes and friends denies
 What they aspire vnto: but such are *Vext*,
 Their mind I know is troubled and *perplex*
 Beyond all reason; Oh strange humor'd men,
 Your folly you wil leaue I thinke, but when?
 Be with your states Content, for do you know
 VVhether your wish be for your good or no?
 O yes thinks one; if I could once attaine,
 Such offices; or so much wealth to gaine

As this or that man hath; my wish were ended,
 And such or such a fault should be amended:
 But this I say, though they may thinke it strange,
 VVith the *estate* the mind doth also change,
 And when in one thing thou hast thy desire,
 Thou canst not stay there but must mount vp higher
 And higher stil, vntil thou dost attaine,
 Vnto the *top* or tumble downe againe;
 Be warned then you that *Ambitious* are,
 And for to curbe your passion haue a care;
 Else at the length, 'twil certaine ly deceiue you,
 But you wil haue your wils to which I leaue you.

OF FEARE,**SATYR. 10.**

Soft now; what *Pasion's* this that followes next?
 Surely I thinke hee's with a feuer vext,
 He shakes and lookes so pale; O me, tis *feare*!
 Ile make his humors also to appeare,
 Since I haue found him. This is he that mar's,
 All our delight on earth; 'tis he that bars
 Man the right vse of pleasure. And tis he,
 That was at first ordaind our plague to be,
 Auoid him you that loue and looke for rest,
 Let a true courage banish him your brest:
 For this makes not your bodies only *num*,
 Tremblingly cold, deform'd, and pale become.

But 'tis a passion vgly, grim, and foule,
 That doth with greefe e'ne clog the very soule:
 And comes (if that I faile not in my skill)
 Out of a false opinion of some ill,
 That's present or to come; It only stings,
 And also for companions it brings
 Both paine and shame; and diuers haue I scene,
 That with this feauer haue sore shaken beene;
 Two but of late whose feare so foolish prou'd,
 Many thereby were vnto laughter mou'd,
 One came in puffing almost out of breath,
 As if he hardly had escaped death,
 And why? Alas! he thought a whited post,
 He on a sodaine saw had beene a Ghost:
 And that surmise did such impression take,
 That though he after saw 'twas but a stake,
 If yet he do but come that way benighted,
 He is e'ne with the very place affrighted:
 Th' other came running like a man that's mad,
 Oh! he had scene the Diuel that he had,
 Where in an old house sitting on a block,
 We lookt and there we found a turky-cock:
 Thus many feare where cause of feare is none,
 And make themselves a iest for euery one;
 Yea feare hath made a number so affraid,
 That they traue oft their dearest friends betraid:
 For this cause onely I do nere intend,
 To choose a coward for to be my friend,
 And if that women be not growne so coy,
 To scorne to take aduisement of a boy,

Let them not chuse a coward to their mate,
 Least they repent it as one did of late:
 For not far off there dwelt not long ago
 (He tel a tale that many yet do know)
 A Gentlewoman not of meanest rank,
 Whose fauour might haue wel deserved thanks,
 For that in face and dowry few did match her,
 Many a gallant tride his wittes to catch her,
 Who being kept but narrowly at home,
 So she were gone she car'd not much with whom,
 Now see Dame fortune that wil seldome part,
 Her fauours vnto men of good desert,
 Brings to the house a fellow that in shew,
 Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not so,
 Yet hauing opportunity he tries,
 Gets her good-will and with her thence he flies,
 But so, the Parents quickly miss their daughter,
 Rais'd all the towne, and following hardy after,
 Were by meere chance into an old house led,
 Where this young couple were new gon to bed,
 To that haue euer in that pickle bin,
 Iudge what a case these naked folkes were in,
 But what did he? there leanes his new stolne prey,
 And like a feareful Coward slunke away,
 Out on such Asses; how could he for shame,
 So leaue a woman to beate all the blame?
 And for the greefe she suffers with her friends,
 How can the villaine make the vnhorne amends?
 I know not: but for playing such a part,
 'Tis certain he hath turn'd the vventches heart,

And so for climbing to a Cowards bed,
Hath lost her er^{as} with her maiden-head.
Such was th' effect of feare. And more, from thence
Proceedeth *cruelty, impacience,*
Breach of our promise, with much envying
Together with the hatefull vice of *lying*;
Murthers and treasons too; theres nought so base,
So full of *villany, shame or disgrace,*
The feareful would not act with all his heart,
To free himselfe from feare of death or smart:
Yea some would be contented very well,
So they might scape *Death*, to goe quick to hell
Such is their nature; I my selfe haue scene,
Feare bring those euils that had else not beene:
As it hath brought the plague on some. Beside,
There's many a one for feare of death hath dyed;
And there be diuers haue so careful bin,
To rid themselves from feares which they were in;
That as the ship that doth *Charibdis* shun,
They ran on *Sylla* and were quite vndone;
And why? alas it is the *Cowards* error:
To think the present danger full of terror;
The feare of euil more tormenteth some,
Then doth the thing they fear'd whē once tis come
Men dread what is; what wilbe; and alas!
Many a thing that nere shal come to passe;
If they did only feare apparant things,
That likeli-hood of terror with it brings,
As troopes of enemies, or thecues, or treason,
Pirats or stormes at sea; there were some reason

Or

Or colour for it then, but they wil quake,
 At fictions; at meeete nothings; their hearts ake
 At their owne fancies: Superstitious,
 At tales of *Fairies*, and of Visions,
 Yea I haue seene some heavy and full sad,
 Because of a poore foolish dreame they had:
 Oh what meanes man that hauing mischeefes store
 Must in his owne conceit needs make them more?
 Thinkes he those wil not grim enough appeare,
 Vnlesse he apprehend them first by feare?
 Sure tis a plague the *Diuell* did inuent,
 To work in man a lasting discontent:
 And taught it *Adam*, whe revppon he said,
I saw my nakednes and was affraid:
 This is our fault; but yet I cannot see,
 A reason why men should so fearefull be:
 May they not ioy and be as merry still;
 With hope of good, as sad with feare of ill?
 Sure I think yes, and wil on hope so feed,
 No ill shal feare me til tis come indeed,
 For that which likeliest seemes for to betide me,
 God in his mercy yet may put beside me. (breft,
 And though much prooffe hath bred with in my
 This resolution, yet of all the rest,
 This last confirm'd it most, for th' other day,
When the hard frost had stop't the Scullers way,
And that the flowing Thames with yce was arch't
So that the people ouer on it miarol'd,
Amongst the rest one bolder then was sit,
Wandring beside the path for want of wit:

Stept on a peece of yce which with a crack,
Rent from the maine, and stopt his going back;
The ycie fragment (twas a heavy token)
Swam to the bridge where all the yce was broken,
The people look't and he for aid did craue;
But oh! there was no power in them to saue;
Which soone conceiuing on his knees he fell,
(I from the bridge perceiu'd him very well)
And lifting vp his bandes his ayd implores
That sau'd old Ionas without sailes or oares;
And see Gods mercy when he drew so neere,
No hope of safegard seemed to appeare
And when that he had three times whorled bin,
And that the Arck was like to suck him in:
Beyond our expectation (in a trise)
There thrusts betweene a greater peece of yce,
Which coming downe as if it scorn'd to stay,
Beat by the lesser for to giue it way,
And a while staid it; but he had bene faine,
When that was gone to take his turne againe,
Had nor, next God, the people stood his friend,
And sau'd him by a rope that's some mans end:
So this prooues, men may scape a mischeefe now;
When tis so neere them, they perceiue not how,
And I do hope this argument is cleere,
That we haue as much cause to hope as feare;
More trembling humors I might here vnfold,
Which, some will be vnwilling to be told,
And therefore passe them; but I do protest,
This hurtful monster I so much detest,

That

That I am very loath for to omit,
Any occasion of disgracing it;
Yet do I not allow their resolution,
That meereely of a hellish constitution,
Have such obdurate hearts so hard in euill,
They neither seeme afraid of God nor Diuell.
Such I haue noted to, but truly they
Are in as bad, but a contrary way.
They prate and sweare as if they could affright,
And make Hob goblin run away by night,
When questionlesse as bold as they appeare,
They are perplexed with an inward feare;
Yea I haue knowne a trifle or a blast,
Hath made such *Champions* oftentimes agast.
There is a feare thats good, and binders inne,
Indeed that, euery good man should be in;
And theres a feare that keepes a *kingdomes state*,
From *ruine*, if it be not taine to late;
Tis not a slavish terror, thats a crime,
No rather 'tis a wise fore-sight in time:
That makes men very heedfull to fore-thinke
Danger to come, and not as we do, winke
At our owne nakednes; as without care,
Who spies it, so we see not our selues bare;
This feare it is that makes men to provide
Against a storme they may the better bide
The fury of it; this 'tis keepes off wrong,
And makes a City or a Kingdom strong,
And I much doubt the wanting of these feares,
Will make vs smart for't yet ere many yeares.

For since we are become a pretty number,
 Although we can but one another cumber,
 Or serue to make a *Hubbub*, we suppose,
 There are no *nations dare* to be our foes,
 We thinke a wondrous *policy* we shew,
 If once in foure yeares we do take a *view*,
 Or count the number of our able men,
 Flattering our selues therewith; as if that then,
 (Hauing so great and huge a multitude,
 Though we were nere so ill expert and rude)
 There were no cause of feare: but a *Realme* might
 Consists not in the number that must fight,
 More in their skill, for of good souldiers ten,
 Will foile a hundred vnexperienc't men,
 Such as we are: For, 'tis a shame to speake,
 How wonderfull vnfitry and how weake,
 This ignorance makes most of vs, except (kept
 VVhom braue *Souih-humprans* government hath
 In warlike order; I doe meane indeed
 Our *Hampshire Islanders*, of whom for need
 A hundred boyes that nere had haire on chin,
 Shal from five hundred of vp-landish win
Both field and Towne: By which it may appeare
 Good gouernment with profitable feare
 VVithin a few short yeares so wel wil thrue,
 One shal become to haue the odds of five:
 These therefore that haue wise dome for to tell,
 When they do any thing amisse or well;
 Stil in this *Passion* obserue a meane,
 And not to feare nor to presumption leane.

LIB. II. DESPAIRE. Satyr. vii.

OF DESPAIRE.

SATY. vii.

NO more of *fear*, for lo his impious brae,
 Lookes now to be admitted: this is that;
 We call *Despaire*, with ghastly looks he stands,
 And *persons*, *ropes*, or *pain-yard*: fills his hands;
 Still ready to do hurt; one step, no more,
 Reaches from hence vnto damnations dore:
 This is that *Faſtion* giues a man instruction,
 To wrest the *Scriptures* to his owne destruction;
 And makes him think while he on earth doth dwell
 He feelles the very torturing *pangs* of hell;
 It makes men rage, like furies *ſcreech* and *howl*,
 With *exclamations* horrible and foule,
 Like Monsters more then men. Onely *damnation*
 Is in their mouthes; no mercy nor ſaluation.
 They ſeeme to hope for; they extremely feare
 Some monſtrous ſhapes which ſeeme for to appeare
 Through their imaginations; and the paine
 That they in ſoule and conſcience do ſuſtaine,
 All earthly tortures doth ſo much exceed,
 That they haue thought them ſelues in hell indeed
 Oh what repentant liues, ſome vow to liue,
 If God would but once more vouchſafe to giue
 Their health and hope againe; then they would
 Their liues, and good, vnto no other end

But

But wholly for his glory: yet theres now
 Some liuing that haue quite forgot that *now*,
 God giue them grace to looke into their error,
 Or they wil one day find a double terror,
 Some in this agony haue little will,
 To any thing, vnlesse it be to kill,
 Or make themselves away; whereto the *Diuell*,
 The author and chiefe causer of this euill,
 (Vnlesse that God in mercy him preuents)
 Is ready to prouide him *instrument*,
 I euen quake to thinke what humors *be*,
 Attending on this hellish maladee;
 And for some cause I mean not here to shew them,
 But pray that all had grace for to eschew them:
 Now some do thinke this passion being taken,
 Can very hardly be again forsaken;
 But let none thinke so; for why? God in distresse
 Doth neuer leaue man quite without redresse;
 Nor can we say that he hath left vs voyd,
 Of helpe for this, when ere we are annoyd
 Through Satans guile; for pittying our case,
 He leaues vs hope of fauour and of grace,
 If wee'll lay hold on't; which to make more cleare,
 He let his euerlasting loue appeare,
 In highest measure, by the *sacrifice*
 Of **CHRIST** his sonne for our *iniquities*;
 And also, did not sinne thus make vs blind,
 For every greefe of body and of mind,
 He hath ordain'd a *salue*: All *Christians* know (flow,
 (Or should at least) the *spring* from whence doth

Lib. I. **DESPAIR** (Satyre II)

A pretious liquor that will quickly cure,
 Our strongest *Passions*, (if the cup be pure)
 Or if we do not so presume as stand,
 And lap it here and there with our owne hand,
 For thats the way to sooth vp many a passion,
 And the all-only cause of *Desperation*;
 Which from all good-men I do wish as farre,
 As earth's low center from the highest *star*,
 But now *despaire* or *distrust* is twofold,
 One sort of which I haue already told,
 Being concerning matters of *saluation*,
 The horriblest and feareful *st desperation*,
 But th'other is alone of earthly things,
 Yet mighty disaduantage with it brings,
 VVhere it gets entrance; this makes many loath,
 To vndertake great matters cause through sloth
 They do dispaire to reach them; yea it breeds
 A carelesnesse in man, and thence proceeds
 Nor a few *treasons*; for the breach of law,
 Makes many times the *subject* in such awe,
 That he dispaire of pardon for his ill;
 And therefore not alone remains in't still,
 But being gully, for to salue one sore
 Incurs the danger of a thousand more;
 And for because he thinkes himselfe vndone,
 Wil for assurance to *Rebellion* runne:
 Besides, theres some dispairing of their cause,
 And being brought to triall by the lawes,
 For some offence are obstinately mute:
 To these forsooth the commons do impute

Lib. 2. DESPAIRE. Satyr. II.

A manly Resolution; cause thereby,
 They saue their landes to their posterity;
 But sure there is no wise-man wil commend
 Him that so desperately seekes his end;
 And wilfully doth cast away himselfe
 (Body and soule perhaps) to saue his pelfe,
 To some *furniners*; where as if he bide
 On hope, and not dispaire for to be tride
 According to the lawes, he may be cleer'd,
 And quitted of the danger he so fear'd,
 As some haue beene: Besides, if we indure,
 But a small paine, if we despaire of cure,
 Ease or amends, twil make it seem to be
 Vsufferable; whereas if that we
 Haue any Hope, the ease we looke to win
 VVill mitigate the torture we are in;
 His winter toyle what Ploughman could sustaine,
 If he despaired of his haruest gaine?
 And the strong'st army needs must faint and fly,
 If it despaire before of victory.
 But to conclude it must be vnderstood,
Despaire a *Pastion* that is no time good,
 'Tis alway hurtfull; and I can obserue
 Nothing whereto a man may make it serue,
 Vnlesse to helpe a troope of cowardlyghts
 For could a man lead them past hope offlighte,
 VVhere they should see there were no remedy,
 But they must dye or get the victory;
Despaire in that case may giue them the day,
 That would haue lost it to haue put away.

OF HOPE.

SATT. 11.

THrice welcome *Hope* the *diuel* keep home the
 (*Dispaire* & *fear* as fitting for no other) (tother
 This is the *Passion* that of all the rest,
 We haue most reason to esteeme of best;
 For if it be with good aduise applide,
 A salve it is *God* did himselfe provide
 To ease not onely euery outward greife,
 But when the very soule doth want reliefe,
 It wil redresse her paine, although it were
 The shaking of that hideous monster *fear*;
 Oh precious *Balm*! Yea, if that man had power,
 To take it to himselfe at such an hower,
 When black *Dispaire* doth pinch him, that indeed
 Would quite expell it; and he should need
Apothecary drugs; But what can wee,
 Apply aright and not instructed be,
 By Gods good inspiration? Nay, 'tis true;
 We are so farre vnlike for to pursue
 The way we should, that we do follow still,
 The crooked path to loose our selues in ill;
 This needling *Hope*, we rather neuer use,
 Or else for want of knowledge do abuse it;
 Yea this that of all *Passions* is the best,
 Is now as much corrupted as the rest.

We

We must consider then, *Mans hope is double,*
One true and certaine: th' other full of trouble,
And most vnconstant: the first hope attends
Things more immortall, and alone depends,
On th' expectation of the certain't things,
And such perfection of true ioy, as brings
No trouble with it, This through faith we gaine,
And 'tis sufficient to make any paine
Seeme short and easy; yea it cheares a man,
And tis a help, without the which none can
Endure to liue: but now great store there be,
Who for because of their infirmity,
Together through the bad and weake foundation,
They build this hope on, make it in some fashion
To be blame-worthy: It cannot indure,
Nor wil it (without doubting) make them sure
Of what they looke for. Now the other kind
Of hope, which I amongst vs men do find,
Is of vncertaine earthly things, and this
Of no continuance and oft frustrate is;
For the best likeli-hoods that may be showne,
And the strong'st humane reasons that are knowne,
Are nothing for to ground a hope vpon;
(Since in the turning of a hand tis gone)
Were all the men on earth procured to
Some easie thing that's in ones power to doe,
And all were well resolv'd to see it done,
Yea, were but one dayes work, and that begun,
We may wel hope indeede sh'ell bring to passe,
So smal a thing as that, but yet, alas!

None

Lib. 1. *V. HOPE:* Satyr. 12.

None can assure it, for because they know,
 No warrant from above it should be so:
 And therefore I could wish that euery man,
 Should take vnto him the best *hope* he can;
 In all his outward actions; but foresee,
 At least on honest grounds it builded be,
 And therewith be so well prepared still,
 That if these doubtfull *hopes* doe fall out ill,
 He ne're repine, but tak't as if the same
 Had beene expected long before it came;
 And since that *sickle trust* did nought auaille him,
 Depend on the *true hope* that shall nere faile him.
 For that indeed that's plac'd on *wit* or *strength*
 Is vaine, and most vncertaine; cause at length,
 How ere it may seeme sure, it will deceiue him;
 And when he hath most need of comfort, leaue him.
 Besides there's many to this *hope* are led,
 By sundry *Passions* within them bred:
 As Loue, Ambition, Auarice, and such;
 'Tis true that these will make a man *hope* much;
 But many thereby into errors run
 So blindly on, that they are quite vndone,
 Cause in their mindes, they hopefully expect,
 A thousand things which they shall nere effect;
 For they giue their desires too large a *scope*,
 And doe abuse themselues through *fained hope*,
 Not hauing plac'd it on a certaine ground
 (For then it neuer could be frustrate found.)
 But *Louers hopes*, and such as theirs, are bold;
 On euery paltry trifle to lay hold.

Lib 1. COMPASSION. Satyr. 13.

And whatsoe're the *Ambitious* doe intend,
The hopes they haue to bring their plots to end
Are drawne fro' n'other *grounds* but their *affections*
Which for the most part giue such blind *directions*,
That they, as we may by experience see
Together with their *hopes* oft ruin'd be;
But as this passion is now much abus'd,
The next that followes is as hardly vs'd.

OF COMPASSION.

SATYR. 13.

Pitty is knowne a kinde and tender *Passion*,
In it owne nature worthy commendation;
And if Discretion guide it, well may be
Of meere alliance vnto *Charitie*;
If not, it then from vertue quickly swerues,
And with the rest a like reproofe deserues:
Now some will muse thereat, such as suppose
A man through *pitty* cannot erre; but those
If they haue any iudgement of their owne,
Shall say *compassion* may amisse be showne:
Yea, and oft is, which they will quickly finde,
Or else I'll say their *Reasons* eye is blinde;
First let them tell me, is't not frequented now,
That those the which our Country lawes allow
Jurors for tryall, are oft-times compell'd
Through a base tender weaknes for to yeeld.

Vnto

Lib. 1. COMPASSION: Satyr. 13.

Vnto this melting *Passion*? sometime by,
A personall respect ta'ne by the eye:
Sometime for that th'offendor (it may be,
Already hath sustain'd much misery:
And thinke they not this *Charity* and right?
Yet through the Ignorance forgetting quite;
Whilest they an ill deserued life prolong,
Therein they doe not ouely *Iustice* wrong,
But by their indiscreete and fond Compassion,
Vnwisely hazard e'ne their owne Saluation;
Then for their need, or cause they much implore,
In common pleas they leane vnto the poore,
(If might o're sway them not,) and that they trust,
(Because they meane well) may be counted Iust:
Are there not some toe, who would faine be deem'd
Good Common-wealths men? yet haue misseem'd
That Order which for wandring rogues was made;
(And as if they allowd their *begging trade*)
Much pittie those that iustly punish't be,
As though it were done void of Charitie?
Yea they haue dar'd to saie thus much and more;
There's no lawes made now, but against the poore:
Moreouer, he whose iudgement is so slender,
And hath an yeelding heart so fondly tender
To stoupe vnto this *Passion*, neither spares
The lawes of God nor man; but rashly dares
Peruert them both; supposing his intent,
Shall free him from deserued punishment:
These though that God himselfe saies *kill*; reply
With *no alar*: *is pittie he should die*:

Lib. i. COMPASSION. Satyr. 13.

But such as they deserue the selfe same-check
 He had that spar'd the King of *Amaleck*;
 For to say truth as vertuous as it showes,
 A foolish pitty quickly ouerthrowes,
 In War an Army and in peace a State;
 And this Ile stand to, 'tis as bad as *Hate*,
 For *That* and *Bribes* to such a power is growne,
Iustice can little in some courts now be showne:
 Yea it is cleere and cannot be withstood,
 That *Pitty* sometimes hurts the common good,
 And more we find that *God's* therby offended,
 And therefore man must haue this fault amended,
 And be perswaded 'tis his part to see,
 How farre this *Passion* may admitted be;
 For seeme how'twill, all pitty is vnfit,
 Vnlesse Gods lawes and Mans do warrant it:
 But I haue noted some kind-hearted Asses,
 Worth laughing at, that all the rest surpasses
 For foolish pitty: but themselues alone,
 'Tis preiudiciall too; or hurteth none;
 To these do you but a *Tragedian* be,
 Or else recite some ancient *historie*;
 If that the matter which you do relate
 Be sorrowfull and something *Passionate*,
 Though it were done a thousand yeares agoe,
 And in a Country they did neuer know,
 Yet wil they weep (*kind-hearts*) as if those men,
 Were of their friends; and that thing told, but then
 Before their eyes in action: nay, vnfold
 Some new made tale that neuer yet was told,

So it be doleful and do represent
 Some strange and lamentable accident:
 Although not only (as I said before)
 It be a matter meereley fain'd, but more;
 Though that they know it so, they cannot keep
 Their melting eyes from teares, but they must weep
 I might touch Parents, chiefly in the City,
 That mar their children by their cockering pittie,
 But other *Passions* call me now away;
 And yet before I leaue thus much Ile say, (schooles
 Those fond-kind Parents that take rods from
 Haue almost filld the land with *knanes* and *fooles*;
 And those that think we need no pittie rue,
 Let them not hold so stil, for this is true,
Fond pittie rests in no true manly breast;
 And therefore you that are, or would at least
 Be counted men; be not therewith ore borne,
 For tis a *Passion* that *rowu Women* scorne,

OF CRVELTY.

SATYR. 14.

BVt here's another beares vs farther wide,
 If we embrace it on the other side;
 And therefore whilst we seeke for to beware
 Offoolish *Pittie*, we must haue a care
 Least this do ouer-run vs; tis a thing,
 Whose very name doth seeme enough to bring,

All men in the opinion to confesse,
Tis an *inhumane hellish wickednes*:
A monstrous *Passion*, so vnfit to rest
Or harbor in a reasonable brest
That beasts, in whom it rather should remaine,
Doe for the greatest part the same refraine:
And yet as odious as it doth appeare,
Vnlesse men looke to their affections neere,
'Twill steale vpon them, and they shall begin,
Not only to be quickly snar'd therein,
Although at first they doe abhorre it much,
At more; the nature of this *Passion's* such,
It will begin delightfull; and it makes
So deepe impression in the heart, and takes
So sound a root, 'twill hardly be displac't,
Whilst that the body by the soule is grac't:
And yet some doe suppose it may with ease,
Be left or tooke as eu'ry one shall please,
But they are wide, like them that ouer-bold,
And trusting to their proper strength, vphold,
We neede not this same *Passion* discommend,
Nature sufficient is to reprehend
That fault (they say.) And they detest it so,
Reason can neere haue such an ouerthrow,
That they should liue themselves for to defile,
With any passion that they know so vile:
Indeed it is a monstrous villany,
And most I thinke can raile at cruelty,
Yet let none be so carelesse, for 'tis true,
The odious vices we doe most eschew,

Lib. i. CRUELTY. Satyr. 14.

Grow pleasing by degrees : When *Hafael*
 Vvas told what he should doe to *Israel*,
 Full little thought he then his gentle heart,
 Should euer giue consent to act a part,
 Of such a *Tragick Scene*; and yet we find,
 He became after of another mind :
 For our intents and best affections, be
 Exceeding subiect to vncertaintie :
 Those we thinke surest ; and vnlesse each hower,
 We be remembred such a state is our
 We should forget our selues. *Philip*, the Sire
 Of that bold *Grecian King* that did aspire
 To be the worlds third Monarch, knew full well
 Himselfe to be a *Man*, yet could not tell
 Whereto he might through humane frailty fall,
 And therefore wil'd his seruant for to call,
 Thus at his window (ere the day began)
Philip, Remem'ber that thou art a man.
 And e'ne as hatefull as this Passion is,
 To be remembred so, 'twere not amisse,
 But men are stronger now they thinke then he,
 And much lesse prone to imbecillitie;
 But you that thinke so, and you that vphold
 This needs no warning, 'pray let me be bold
 For to demand some questions, since there be,
 So few as you thinke stain'd with cruelty;
 Is he not mercilesse, that without shame
 Doth rob his neighbour of his honest name
 By raising false reports? doth not that Lord,
 That to his Tenant grudges to afford,

Lib. I. CRUELTY. Satyr. 14.

What *Lowe* and *Conscience* giues? or he that takes,
 The common profit to himselfe, and makes
 His owne good of it, when he knowes thereby
 Many a poore man's brought to Beggery?
 Doth not I say that Landlord hardly deale?
 And is he not vnto the common weale,
 A cruell foe? some damned *Usurers*,
 That are I thinke the *Dinels* Treasurers:
 (For by the small vse they of riches make
 They for another seeme their care to take)
 Are they not cruell, when they cannot be,
 Contented with their *Statute Usuree*
 But must encrease their gaines by *briles* and *guifts*,
 With many *subtile* and *vnlawfull shifts*;
 Pinching poore debtors till their greedy hands
 Haue got possession both of goods and lands?
 What are our *Lawyers* that can brooke to see,
 Christians like Beasts that still a wrangling be,
 And yet when it lies in their power to part them,
 Will for their owne gaine vnto discord hart them,
 Keeping them still at strife by adding fuell
 To maintaine an ill flame; Are they not cruell?
 Yes verily; and so are not alone,
 The mercilesse offenders; but each one:
 Who when he doth perceiue that there is need,
 Is slacke to doe a charitable deed:
 And what may they be that employ their care,
 To pamper vp the flesh with curious fare:
 Largely prouiding for the Bodies good
 Whilst the poore Soule is hunger-steru'd for food?
 They

Lib. 1. CRUELTY. Satyr. 14.

They are not cruell? No, tis like that such
 That can take pittie on themselves so much,
 Are mercifull to others. You will say
 To poison men 'twere ill, then what are they
 That by false doctrine fraught with errors foule,
 Seeke to enueneome and infect the soule?
Cruell they are (I know) you must confesse,
 But then you'le say tis not that Cruelnesse
 You vnderstood; As if you did suppose,
 None through this *Passion* did offend but those
 That murderers be: In truth I thinke that this
 I here recite, not principallest is:
 For it from other causes doth proceed,
 Whereas true proper *Cruelty* indeed,
 Is when a man delights and longs to see,
 Or doe, some deed that's full of Cruelte: :
 Iust such was his that out of a desire,
 To see how *Troy* burn't when it was on fire,
 Caus'd *Rome* in many places for to flame,
 And longing to behold from whence he came,
 Ript vp his mothers wombe; a *passive* right
 Vvas also his, that tooke so much delight,
 For to behold men strangely tortured,
 That he out of his bounty promised,
 A large reward to him that could inuent,
 The cruelst and vnusuallst punishment;
 VVhich *Phalaris* demanding, was therefore,
 The first that made his Brazen Bull to roare;
 And like to this are those mens humors to,
 That vncompel'd, would make no more a doe

To

To murder, till a Country were vnman'd,
Then doth a schoole-boy with a walking wand,
To lop downe thistles tops. Now these men be
Passiuely cruell in the high'st degree:
And though the first rehearsed be not so,
Yet thereto they may very quickly grow:
Vnlesse they haue oft warning to beware,
Since they already halfe-way entred are:
Especially the greedy hungry else,
That would for profit gladly damne himselfe:
For *Avarice* doth harden so the heart;
In any mischiefe he may beare a part,
No cruelty the *Conetons* refraines,
Murder nor Treason so he may haue gaines.
If that I thought 'twould any thing auale,
Against this *Passion* I could further raile;
But as it raignes in man experience shoues;
So that 'tis euill there is none but knowes:
Wherefore I le say no more but onely this,
As he is blessed that meeke hearted is:
So for the Cruell lightly doth attend,
A beavy curse, and a most fearefull end.

OF IOY.

SATYR. 15.

OF all the *Passions* handled hitherto,
VVith this that followes I had least to doe:

And

And yet by some small trials I haue had,
'Tis better I perceiue then being sad:
Yea 'twere the greatest blessing that might be,
Were't of it selfe, and from all combrance free:
But seldome 'tis or neuer; cause that such,
Is our estate; As if that *Fate* did grutch
The vse of simples; we almost can finde,
Nothing to pleasure vs in it owne kind:
Neuer could any man as yet obtaine
Joy, but there follow'd either shame or paine;
And he no question that's allowed most,
Doth deerely pay for what is quickly lost:
But now the reason why mens *Joy* so soone
Is chang'd to sorrow; Is because there's none,
Or very few that doe their gladnesse found
Vpon a sollid, firme, substantiall ground:
But on such *subjects* as no maruaile tho,
It doth receiue so quick an overthrow
And hath so sharpe a farwel: For one, *Ioyes*
In Dogs, Apes, Monkeis, or some such like toys,
And when they faile, as how can they last long?
Their mirth is finish't; they must change their song.
Some in their *honor* all their *Joy* dooe place,
But let them take good heed: for if disgrace,
Adde the least motion vnto *Fortunes* wheele,
Sorrow takes place, and little *Joy* they feele:
Take but away his Substance you destroy
The miserable rich mens onely *Joy*,
And soone by sicknesse that delight's defac't,
Which man in beaurty, or in strength hath plac't:

Yea

Yea all our *Joy* in transitory things
They being lost, at last a sorrow brings:
And therefore I wish men to make their choice,
Of that wherein 'twere fit for to reioyce,
And not in things so friuolous and vaine,
They must repent them for their *Joy* againe.
Some do so firmly settle their delight
On things vnworthy that they are eⁿ quite
Bereft of vnderstanding when they see,
They must of them againe deprived be
But oh you men (that haue your better parts,
Of an immortall frame) awake your hearts,
And from delight in drosse, and clay, remooue
Your *Joyes*; and place them vpon things aboue:
So shall you still haue cause for to reioyce,
And not with sorrow thus repent your choyce.
Another fault I in mans *Joy* espy,
Which I'll illustrate by this Simily,
Looke how those men that being calm'd at Sea,
And forc't the leasure of the winds to stay,
Halfe starud for food, once cast vpon some shore,
Where, of prouision they are seru'd with store:
I say looke how those men by taking in,
To their weake stomacks that haue fasting bin
A little food; do then begin to faint;
And cause their pallates they do not acquaint,
With a spare dier, (although it wholsome be)
Through former want and their infirmity
It workes their bane; Right so it fares in this,
For he that alway in some sorrow is,

And

And tost vpon the boistrous seas of care
If for his comfort he be landed there bin
Where *Joy* abounds; His heart, where (none hath
Full many a day before) receiues it in,
So out of measure; that it euen makes
The Soule vnquiet, and thereby he takes
A Surfet; whose strong violence is such,
The body faints or is endanger'd much.
I need not stand on proofes for this, I trow,
Since there be many by experience know,
At sodaine telling of some newes that's good,
Diuers haue sencelesse and amazed stood.
Yea bin so ravisht with the *Joy* they tooke,
That they haue e'ne their liues and all forsooke,
Though flesh be fraile, me thinkes if eu'ry man,
Would strive to curbe his nature what he can;
Armes of resistance they might better weild,
And not so basely to their *Passions* yeeld:
Yea it befits not him that ought to be,
At all poynts senc't with Magnanimity,
To suffer any mischeefe to anoy
His mind, through either too much *care* or *Joy*;
But let these passions of each other borrow,
He may be sad with Mirth and glad with Sorrow,
Much I might speake more (some perhaps wil say)
But here my Muse is now resolu'd to stay:
Yet if heereafter I haue *Joy in store*,
If it be needfull, I wil tel you more.

OF

OF SORROW.

SATYR. 16.

OF this said *Passion* I may knowledge take,
And wel say som-what for acquaintance sake,
I heare it is complain'd vpon of many,
Yet I dare say it seldome hurteth any,
Excepting those by whom 'tis entertain'd,
And such indeed haue with iust cause complain'd:
For whilest they keepe it they shall neuer rest,
'Tis so vntram'd and troublesome a guest:
Yet such a guest, though he his host diseases,
'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleases.
Yet if that man would vse the meanes he might,
Sure by degrees he might out-weare it quite;
Yea tis his part and duty. For should he,
That must on earth *Iehouah's Viceroy* be?
Should he to whom his soueraigne Lord hath giuen
A Countenance for to behold the Heauen?
Should he, I say, blot out this manly grace,
And groueling turne to earth his blubber'd face?
It were a shame: yet more shall he that saith,
He is a Christian and seemes t'haue faith,
For losse of friends; when there's no remedy,
Be passionate in such extremity,
That childish teares not onely stains his face,
(Which may be borne withall in such a case).

6. Lib. 1. 112 SORROW. 2 Satyr. 16.

But also raues, growes furious, and extends
 His griefe past reasons limits; who commends
 A man for that Say, is it any lesse,
 Then to deny by deed what words professe?
 For who would think which sees how he bewailes,
 The losse of breath that in a moment failes,
 That he beleeueth, but rather thinke 'tis vaine,
 To hope or trust, the flesh shall rise againe;
 Or that there were, as holy Scripture saith,
 Any reward for them that die in faith.
 It's a plaine token of a misbeliefe, (griefe;
 When *Christians* so orewhelme themselues with
 And therefore though I doe not discommend,
 The moderate bewailing of a friend;
 I wish the Extreame hereof men might despise,
 Least they doe their profession Scandalize:
 Beside though as I seem'd to say before,
 Vnles't be common, 'tis no common sore,
 Because it hurts but those that entertaine it,
 Yet were it good if all men could refraine it;
 For it not onely makes mans visage be
 Wried, Deform'd, and wrinkled as we see,
 Himselfe exiling from the common eye,
 To vex and greeue alone, he knowes not why:
 But also brings diseases with his death,
 By the vntimely stopping of his breath.
 It makes his friends to loath his company,
 And greatly hinders his commoditie,
 For who for dealings in affaires is fit,
 Vnlesse with good will he attendeth it.

And

And howsoere it seeme, yet surely this,
As farre from vertue as bad pleasure is,
For as through one one we to much euill runne,
So many good things th'other leaues vndone :
I wonder that this *Passion* should touch,
The harts of men to make them greeue so much
As many doe, for present miseries ;
Haue they no feeling of felicities,
That are to come ? If that they be in paine,
Let hope giue ease ; It will not alwaies raine,
Calmes doe the roughest stormes that are attend,
And th'longest night that is will haue an end.
But 'tis still bad thou saist, take't patiently;
An age is nothing to eternitie,
Thy times not here : Enuy not though that some
Seeme to thee happy ; their bad day's to come,
And if thou knewst the grieve they must sustaine,
Thou would'st not thinke so hardly of thy paine :
I must confesse 'twas once a fault of mine,
At euery misaduenture to repine ;
I sought preferment, and it fled me still,
Whereat I greeu'd, and thought my fortune ill ;
I vext to see some in prosperitie,
Deride and scoffe at my aduersitie ;
But since aduis'd, and weighing in my minde
The course of things, I soone began to finde
The vaine nesse of them ; these I saw of late
In blis, (as I thought) scorning my estate,
I see now ebbing, and the once-full tide
That ouer-flow'd the lofty banks of pride,

Lib. 1. SORROW. Satyr. 16

Hath left them like the sand-shore, bare and dry,
 And almost in as poore a case as I.
 Besides, I view'd my daies, now gone and past,
 And how my fortunes from the first to th' last
 Were link't together; I obseru'd, I say,
 Each Chance and Deed of mine, from day to day,
 That memory could keep; yet found I none,
 Not one thing in my life that was alone:
 But still it either did depend on some
 That was already passed, or to come;
 Yea, the most childish, idle trifling thing,
 That seemed no Necessitie to bring;
 In that hath the Beginnings oft been hid,
 Of some the waightiest things that ere I did;
 But cheefely to abate the excessiue ioying,
 In worldly things; and to preuent th' annoying
 Of any sorrow, this I noted thence,
 (And euer since haue made it a defence
 For both these passions) I haue truely seene,
 That those things wherewith I haue ioyed beene
 Highly delighted, and the dearest lou'd,
 Euen those very things haue often prou'd,
 My cheefest Care: And I haue found againe,
 That which I deem'd my greatest losse, or paine,
 And wherewithall I haue been most anoyd,
 And should haue deem'd a blessing to auoid,
 That which my heart hath ask'd for; and wherewith
 I thought me most ynhappy; that hath bin
 The ground of my best ioyes: For which cause I
 Aduise all men, that are in misery

Lib. i. SORROW. Satyr. 16.

To stand vn mou'd, for why they doe not know
Whether it be to them for good or no :
They ought not for to murmur nor to pine
At any thing, shall please the powers Deuine
To lay vpon them : for my mind is this,
Each sorrow is an entrance into Blisse.
And that the greatest pleasure we attaine ;
Is but a Signe of some insuing Paine.
But to be plainer, this our life 's a toy,
That hath nought in it worth our *griefe* or *loy* :
But there are some base-minded dunghill cluets,
That sorrow not for any but themselues.
Or if they doe 'tis onely for the losse
Of some old crest-falne Iade ; But that 's a crosse
Past bearing ; be it but a rotten sheep,
Or two stale eggs, they will such yelling keep,
As if thereby had perished a brood,
In which consisted halfe the kingdomes good :
But I intreat them since it must befall,
They would be patient ; who can doe withall ?
And also let them of much Griefe beware ;
For there 's small ods betweene the same and Care :
And they haue heard (I need not tell them that)
'Tis an old saying, Care will kill a Cat.
Then let them take heart, chiefly since they see,
None liue but sometime they must loosers be,
Which is an ease : for I haue heard them tell,
With mates they care not, if they goe to hell.
But in good earnest now let vs not runne,
Willingly hereinto as we haue done ;

Rather

CONCLUSION.

Rather avoid it as a hurtfull foe,
That can effect nought but our overthrow;
And yet instead receive into our breast,
An *honest mirth*, which is a better guest;
And whatso'ere our former griefe hath been,
Let vs nere sorrow more, but for our *Sins*.
Thus with this *Passion* end the rest will I,
Because it ends not till our End is nigh.

THE CONCLUSION.

THUS have I labour'd some Effects to show,
That doe from mens abused *Passions* flow;
Which from example of old ages past,
And wise-mens Sayings, I might more have grac't.
But that I am resolv'd to sit my *Reason* down,
As much as may be to the present *Time*.
Also I might amongst these here have told,
The bodies *Passions*; as *Hunger, Cold,*
Heat, Thirst, and such like; but their force is *scene*.
And most men have sufficient carefull beene
For to prevent them; they last not so long,
Nor are by much so violent and strong,
Or dangerous as these; but if men knew,
Or with the eyes of *Reason* would o'review
These foule-bred maladies, as sure they ought,
They would with greater diligence have sought

CONCLUSION

The cure of them, then of such slight diseases;
 The which their bodies and no more displeases;
 But now the reason men disturbed are,
 For the most part with such preposterous Care
 Is this; through their corrupted iudgement they,
 Doe onely on things seene depend and stay;
 Which being most apparant to the sense,
 So muffles vp the weake Intelligence,
 And blinds her that she hath no power to see,
 The better things that more subsisting be;
 When if they could conceiue but halfe so well
 The Soules Estate, they'd labour to expell
 All these corruptions, that may cause her woe,
 All those fell *Passions* that molest her so:
 But some men haue in this opinion stood,
 That every *passion's* naturall and good;
 Indeed *Philosophers* the same doe call,
 A Motion of the soule that's naturall;
 And in some sort we may not be afraid,
 For to vphold as much as they haue said;
 But thus we must distinguish on it then,
 And make a two-fold *Passion* in men,
 Of which; one sort vnto the best aspires,
 And that alone, things meereley good, desires,
 Therein reioycing; moderate, and weake
 In operation; and the truth to speake;
 We haue it rather by Gods *Inspiration*,
 Then bred within vs at our *Generation*;
 The other, as th' effects thereof doe show,
 Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow;

For

CONCLVSION.

For it is head-strong, rash, insatiate,
Wondrous disordred, and immoderate,
Of which kind these are, whereof I haue spoken,
And they are oft the cause mens sleeps are broken;
That 'tis which makes them raue, or greeue, or ioy
So out of measure for a trifling toy;
Yea that 'tis onely makes them oft so teafie,
Their friends seem troublesome, their beds vneafie,
And lastly, these are the occasions still,
Of all misfortunes, and of euery ill;
Th' effects they doe produce we also see,
Contrarie to their expectations be;
For he that hopes, or lookes for to attaine,
Great *Ioy & Pleasure* haps on greefe and paine;
But by what meanes may men these passions kill?
Sure not by the procuring of their will,
As some imagine. For first it may be,
A thing that's not in possibilitie
For to be reacht vnto. But say it were,
Will the *Ambitious-minded-man* forbear
To be Ambitious, if he once fulfill
His longing thoughts? No; he will rather still,
Encrease that passion which first he had
Or fall into some other that's as bad;
For altring the Condition or Estate,
The soules vexation doth no more abate, (paines
Then changing roomes or beds doth ease his
That hath a *Fewer*; since the Cause remaines
Still in himselfe: But how and which way then
May these Diseases be recur'd in men?

CONCLUSION.

Why by *Philosophy, Counsell, and Reason*,
These being well appli'd in their due season
May do much good. Else seek the *Cause* whence rise,
These hurtfull and pernicious maladies.
Let them consider That, and so they may,
Cut off the 'fect by taking it away.
But if they cannot the occasions find
He tell them 'tis a Basenesse of the mind;
Or els a false Opinion that's in some,
Of *Good* or *Euill* present or to come.
Respecting good things thus: They do desire
And are to yehemently set on fire.
With coueting what seemes so; Or anoying,
Themselues with an Excessiue Ouer-ioying,
In the obtaining. In regard of ill,
They are oppressed with some sorrow still;
So that we see if men would goe about,
To change their minds, and driue that basenes out
Through Magnanimity, (And note well this,
That Passion but some false Opinion is,
Fram'd by the will, and drawne by the direction
Of Iudgement that's corrupted by affection)
Me thinkes they might by reasons help confound,
The former errors that haue rane such ground,
In their weake Hearts, and learne for to esteeme,
That which doth either good or euill seeme:
(And in their soules such perturbation wrought)
As things not good, nor ill, and that which ought,
(Being vnworthy) neither to molest,
Nor breed such Passions in their carefull breast.

By

CONCLUSION.

By these and other such like meanes as these,
 The wise *Philosophers* in elder daies
 Kept out those furies, and 'twere now a shame,
 If that we *Christians* could not doe the same:
 Hauing besides those helps whereon they staid,
 A certaine promise of a better ayd,
 If weele but aske it: Lets demand it then,
 To rid these euils from our soules agen.
 If that we feele them yet not stirring in vs,
 Let vs prevent them ere by force they win vs:
For 'tis more easie (eu'ry one doth know)
For to keep out, then to expell a foe:
 If any thinke I from my purpose swarue,
 Cause my intent was chiefly to *observe*
 And not to *Teach*; let them not blame me tho;
 For who can see his friends lie sick, and know
 Which way to cure them? But you'l say my skill,
 Cannot instruct you: yet may my good-will
 Be worth accepting, and the other neither,
 A thing to be reiected altogether:
 For, I haue seene when in a knowne disease
 Doctors with all their Art could giue no ease
 To their weake Patient; a Country Dame,
 Hath with a home-made medicine Cur'd the same:
 And why not I, in this? Yes, Ile abide it;
 Being well vs'd it helps, for I haue tride it:
 Thus much for that; but still there doth remaine
 Some obseruations yet for to explaine;
 I haue not done, for I am further task't,
 And there's more Humors yet to be vnmask't,

CONCLUSION.

Wherein because I will not step astray
Nor swerue from *Truth* a iot beside the way,
I'll say no more (least men should seeme belide)
Then what my owne experience hath espide;
And then if any frowne, (as sure they dare not)
So I speake *truth*, let them frowne still I care not:
But if my *Muse* you should so saucy finde,
Sometime to leaue her *Notes*, and speak her minde,
As oft she doth, when she but haps to see,
How *vaine*, or *weake*, or *fickle*, most men be;
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of the good-will
I beare to you, and hatred vnto ill:
Which when I see, my purpos'd Course I breake,
Because, indeed, I am compell'd to speake:
Yet thinke not, though I some where bitter be,
I count my selfe from all those Vices free;
Rather imagine 'tis to me well knowne,
That here with others faults I tell mine owne.

The end of the first Booke.

THE
SECOND
BOOK.

OF
THE VANITY:
Inconstancie, VVeake-
nesse, and Presump-
tion of Men.

THE
SECOND
BOOK.

OF
THE VANITY
Inconscience, Weak-
ness, and Presump-
tion of Man.



PRECATIO.

THou that Createdst all things in a weeke,
 Great God: whose fauour I doe onely seeke,
 Ene thou by whose sweet Inspiration,
 I undertooke this obseruation;
 Oh grant, I pray, since thou hast dauid to show,
 Thy seruant that which thousands doe not know,
 That this my noting of mans hum'rous Passion,
 May worke within Me such an Alteration,
 I may be for my past offences sorry,
 And lead a life to thy eternall glorie.
 Let not Ambition, nor foule Desire,
 Nor Hate, nor Enuy set my heart on fire,
 Reuenge, nor Choller, no nor Iealoufie,
 And keepe me from Despaire and Crueltie,
 Fond hope expell, and I beseech thee blesse,
 My soule from feare and too much heauines.
 But giue me speciall grace to shun the vice,
 That is so common; Beastly Auarice:
 Tea grant me power I not onely know,
 But flye those euils that from Passion flow.
 Moreover now Inspire my soule with art,
 And grant me thy assistance to impart,

PRECATIO.

*The rest of mens ill Customes, yet remaining,
And his vaine humors; that by my explaining,
They may perceine how odious I can make them,
Blush at the reading and at last forsake them:
So let my Muse in this and things to come,
Sing to thy glory, Lord, or else be dumbe.*

THE



THE SECOND BOOKE.
Of the Vanitie, Inconstancie,
Weaknes, and Presumption
of M^{AN}.

OF VANITIE.

SATYR. I.

MY *Muse*, that now hath done the best she can
To blaze corrupted Passion bred in man,
Goes further here, and meanes for to vndoe,
Another knot of ill's he's prone vnto;
From which, as out of the main root there growes,
All whatsoeuer euill, *Mankind* knowes,
With thousands of bad *Humors*, of which some
(Such as to mind by obseruation come,
As also, such as are the proper crimes
Of these vnghodly and disorder'd times:) I
She means to treat off: the chiefe heads be these,
(Consider of them *Reader* if thou please)

First

First *Vanton*, and *light-headed Vanity*,
 Next that, *Camelion-like Inconstancy*.
 Then, *miserable Weaknes*; lastly this,
Damned Presumption, that ore-daring is,
 But ere I doe begin this worke, that I
 May speake to purpose with sinceritie,
 Lord I beseech thee help me to explaine,
 And teach me to contemne the thing that's vaine,
 I haue begun in thee this my endeavour,
 And constancie I craue for to perseuer;
 Also my knowledge I confesse is weak,
 Yet through thy strength and truth I hope to breake
 These mires of sinne, from which mankind, kept vnder,
 Must be let loose (like beds of Eelles by thunder)
 Then that I may man's pride the better see,
 From all *Presumption* Lord deliuer me.
 Likewise disperse the foggy mist of sinne,
 That to my purpose hath a hindrance bin,
 And shew me by thy wisdom I perceive,
 Lord let thy mercy giue me grace to leaue;
 That being free my selfe, I may not coldly,
 Tax others fault: but reprehend them boldly.
 So hauing for this good assistance praid,
 My Muse goes forward trusting to thine ayd,
 To guide me in the Wilderness of Sinne,
 Great *Vanities Suruey*: for being in,
 I see now 'tis an intricate *Mazandery*.
 In which (I feare) I shall confus'dly wander:
 It is a *Labyrinth* so full of wayes,
 And seemes so endlesse if my pen once strays,

As doth the Fisherman amazed stand,
 That knoweth not, which way to row to land;
 When all alone in some close misty day;
 Far from the *Hauen* he hath lost his way.
 Knowing he may as well strike vp the *Maine*;
 As turne vnto the wished Shore againe;
 So I doe feare least this may carry me,
 Into an *Ocean* where no Sea-marks be.
 Because what way soere my course I bend,
 There Vanity I see without all end;
 Which hath not vnder her Subiection gain'd
 Such things alone as are on earth contain'd;
 Or vnderneath the Orbs of Ayre and Fire,
 But reaches farther and encreaches higher;
 According to his meaning, who said plaine,
 That all things vnderneath the *Sunne* were vaine;
 But now I thinke it may a question be,
 Whether the *Sunne*, the *Moon* and *Starres* be free;
 For sometimes false predictions they impart,
 Or are belyed by abused Art;
 But of *Man* onely here my Muse must tell
 Who is by much more vaine then all things else;
 For *Vanity* his reason overswayes,
 Not onely on some certaine Monthes or Dayes,
 But is at all times in him resident,
 As if it were his proper accident;
 Neither doth age, in which he groweth on;
 Any thing lessen the proportion
 Of *Vanities* he had. But in the steed,
 Of some neglected follies there succeed

Others

Others as bad : for we perceiue when boyes,
 Begin to Man, (as ha'm'd of childish toyes) !
 These then leaue off, their former idle chat,
 And foolish games; but what's the cause of that?
 For being ill? No; rather they contemne
 Those bad things as not bad enough for them;
 And as one poore, playes first for points and pins,
 Once growing rich leaues that, and then begins
 To venture Crownes, dislikes not gaming tho
 He shun the first game as not fit enough,
 For his estate; So yong men doe forsake,
 The rope-ripe tricks, that their first age did take
 Cheef pleasure in; not cause they wicked deem them
 But being men they think 'twill not besecme them;
 Then *Hounds & Hawkes, & Whores* ar their delight;
Quarrels and *Brawles* doe fit their humorsight,
Disordred meetings, Drunken Reuellings, I won't
Consuming Dice, and lawles Banquettings;
Proud, costly Robes, this is the yong mans *Vaine,*
 The which his Elder doth dislike againe;
 Not since ill neither: But because his yeares,
 Him into other *Vanities* endears;
 As *Selfe Conceit*, much *Care for worldly posse,*
 Heaping up what he next enioyes himselfe;
 Prometo *Contentious*, much *desiring still;*
 Be it his weale, or woe, to haue his will;
 Extremely *louing lies*, and *discontented;*
 Yet making shew as if he both did hate
 Tea old men boast of what they did in youth,
 Which none dispraising we must take for truth.

Others

And

And thousands more or else they are belied,
 Each age is pester'd with; and yet beside,
 Vanities proper vnto each degree,
 Millions of thousands I suppose there be.
 Princes haue these, *They very basely can,*
Suffer themselves that haue the rule of man,
To be oreber'd by Villaines; so mistoed,
Of Kings they stand, when they are slauers indeed,
By blood and wrong a heavenly Crowne thei'l danger
T assure their State heere (often to a stranger.)
 They quickly yeeld vnto the Battaries,
 Of slye insinuating flatteries,
 Most bountifull to fooles, too full of feare,
 And far to credulous of that they heare,
 So giuen to pleasure, as if in that thing,
 Consisted all the Office of a King,
 But if heere in my harmeles halting Rimes,
 Were onely tide vnto this Place and Times,
 And shold of none but of my Soueraigne tell,
 Spight of her heart she could not speake but well,
 For (I suppose) the Truth I must confesse,
 That *Vanity* no Prince ere harbord lesse
 Then IAMES hath done; vnlesse corrupted Glories,
 Rob's former ages of deserued Glories.
 If any say to sooth I now denise,
 His heart I know wil tel his tong he lies,
 For did I not thinke true what heere I Sing,
 I'de not wrong Iustice for to please the King.
 Great men are vaine toe, *In much seeking Fames,*
With Nimrod and his Mates; they raise their Names

By building Babels: yea and they suppose,
Honour consists in Titles and in shewes.
They Thraſo-like in Parasites delight,
That do in presence claw, in absence bite.
They use their Pleasures not as pleasures now,
Or Recreations as 'twere fit, but how?
'Tis all their care, their cheefe and only ioy,
In satisfying which, they doe employ,
Both wealth and wit and all. If they would take
Something in hand for recreations sake,
They are with pleasures so o'recloy: we see,
It must be that which their affaires should be,
A wondrous Vanity! And their Care
Is for rich rayment and the Curiousst fare;
Pampering their flesh when all is but in vaine;
For Dust it was and shal to Dust againe.
Then since their euils we seeme not to see,
In vaine they think that they wel thought of be;
Tush, men their lewdnes cease for to repeat,
Why? cause th'are faultles? no because th'are great
But for their vices though now none dare shew th'
Vnlesse they mend another age shal know them;
And therefore if they count their Honors deare,
Let them be Good as wel as Great men heare;
Let them leaue Vanity and not suppose,
The World wil euer blinded be with shewes,
For that great mighty Peere that died so lately,
Erewhile was mighty, powerful, and stately,
He was most croucht vnto and oft implor'd,
Yea almost like a Demi-God ador'd;

He onely (as my selfe haue heard some prate,)
Was the vpholder of the *Brittaine* State.
And all the wit this Kingdome did containe,
Some thought was harbord in his little braine;
Ahd had he liu'd (if all be true men say)
He might haue wel beene *Pater Patria*.
But now alas hees gone, and all his Fame
You sees not able to preseeue his name
From foule Reproach; but each one breaks his mind
Which shewes though they winkt they were not
In spight of all his Greatnes, tis wel knowne (blind
That store of Rimes, and Libels now are sowne
In his disgrace; But I heare diuers say,
That they are slanders, (then the more knaues they
That were the Authors) but if so it be,
He were from those vild imputations free;
If that his Vertue's paid with such a curse,
What shal they looke for that are ten times worse?
Wel Nobles Ile the Court ere long suruay,
And if I find among you such as stray,
Through Vanity or Pride; vnlesse it be,
Into some small faults through infirmity,
If there be no man that dare taxe you for't,
My Muse shal do it e'ne to make me sport,
For though she keepe but a plaine hobling forme,
Shee shall haue wit enough to make you storme,
I wil not spare you thus, til death do fet yee,
But rub you whilst you are aliuie to fret yee.
Yet do not think I meane to blaze your shame,
In scattered Libels, that shal want a name.

No, I hate that: Ile tell the illes you doe,
And put my name for witnesse therevnto.
Then 'tis but fetching me *ad Magistratum*,
And laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum*,
Which though you proue not, rather yet then faile,
You were best hang or clap me into Iaile
To stay my tongue; so much you may do to me,
And thats the worst I know that you can do me.
But whether runnes my ouer-sawcy Pen?
There's Vanity, besides in *Noblemen*.
The *Gentleman*, for some repute but Vaine,
Beyond his power oftentimes doth straine,
Our *Teomen* toe that neuer Armes haue borne
To Gentillize it makes themselues a scorne;
But their Gaine's enuy, with a greater charge;
Yet of these fooles the Catalogue is large.
Then ere that lesson be halfe taken forth,
They must ad Knight-hood or 'tis nothing worth:
Mony may get it, therefore many sue it,
Although with shame and Beggery they rue it.
And Credit they expect in vaine thereby,
For it turnes rather to their infamy;
Because it is bestowne without deserts,
And yet in troth our Knights haue done their parts.
For most haue well deseru'd it, but as how?
Brauely in field, en'e in a field at Plow.
But why looke we in meere *Humanity*,
For that which sauiors not of *Vanity*,
Since *Diuine* matters cannot quite be free,
But with the same must oft corrupted be?

Divines, strive not so much for to impart,
 The truest *Doctrines* as to shew their *Art*: (sound,
 The grace their speech more with vaine words for
 Then with graue sayings, needful and profound;
 But tis a vaine thing, wondrous full of shame,
 And in my iudgement highly merits blame,
 To paint o're that whose beautie's neuer fuller,
 Then when it shines forth in it proper *Colour*.
 Againe they strive what *Ceremonies* fit
 And best becomes the *Church*, meane while omit
 More weighty matters; who that's wise would
 Like many wrangling spirits in this land, (stand,
 Vpon such idle Questions as they know,
 'Tis no great matter on which side they goe?
 And such as best in my conceit befits,
 None but vnquiet and *seditions wits*.
 Heeres my *Opinion*: be they not the cheefe
Grounds of Religion, or the same *Beleeefe*
Saluation comes by, that men go about
 By their inuentions for to bring in doubt,
 So't be not that they touch, (as sure they dare not)
 Let all the rest go which way twill I care not,
 Haue not our Lawyers many vaine delayes,
 Vnnecessary *Writs* and idle staies,
 For to prolong mens suites? when they might foile,
 The party faulty e'ne with halfe that quoile,
 They'l for their fee relate some pretty tale,
 Like the wise story of old *Iack s'ib va'e*,
 Which (if they once haue thorowly begun)
 Wado them quite that tarry til't be done.

Jack Doe, Dick Roe, with whom y^e ad ne're to doe,
Theile bring to help your cause and God knowes
And for your benefit they can affoord, (who
Many a foolish sencelesse idle word.
Which they I know will not account as vaine,
Since that 'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.
Besides as I suppose their lawes they pen'd,
In their old *Pedlers French* vnto this end
The *Vulgar* should no farther knowledge reach,
Then what shall please their *Maisterships* to teach;
Or else they haue the selfe-same policie,
As the Professors of damn'd *Papistry*,
Who *Sacred writ* in forraine tongues conceal'd,
Least that their knauish trickes should be reueal'd.
What can they not in our owne language find,
Words of sufficient force t' expresse their mind?
That cannot be denied, but tis a trouble,
So easily to counterfeit and double
In a knowne *Tongue*, when th' other but a few,
Can vnderstand, but that obstreperous *Crew*.
These make the lawes almost to none effect,
Their courses are so wondrous indirect,
To them they fauour they delaies can grant,
Though *Iustice* her due expedition want.
Sometimes vpon one matter we may see,
That sundry iudgments shal pronounced be;
Now theres a *motion* granted, next day crost,
So *fee* and *labours* to no purpose lost:
And stil the *Clients* shal be so deluded, (cluded
That when he hope's al's done there's nought con-
Nay

Nay though we heare the vtmost sentence past,
Which by all course of Law should be the last,
Why then, I say, (though all seeme wholly ended)
Yet may the *Execution* be suspended:
And for some trifle, to the poore mans terror,
Be cald in question by a *Writ of Error*.
So that the right oft yeelds vnto the stronger,
VVhen poore mens purses can hold out no longer;
Oh miserable state! what should we say?
May not the *Country* think themselues a prey
These *Rauens* liue on? May we not suppose,
By their *delays*, and some such tricks as those,
They practise only for to cheat and gull;
And on our ruines fil their gorges full?
Yes questionlesse; for they, Themselues do raise,
Vnto this height on other mens decayes,
Not their owne *Vertues*; Oh though't be too late;
Yet let me wish that we had kept the State
And Simple *Innocence* we once retain'd;
For then we had not of this ill complain'd,
Nor yet those moouers of sedition knowne,
(Now to a mony-headed monster growne.)
But since that time is past, we may complaine,
Yet must nere looke to see those dayes againe,
We haue good *Lawes*, but they too, seeme in vaine;
Since they according to each *Lawyers* braine;
May be now wrested too and fro to make
The matter good what he doth vndertake;
Ile say it plainly, and yet not belye them,
Theres few but *rich-men* can haue *justice* by them.

And pray you iudge now, is not that Law vaine?
Which when it is enacted (to restraine,
Some *priviledge* or *custome* that hath stood
As a great hinderance to the publike good)
Should of it *Virtue* be so slightly gul'd,
As by a *licence* to be disanul'd.

Moreover there be some too much to blame,
Or *penall lawes* are onely lawes in vaine,
Made in *terrorem tantum*, to affright
And not for execution of the right:
And I may liken them unto thole *logges*,
That *Iupiter* threw downe to rule the *frogges*;
At first they come forth with such thundring terror,
That we doe tremble to commit an error,
But in a day or two they are so still,
For ought I see, we may doe what we will,
Vnlesse that we be *poore*; or some despight vs,
Then peraduenture thei'le go neere to fright vs
A tweluemonth after; if so long they last,
Twenty to one then all the furie's past.
Did you but note it you would much admire,
To see how strictly *Iustices* inquire,
On daies of sitting, what *Abuses* raigne,
How those they threate that slackly doe complain,
How they wil raile and fume, and chafe, and storme
As if all evils they would quire reforme
Within a moment: But things *violent*
Cannot you know be long time *permanent*,
Nor is their *zeale*; for surely (God amend it)
One *twise* twelue howers will begin and end it.

But

Lib. 2. *VANITY.* Satyr. 1.

But why are they so earnest then? oh know,
 That the small *springs* within the dales below,
 Glide gently on, vntill a *land-flood* fills
 Their empty *channels* from the higher *bills*.
 But when thei'le swell vntill they can discharge,
 Their *Burthens* in some *plaine* to runne at large,
 So these low *Magistrates*, would gladly sleepe,
 And their owne *easie* crooked *Channels* keepe;
 But when that any *Streame* of *Iustice* showers,
 And comes downe to them from the *Higher powers*
 Then peraduenture thei'le grow big a day,
 And *Iustice* shall haue courſe the neareſt waie:
 Yet in a little ſpace ſhe muſt be ſaine,
 To runne within their winding *banks* againe.
 Some falſely haue affirmed *Iuſtice* blind,
 Yet I am ſure ſhe knows how to finde
 (If that ſhe be diſpoſed for to looke,)
 Who giues her daie-workes by her *counting books*.
 Nay ſhe knowes *Capon, Turkey, Goose* or *Swan*
 And thee I warrant from another Man
 What ere thou be: But whileſt ſhe ſees ſo plaine,
 It is no wonder we haue *lawes* in vaine.
 Alſo when *Officers* doe vndertake (make
 Their charge at firſt, *Lord* what a quoile they
 A *drunkard* cannot with his capring feete,
 Cut out *Indentures*, as he walkes the ſtreete,
 But he's ſtraight ſtockt for't, or for his offence,
 By fining to the poore he muſt diſpence.
 Then thoſe perhaps that ſlackly doe frequent
 Gods *devine Service*, ſomewhat ſhall be ſpent;
 And

Lib. 2. *VANITY.* [Satyr. 1]

And many other goodly deeds thei'll do,
 But these grow quickly weary of them too.
 Again, sometimes comes out a *Proclamation*,
 Which threatens, on the paine of *Confiscation*,
 That no *Recusant* doe presume to stay
 Within ten miles oth' *Court* from such a day,
 Yet sure 'tis notwithstanding ment, that some
 Should daily to the *Presence Chamber* come,
 And shroud within a *parlour* on't or two;
 Some *Great-ones* may; and so I hope they doe,
 And by their owne *Authority* no doubt,
 May keepe the rest from danger thereabout.
 Pish, they at such a matter will but scoffe
 'Cause they know surely how to put it off.
 Yet I'll not say it is in vaine; for why
 The *Printer's* sometime set on worke thereby:
 And 'tis moreouer for our satisfaction,
 Who else might think the *State* were out of action.
 But oh you noble *English Senators*
 Our Kingdomes *Guard*, and *Princes Counsellors*
 How can you see your labours so mis-vs'd?
 Or brooke, to haue your *Soueraigne* so abus'd?
 Doe you suppose that it deserves no blame,
 To make a Scar-crow of the *Regall Name*?
 And to erect it on some common *stall*,
 For to be gaz'd on, to no end at all?
 Respect it more; and vse it not for course
 Or fashions sake; but shew it hath some force.
 Pluck out those *Vipers* that for feare of harme
 Their chilled spirits in your bosomes warme:

D'yo

D'ye not perceiue their slings? No danger feare ye?
Oh 'tis apparant let them not shroud neere yee?
For if you doe, 'tis doubtlesse the *Conclusion*,
If God preuent not will be your *Confusion*.
Yet all (for ought I see) should still remaine,
Were there not some, who (out of zeale to Gaine
More then *Religion*, or their Countries weale,)
Their scuruike base conditions doe reuale,
In begging and in rifling of some few;
But they their owne corruptions rather shew
Then redresse any. More I here could vtter
But I methinkes already heare some mutter,
As if I should be sure of *Romes great curse*:
But then i'me sure I shall be ne're the worse.
Yea, let them go to *Rome*, curse, ban, & spare not,
I'll sit at home and *laugh*; because I care not.
But why doe I of *Laves* alone complaine,
Since all Man deales in, is in some sort vaine?
Religion is with *Ceremonies* stufte,
And with vaine-glory and presumption pufte,
Now our *Almes-deeds* and giufts of *Charitie*,
Are done for shew and with *hypocrisie*.
Yea, al's made *vaine*, for if you would but view
Our *Vniuersities*; indeed 'tis true,
There you may yet see, how that heretofore,
In better daies, hath been erected store
Of *Pallaces*; (whose curious build are still,
A faire remembrance of the worke-mens skill)
Which, least that *knowledge* in the land should fade,
Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,
That

That there the *Muses* shelter'd from the *rages*
Of former, present, and succeeding ages
Might safely liue and not beholding be
To *Pyren* for his hospitality.

'Tis also true, there wants not, to sustaine
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertaine
Such as desire *knowledge*, theres enough;
The worthy *Founders* haue provided so,
But of these profits now why make they stay?
Best sel't, or let some Courtier beg't away.

For publike Guifts, are turn'd to priuate vses,
Faure Colledges are ful of foule Abuses,
And their Reuenues I account as vaine,
Because they lazy *Dunces* do maintaine,
Who to themselues do claime the profits, by
Nothing but witlesse Seniority.

Such as saue *Beard* (with reuerence be it spoken)
Of profound learning haue nor marke nor token.

Good *Founders* dreaming not of these Abuses,
Gaued them at first to charitable vses;

But we find now all alter'd, and the dues,

The which by right vpon desert ensues,

Like *Offices in Court*, are bought and sould,

And places may be had, but how? for *gold*,

There as else-where they now are growne so bad,

Without *Quid dabis* nothing can be had,

'Tis strange to see what *Anarice* can doe,

But are the *Muses* taken with it to?

Oh no? for they esteeme such gaine a losse,

And their high Spirits scorne such earthly dross.

How

Lib. 2. VANITY. Satyr. 1.

How then? There are some *Cormorants* crept in,
 Who in their youth pretended to haue bin
 Addicted vnto *knowledge*: when alas,
 Tis wel scene since that all their purpose was
 To snort in ease; augmenting still their store,
 Til they grow wealthy and their *houses* poore; (nyl
 Foule *dracones*, whose voices must be bir'd with mo-
 Sterning the *Bees*, while they deuoure the hony.
 But oh you Birdes of *Athens*, cleare your *Hals*
 And driue those lazy *Hornets* from your *stals*.
 Through them it is men thinke you couetous, (lous.
 They make your groues and walks grow scanda-
 But how wil you discern them? Marry thus,
 Since they haue made themselues notorious
 Ile point them out; And though their heads they
 As *Venus* did *Aeneas* in a cloud, (shroud
 Ile so vnmask them; if their eares they show
 You shal be able to say, there they goe.
 First note them; there are some by *Bribes* and *Fees*,
 Can soone passe thorough two or three *Degrees*.
 And if they sue for ought are not denide it;
 When better *Students* must be put beside it.
 Then there be others who their nests to fether,
 Can keepe in office nineteene yeares together,
 Enforcing many vnto penury,
 To haue wherewith to feed their *luxury*.
 Note you not some at fifty winters study,
 That haue theire wits so thin and braines so muddy,
 They must procure of other men to doe,
 The excercises they were cal'd ynto?

And

Lib. 2. *VANITY.* Satyr. 1.

And sit there not of *Dunces* pretty store,
 From Sunne to Sunne at euery *transmiration*
 Huge fat *Curmudgeons*? tell me, I think n o,
 Do *Commons* of Three halfe-pence feed them for
 Or can such *puffer* so *Humberkinlike* set,
 Into a *Pulpit* once in seauen yeare get?
 Sure if they do, their memorie's so weake, (Speake.
 When they come there they know not what to
 Nor are they halfe so fit if it came to prooffe,
 To serue for *Pastors* as to hang at *Roofs*.
 It is no maruaile then that blockish rout,
 Retaine their places and keep better out,
 For no good *Patron* that doth Conscience make,
 Will vnto them the Charge of soules betake
 Because if such, the flock of Christ should keepe
 No question they would make but *Carion Sheepe*.
 Then they must stay, yet in their stay the be
 A plague vnto the *Uniuersity*.
 For ouer and aboue the mischeefes nam'd
 The vice for which the younger sort is blam'd,
 They are most guilty of; for forc't to tarry,
 Through want; and by their lawes forbid to marry.
 Thence springs it that the *Townes-men* are reputed,
 Thus by a common voyce to be *Corrupted*:
 For I haue knowne that such haue daily beene,
 Where younger scollers neuer durst be seene.
 And all (vnlesse that they haue eyes like *Moles*)
 May see those *Foxes* vse the *Badgers holes*.
 Nor hath their lewdnesse in that action staid,
 But on the place a fouler *blemish* laid.

bna

Which

Which heere I indeed I do forbear to name,
Least it be to the place I loue, a shame;
And for because I feare some spitefull mates,
May taxe them with it that such dealing hates,
Brought in by them; for who is so impure,
But he that liueth like an *Epicure*.
Oh *Muſe* ſeeke in time to root theſe weeds,
That mar your *Gardens*, and corrupt your ſeeds,
And you that are appoynted *Viſitors*,
Who ought for to be ſtrict *Inquiſitors*,
To ſearch the ſoule abuſes of theſe *Times*
And ſee them puniſht Oh! let theſe my *Rimes*
Moue you for to reforme this villany;
Or let the hate of damned Periury
Stir vp your zeale theſe euils to reſtraine
If not for loue of good for feare of paines
Which elſe (though you let light as at your heele)
As ſure as God is juſt, your ſoules ſhall feele.
Do you not ſee now all the wondrous Coſt
Of worthy *Benefactors* vainely loſt,
The *Lands*, *Reuenues*, *Customes*, *Charters*, *Rents*
Which they haue left for diuers good intents
Vainely employed; ſee the *Student* poore
For whom it was ordain'd ſtands at the doore
And may not enter, whiſt the golden *Aſſe*,
Is quietly admitted for to paſſe,
And ſhroud himſelfe within thoſe ſacred *gates*,
Which wer't not for commodity he hates.
You ſacred *Genii* that did once attend
Thoſe wel deuoted *Patrons* to their end;

Although

Although your bodies be entomb'd in clais,
Since you suruiue, because you liue for aye;
Looke downe on your abused gifts and see, (be,
What oddes twixt ch'ise and your good meanings
Come and behold how the laborious sits,
Sharing some hungry Commons, scarce two bits;
And that but when a double *penday* haps
Full glad alas at other times with scraps;
While that the *Lazy Dunc* on dainties feeds;
Oh come (I say) if you respect your deeds,
And fright them with some ghastly visions thence,
They may haue more remorse for their offence.
If I could take on me some monstrous forme,
I'de either make them their bad liues reforme,
Or hare them quicke to hell: But I am vaine,
Thus for to intioate, or to complaine,
Because I doubt this fault will nere be mended,
Vntill all euill with the world be ended.
Learning is vaine too, or so made at least,
Consider it, I speake it not in iest;
Doe we not see that those who haue consum'd,
Halfe a mans age in *Schools*, and haue assum'd
Degrees of Arts, and howrely ouer-looke,
Many a leafe, many a wise-mans booke,
Still studying to know; *fellowes* that can,
As they themselues thinke, put downe any man,
That dares of *Predicables* to dispute,
Yea such as can to, if need be, refute
Knowne Truths; and that in *Metaphisicall*,
Much more I thinke in matters *Naturall*,

Seeme

Seeme greatly read, Doe we not see I say?
 That these from study being tane away,
 For some employments in the *Publike weale*,
 A man would be ashamed to reueale
 Their simple carriage? sooner theile *speake Treason*,
 Then any thing that shall be law, or *Reason*.
 Aske their opinions but of this or that,
 Thei'le tell a Tale they scarcely know of what;
 And at the last you must be well apaid,
 With *This the Poet*, or *This Tully said*;
 So other mens opinions shall be showne,
 But very seldome any of their owne:
 What is't to heape vp a great multitude,
 Of words and sayings like a *Chaos rude*,
 For to be able for to bring in *Plato*,
 Great *Aristotle*, with the wiseman *Cato*;
 And diuers more, yet like a blockish *Else*,
 Be able to say nought at all himselfe?
 As if it were all well and he had paid it,
 If he can once say, *Such a man hath said it*,
 Then by their actions, who gather can
 They haue more knowledge then another man?
 Since they doe worse absurdities commit,
 Then thoe that seeme their *Juniors* in wit,
 As if they thought it were enough to know,
 And not with knowledge vnto practise goe.
 These may be learned and of learning prate,
 But for affaires of *Country*, or of *State*,
 In my conceit they are as farre vnfit
 As *fooles* and *mad-men* that haue lost their wit.

And notwithstanding all their studious paine,
I count their learning and their *Knowledge* vaine.
But thinke not I, hold *Knowledge* vaine to be,
Or all that in the *Uniuersitie*,
Mispēd their Times; vsfitting men to deale
About employments of the *Common-weale*.
No; for I euer this accompt did make,
That there are those know best to vndertake,
Great *Offices*; and surely such as haue
Both knowledge and desert: yet shall they saue
But their owne credits; Th'other who are knowne
To haue no gifts of nature of their owne,
For all their knowledge gotten in the *Schooles*,
Are worse by much ods then *unlearned Fooles*.
Now thou that wouldst know rightly these mens
Goe but a while and talke with *Coryate* (state)
And thou wilt soone be able to maintaine,
And say with me that *Learning's* somewhere vaine.
Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
Where *now-despised-Virtue* should haue grace,
She were *vaine* to, and those that lou'd her best
Werd to be counted *vaine* about the rest.
For they be sure, of these worldly Crosses,
And whosere gaine, theirs must be the losses,
Iustice is wanting so; for if that men
Commit an ill, the *Law* giues smart, but when
They doe performe a vertuous deed 'tis hard,
There's no Law heere that giues them a Reward.
Nay if a man by wrong suspicion be,
Brought vnto any wofull misery.

If he be wrackt and tortur'd so that Death
May pleasure him by stopping of his breath :
And if at last by proofes it doth appeare,
That he of the suspected crime is cleare,
Onely he may his life by that meanes saue,
But shall no other satisfaction haue.
Yea, and he must be glad and well content
He hath his life for being *Innocent* :
Whereof he would full glad haue ridden bin,
To scape the torments they had plung'd him in,
Tis meete *Iniustice*, And I say againe
For to be *vertuous* in this age 'twere vaine ;
But that it one day shall rewarded be,
By heauens *chast iustice* with eternitie.
I will not heere take paines for to reueale
The vaine trades crept into our *Common-weale* ;
Onely Ile say, and so I thinke will any,
Would there were lesse, for such there be too many.
But I must needesly shew their Sympathy,
Who make their treasures and felicitie
Of things meere friuolous, As *Honour*, *Strength*,
Pleasure, and *Wealth*, & *Beauty*, which at length,
Yea in short time, must Fade ; *Titles* wrong plac'd
Without desert, are not alone disgrac't,
And loose that reputation of their owne,
But shame them too, on whom they are bestowne,
What *Noblenesse* of *Birth* but meere *vaine*,
Vnlesse that in the *Image* there remaine,
Some noble *qualitie* which in them bred,
They haue deriu'd from predecessors dead ?

What's Honor? but e'ne Smoke and Idle *fume*?
A thing consisting onely in a *name*?
Which if you take away then you take all,
(For *Alexanders* glory was not small,)
Yet were he namelesse, what would then remaine,
For to inherit *Honour* for his paine,
Since that his best part from the earth is fled,
And t'other though remaining here, now dead?
Then if that *Honour* doe aduantage bring,
To Soule nor Body, but doth wholly cling
Vnto the name: who Care, or Paines would take
If he be wise, such *Trophies* for to make
Vnto the same, which may inioyed be,
By many thousand other men, whilst he
Rots; and which three mens *vertues*, I'll maintaine,
Grace not so much as one mans vice shall staine?
Wer't onely for a *name*, that men did well,
And stroue in *vertues* others to excell,
What good had *Symon* the *Apostle* gain'd
More then the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd?
And how should we giue each of them his fame?
Who liuing, being two, had but one name?
Were outward *Honour* all that *vertue* got,
He were a wise-man that esteem'd it not.
But shee's the bodies comfort till it die,
And soules *Companion* to eternitie.
Vulgar Repute, what is thereby acquired?
Why is't so glorious, and so much desired?
But I doe chiefly maruell what they ment,
That haue prefer'd it before their *contents*.

I hold it *vaine* and wondrous friuolous,
Extreamely foolish, or ridiculous,
That any man should stand in greater feare,
What they doe vnto other men appeare
Then their owne *consciences*; or strīue, (*poore* *clues*)
To seeme to other, *Gods*, when to themselues
Th'are worse then *Diuels*; why, I say, should they
With vaine repute be so much borne away?
And why boast men of *strength* that lasts no longer?
And seeing the brute creatures are farre stronger;
A woman may blind *Sampson* with her charmes,
And little *David* slay a man at armes,
For *God* doth make, as holy *Scriptures* speake,
Strong things to be confounded by the weak.
Then some are vaine in *pleasures*, like to him,
VWho for because he in delights would swim,
In these his daies to please his five brute senses,
Made twenty hundred crowns one night expences,
I onely cease for to declare his name,
Least he should hap to vaunt vpon the same.
But why in *Beauty* should men glory so?
As well we may perceiue there's many do;
Since 'tis no better then a fading flower,
That flourishies, and withers in an hower.
It could not saue the good King *Dauids* sonne
For being iustly by his foes vndone;
Nay, their's scarce any that enioy the same
Can keepe vnto themselues an honest name.
VVe see moreouer men vaine-glorious grow,
In *building* and *apparrell*; al's for show;

And yet the *Prince* that's gorgiouſt in array,
Muſt lie as naked as his *Groome* in clay.
And though that men to build ſo curious be,
How worthy of contempt it is we ſee,
In that th'*rich-King* of heaven, earth and all,
Was very well contented with a *Stall*.
What mind are they in who ſuppoſe to raiſe,
By ſuch a *vanity* an endleſſe praiſe?
VVhen as they dayly ſee by obſervation,
Time vtterly decays the ſtrongſt *Foundation*,
Where are thoſe wondrous high *Pyramides*,
That were admired at in former daies?
And of thoſe huge *Coloſſi* what remaines?
(Which to erect now were an endleſſe paines)
Nothing almoſt; no ſcarce his name that ſpent
The paine and coſt of ſuch a *Monument*:
If that be ſo, how much more *vanity*,
Is it to hope for fames eternity, (mending
By ſuch ſleight trifles whoſe ground-worke needs
Before the rooſe be brought vnto an ending?
Againe ſome thinke how e're their liues they ſpend
Yet if they can attaine to in the end
A glorious *Funerall*; and be inter'd
VVith idle pompe and ſhow, or be prefer'd
In a bald *Sermon*, for ſome one good deed
They did the *Common-wealth* for their owne need,
Or by their owne, or friends procurement haue
On their vnworthy ſcarce-deſerued *grave*
A goodly *Epitaph*; they thinke al's well;
Alas poore ſilly men! what can they tell

How

How long 'twill stand, before 't be razed downe?
 But say it bide a while, what faire renowne,
 Can in a peece of carued *Marble* be?
 VVhat can a guilded *Temple* then profit thee?
 Preserue thy fame? I know it cannot passe,
 The wondrous *Heaps* that once erected was,
 And yet e'ne at this day doth now remaine
 Not farre from *Sarum* on the *VVesterne* plaine,
 Yet who can say directly, (or what story
 Doth absolutely mention) for whose glory
 That was first founded? or by whom? or why?
 And if a Deed of such great wonder be,
 Dost thou suppose by a few Carued Stones,
 Scarcely enough to couer all thy bones,
 To be *immortall*? If thou long to liue
 After thy death, why then let *Virtue* glue
 And adde that liuing glory to thy name;
 Let her sound forth the Trumpet of thy fame,
 And it shall last; for she knowes how to place it;
 Nor *time*, nor *envy* shall haue power to race it,
 I say endeuour to be vertuous heere,
 So shall thy sacred *memory* be deere
 To those that liue, and whilst thy Body lies,
 Entomb'd on earth, thy Soule shall mount the *skies*,
 But if in pleasure thou hast liued long,
 And tooke delight in seeking bloud and wrong:
 VVhen that the *euill day* shall come to end thee,
 The curse of the oppressed shall attend thee,
 Thy soule shall pay for't; and the selfe-same *Grane*
 Thou for thy *Hauour* didst suppose to haue

Shall be thy *Shame*; for those that trauell by it
Shall often curse it, yea deride, defie it;
And to each other say, *There doth he lie,*
That acted such, or such a villany.
Then why should gay clothes be delighted in,
Since they are but a badge of our first sinne?
And yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions,
We borrow now a daies from sundry *Nations.*
Some, but a few, in Irish trouzes goe,
And they must make it with a *cadpeece* too,
Some (as the fashion they best like) haue chose
The *spruce diminutive neat Frenchmans* hose
Another lik't it once but now hee'll chop,
Or chang'e as we say for the *Switzers* slop;
And cause sometimes the fashions we disdain,
Of *Italy, France, Netherland* and *Spaine,*
Wee fetch them farther yet, for by your leaues
We haue *Adrisen* gownes, *Barbarian* sleeues,
Polonian shooes, with diuers far fetcht trifles,
Such as the wandring *English* gallant rifles
Strange *Countries* for; Besides our *Taylors* know,
How best to set apparell out for show,
It either shall be gathered, sticht, or lac't,
Else plated, printed, iag'd, or cut and rac't,
Or any way according to your will,
For we haue now a daies learn'd much vaine skill:
But note you when these *geu-ganes* once be made,
And that this cunning *Maister* of his Trade
Must bring it home, Then lies all che iest,
To see vwhen the poore slaue hath done his best

To mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
He can set right what Nature crooked made)
VVhen he hath fitted to his power, and trickt,
Whom he wold please; when he hath brusht & pickt
E'ne till he sweate againe: Yet (though he spies
Scarce any fault) *You Rogue the Gallant* cries.
A plague confound thee; looke here how this sits,
Lounds 'tis a mile too wide; where were thy wits?
See, this is halfe too long that halfe too short,
**Sbloud I could finde in heart to knock thee for't.*
Then for the faults behind he lookes in glasse,
Straight raues againe and cals his *Taylor Ass,*
Villaine, and all the *Court-like* names he can,
Why I'le be indy'd (saies he) *here by my man,*
If my left shoulder seeme yet in his sight,
For all this bum-bast halfe so big's the right.
How is he seru'd? This day he should haue went,
With such a *Lord* or *Lady* into *Kent*:
To *Hampton Court* to morrow comes the *Queene*;
And there should he with certain friends haue bin,
Now he shall faile. Villaine go straight and mend it
And see with all the speed you can, you send it:
Or by my sword the *Gallant* sweares he will
Make thee to wait twise twelu-months with thy *Bil*
If e're he pay thee. Then the other takes it,
Carries it home againe: turnes, rubs, and shakes it,
Lets it lye still an houre or so, and then
As if 'twere alter'd beares it back againe;
Then 'tis so fit, our *Gallant* cannot tell
That e're he had *Apparel* made so well.

Ere-while,

Ere-while, saies he, faith I was anger'd sore,
Why couldst thou not haue done it thus afore;
With many gentle speeches in amends,
And so these two *vaine* fooles grow quickly friends,
VVhat shall I say of our *superfluous* fare?
Our beastly, *vaine*, and too excessive care
To please the belly? We, that once did feed
On homely rootes and hearbs, do now exceed
The *Persian* Kings for dainties; In those coates
A man would think they liu'd with *hay and oates*,
The *diet* they are growne vnto of late,
Excels the Feasts, that men of high estate
Had in times past, for there's both flesh and fish,
With many a dainty new deuised dish.
For bread they can compare with Lords or Knights,
For they haue raueld, manchet, browne and white,
Of finest wheate: Their drinckes are good and stale,
For *Perry, Cider, Mead, Methueglin, Ale*,
Or *Beere* they haue great plenty of; but when
This cannot serue the richer sort of men.
They with all sorts of *forraine wines* are sped;
Their cellers are oft fraught with *white and red*,
Be't *French, Italian, Spanish*, if they craue it:
Nay *Grecian* or *Canarian*, they may haue it,
Catepumont, Uernage, if they doe desire,
Or *Romney, Bastard, Capricke, Oley, Tire*,
Muscadel, Malmsey, Clarey, what they will;
Both head and belly each may haue their fill.
Then if their stomacks doe disdain to eate,
Beefe, Mutton, Lambe, or such like Butchers meate;

If that they cannot feed on *Capon, Swan,*
Duck, Goose, or common household Poultry; than
Their storehouse will not very often faile,
To yeeld them *Partrich, Pheasant, Plover, Quail,*
Or any dainty fowle that may delight,
Their gluttonous and beastly appetite.
So they are pamp'erd whilst the poore man starues,
Yet there's not all, for *Custards, Tarts, Conserues,*
Must follow to; And yet they are no let
For *Suckets, March-panes,* nor for *Marmalades,*
Frute, Florentines, sweet sugar meats and spice,
VVith many an other idle foud deuise,
Such as I cannot name, nor care to know;
And then besides the tast 'tis made for show,
For they must haue it *culled, guilded, Printed,*
With shapes of *Beasts & Fowles, cut, pincht, indented,*
So idly that in my conceit 'tis plaine,
That men are foolish and exceeding vaine,
And howsoe'er they of *Religion* boast,
Their *bully* is the *God* they honour most.
But see whereto this *dainty time* hath brought vs,
The time hath been that if a *Famine* caught vs,
And left vs neither *Sheepe,* nor *Oxe,* nor *Corne,*
Yet vnto such a diet were we borne,
Were we not in our *Townes* kept in bith'foe,
The *woods* and *fields* had yeelded vs enough
To content *Nature*: And then in our needs
Had we found either *leanes,* or *grasse,* or *weeds,*
We could haue liu'd, as now at this day can
Many a fellow-subiect *Irishman.*

But

But in this age, if onely *Wheate* doe rise
To any extraordinary prize:
Of if that we haue *Cheese* or *Butter* scant,
Though almost nothing else that is, we want;
Lp'd how we murmur, grumble, fret and pine,
As if we would vpbraide the powers Diuine;
Yea we prouoke *God*, as sometime the *Jewes*
Did *Moses*; and with vs it is no newes.
But you that are so like to sterue in plenties,
Because you are a little bar'd your dainties,
Leaue of your *Luxury*; let me intreat;
Or there will come a *Famine* shall be great:
When *Soule* nor *Body* neither, shall haue food,
Or any thing to comfort them that's good.
We talke of scarcity: yet here there came
No want this twenty ages, worth the name
Of *Famine*; but our gentle *God* hath bin,
Exceeding mercifull vnto our sin.
VVheat at ten shillings, makes no dearth of bread,
Like theirs; where once (we read) an *Asses head*,
Cost foure-score siluer peeces; where *Dones dong*,
VVas highly pris'd: and mothers eate their yong;
These famine raig'n'd. Pray in the like we fall not;
If we can fast with *Ninive* we shall not.
But truely much I feare the same, valesse
VVe doe leaue off our gluttonous excesse,
For though we quaffe and swill much time away,
Yet three set *Meales* will scarce suffice a day
To satisfie our lust; whereas but one,
Suffis'd our predecessors, sometime none.

It were a worke too tedious to quote
The sundry vanities that we may note
Sprung from this *Greedinesse*, as our *Long-sitting*,
A custome rather in my mind besitting
Pagans and Epicures, then honest men.
But 'tis a vse now common growne; and then
This *Poollery* we haue; we nothing deeme
Worthy of our desire, or esteeme,
Saue that which we haue either dearly boughed,
Or far-away from forraine kingdomes brought:
Yea notwithstanding here in our land,
Those things be better; and more neere at hand.
Yet we out of an idle humor are,
Much more affected to all *Forraine* ware
Then to our owne: although the same be best;
So that this vaineenesse doth not onely rest
In meates, and in apparell; but 'tis showne
In many things; we least affect our owne.
Our home-made *Cloth*, now *quoddam est inanum*;
We are for *Serges* and *Perpetuanum*;
With other stufte, as *Crow-graine*, *Chambleis*, *Rash*,
And such like new deuised forraine trash.
Yea though our natiue country-men excell
In any Trade, we like them not so well
As we doe strangers: (and in very deed)
I thinke for vaine inuentions they exceed.
And then moreouer when we doe not want
Any good wholesome *beerbe*, or *fruit*, or *plant*,
That may be necessary, fit or good,
Either to serue for *Physick* or for food,

Yet

Yet those we leaue, as if we did abhorre them,
And send to seeke in other *Kingdomes* for them.
So while we onely make our vse of them,
Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.
(Oh *Vanity*) our country yeelds enough,
VVhat need we *Grecian* or *Arabian* stuffe?
Why send we for them to those Countries thus?
Twas planted there for them and not for vs:
What though it help them of diseases there?
The Climate, yea, and our complexions are
So different, for ought that I can gather,
Heer 't may not help our griefs, but poison's rather,
My selfe haue heard some *Tranellers* to say,
That which will salue their wounds within a day,
That of the farthest *Easterne Countries* be,
VVill not recure an *Englishman* in three.
Then sure if we should vse that medicine heere,
It would not help nor cure vs in a yeare.
Trust me I thinke, this ouermuch respecting
Of *Forraine Compounds*, and the still neglecting
Of our owne *Simples* is the cause that wee
So little better for our *Phisicke* be;
Some in their writings praise *Tobacco* much,
Perhaps the vertue of it may be such
As they haue said, where first the simple grew,
But if it be replanted heere a new,
From it owne soile where natures hand did place it,
I dare not with those properties to grace it
VVhich there it had; nor can the *Vertue* bide
VVhen 'tis transported to our region, dri'd.

Yet

Yet almost 'tis a wonder to behold,
How generally now both yong and old
Suck on that forraine weed: for so they vse it,
Or rather (to speake right) so they abuse it,
In too oft taking, that a man would thinke
It were more needfull then their *meate* or *drinke*:
But what's their reason? doe not aske them why:
For neither can they tell you that, nor I:
Vlesse 't be this: So they haue scene some doe
Forsooth, and therefore they must vse it too.
Nay, wonder not; The *Sunne* lights not a *Nation*
That more addicteth *Asiatic imitation*
Then doe we *English*: Should a stranger come
And weare his doublet fastned to his Bumme:
Pluck gloues on's feet, & put his hands in's shoes,
And weare his Rings and Jewels on his toes.
And come so tired to our *English Court*,
Attended in some strange preposterous sort;
Most of our *Courtiers* would make much ado,
But they would get into that fashion too.
For when they did but happen for to see,
Those that with *Rhyme* a little troubled be,
Weare on their faces a round masticke patch,
Their fondnes I perceiu'd, sometime to catch:
That for a *Falsian*, Nay, we cannot name
That thing so full of *Barbarisme* and *shame*
That they le not imitate: witnesse this *smoake*,
VWhich though at first it was enough to *choake*
Or stifle vp the sence; though 'twere vnpleasing
In taste and saour, oftentimes diseasing

The

The takers bodies ; yet like men halfe mad,
 Not knowing neither what effect it had,
 Onely because a *rude* and *savage Nation*, (fashion,
 Took't for some vnkowne need ; thei'le mak't a
 Alas what profit *England* at thy need,
 Hast thou attain'd to, by this *Indian weed* ?
 What hath it lengthen'd life or maintain'd health
 Or hath it brought thee more encrease of wealth ?
 It dries superfluous moistures ; doth't & indeed
 Tane with discretion it may stand instead,
 And surely it deserues to be excus'd,
 Being with honest moderation vs'd.
 But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,
 That first did tak't in way of complement.
 For now it is as common at each meeting,
As bow'd yee, or, God saue yee for a greeting ;
 Hee's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,
Burn'd pipes, Tobacco, and his *Tinder-box* :
 And therefore there be some who scarce abide it,
 Yet alwaies will for company prouide it ;
 With whom (though they alone the same eschew)
 Thei'le take it till they spit and cough and spue.
 Me thinks they may as well since this thei'le doe,
 At all their meetings take *Purgations* too.
 There's not a *Tinker*, *Cobler*, *Shepherd* now
 Or *Rascall Ragamuffin* that knowes how
 In a blind *Ale-house* for to drinke a pot,
 Or swagger kindly, if he haue it not ;
 You shall haue some among them will not sticke,
 To sweare that they are for *Tobacco* sicke ;

When

When by their ragged outsidés you would gather,
 It were for want of bread and victuals rather;
 And so I tak't; But now if you deny,
 Th' *Affecting* *ferraine* *drugges*, a *Vanity*,
 Yet you, I hope will grant, (because 'tis plaine)
 The vsing of *Tobacco* thus is vaine.
 I meane in those that daily *sit and smoake*,
Alcouse and *Tauerne* till the windowes roke;
 And you must yeeld if euer; *Quod nunc sumus*,
 E'ne as the old *verse* saies, *flos, fenum, fumus*,
 Some *vainely* much *acquaintance* seeke to get,
 And often in a strangers cause will sweate.
 VWhen none (vnlesse some one for rarity)
 VWill to their *Kinne* shew loue or charitie.
 The loue of *men* some strive for to attaine,
 And they haue iust their labour for their paine.
 For what's the fauour or the loue of *Adon*?
A thing long getting and soone lost again,
 For *him* I know whose company hath seem'd,
 In my poore iudgement to be so esteem'd
 By many, that in show he hath appear'd
 To be more neerely to their *soules* indear'd
 Then their owne *brothers*; And sure for the time,
 (But that *inconancie*'s a humane crime)
 He hath been so; For when he hath departed,
 As if his *absence* inwardly had smarted;
 Out of their *eyes* full oft against their will,
 I haue seene, *sorrow* looke, and *teares* to fill.
 And yet againe hath my *experience* seen,
 The selfe-same *men* that hath so made of been,

Euen of those men he hath been so respected,
After some absence either much neglected,
Wholly forgotten or they so estranged,
As if their loue and *good conceit* were changed.
Which having found, I weighed well the end,
And thought them *vaine* that on the like depend.
Also methinkes it makes me pretty sport,
To note the *Vainenesse* of the *greater sort*;
How full of *Conceits*, *courtesies*, and *greetings*,
Embracements, & kind words they be at meetings.
Or else what *Memorandums* past betweene,
Of great good turnes that nere perhaps haue been,
VVhat *commendations*, and *ioyes* there be,
For one anothers good prosperitie.
VVhen howsoever they their malice smother,
They care not what becomes of one another.
To see me well, hee's glad at heart, one cries,
When 'tis well knowne that in his heart he lies,
Another bids me welcome to my face,
VVhen he would leaue my presence for my place.
Yea and to sweare it too he will not tremble,
Although he knowes, I know he doth dissemble:
VVhich in my iudgement is a *Vanity*,
Too full of shamelesse grosse absurditie,
And I much wonder men delight to spend
Time that's so precious to so little end,
As to consum't in idle *Complement*,
And not so much as to a good intent;
Crouching and kneeling, when each peasant knowes
Blue *courtesie*, much craft; the proverbe goes.

A quality beſeeming men I deem't,
For to be *Courteous* and I much eſteem't,
Yet ſure without good meaning tis vnfit,
And extreame *vaine* when men are cloy'd with it.
When ſome man's *Table's* furniſhed with ſtore,
Of *Dainties*, that a *Priſce* can haue no more,
Hee'le bid you welcome, though that by your *cheere*,
It doth not (as hee'le ſay himſelfe) appeare,
And yet he ſees and knowes well that his *Bordes*,
Haue what the *Water*, *Earth*, and *Ayre* affords:
With *pray d'ye eat, I drink't'ye, may be merry*:
And ſuch like words; I oft haue beene as weary
To *thank*, to *pledge*, and ſay *I do not ſpare*,
As ere was *Sommers* of his trotting mare,
But now I think of this, I'le without caſting,
Tell one abſurdity I'ue ſcene in feaſting,
Amongſt my Countrymen; when one intends
For to be merry he bids home his friends,
And for them all things needfull doth prepare,
That they may well perceiue they welcome are;
Yea, he would haue them frolick, and 'tis good,
A ſigne of *loue* and honeſt *neighbourhood*,
But then with all he oftentimes inuites, (knights
Som lofty *Statesmen* or proud neighbouring
Who all their merriment doth ouerthrow,
Becauſe they looke for *reuerence* you know,
And he muſt be a ſlaue vnto that gueſt,
Contenting him, though he diſpleaſe the reſt.
Now that his fault, were I as he, my *Boord*,
Should neuer entertaine that *Knight* or *Lord*.

In way of feasting; that allow'd not me,
To be as merry and as blith as he;
Or that through his disdain would thinke amisse,
To beare some iests of mine as I beare his; (ting
For who but fooles would while their guest is bai-
Stand with bare heads like *Alchouse-keepers* waiting
(As if they were some strangers wanted chearing)
In their owne houses? while they dominer
Say what they list; be therefore rul'd by me,
Bid none but equals if you'll merry be:
At least let them be such as can abide,
To lay *Superiority* aside.
Moreouer (if they haue the prouidence
To bid their friends & keep these *mar-feasts* thence)
They are too lauish and doe much deuize,
How they the *appetite* may best suffice.
But 'tis a signe their vnderstanding's weake,
And they haue small good matter for to speake;
It shewes a shallow *pate* and muddy *braine*,
When men haue no discourse to entertaine
Their friends withall, but *whiffes of smoke or drinke*,
Or *curious fare*; as if that they did thinke
They could not shew their honest loue, vnlesse
They did abound in gluttonous *excesse*.
But there be many *greedy-guts* indeed,
That will finde fault vnlesse their *eyes* exceed,
Such *Socrates* shewes how to answer best,
Who hauing for his friends prepar'd a feast,
And hearing one to discommend his store
Told him directly, *friend* there needs no more,

For

For be they vertuous her's enough for such,
 If otherwise (quoth he) there is too much
 A fitter answer we can neuer finde,
 For such nice gluttons; differing in minde
 From certaine deere and learned friends of mine:
 Whom, when I late requested for to dine
 Or sup with me one night; would not agree,
 Vnlesse I drest that they appointed me:
 I will said I, and not a bit beside,
 Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to provide
 One dish, no more, we loue not him that crams,
 And let our second course be *Epigram* (ing.)
 Well, that they had with more good mirth & laugh-
 Then those that had their dainties, & their quaffing,
 Who can declare that *Vanity* man shewes,
 In hearing and reporting idle newes
 The foolish tales, and lies that he doth faine,
 Are more then any numbers can containe,
 And now I thinke on that same *lying euill*,
 A mischief first inuented by the *diuell*,
 I cannot chuse but greatly wonder why,
 Men should delight so in that *Vanity*,
 It is not onely vicious and base,
 But also doth their credits quite deface,
 And *trash* out of their mouthes is mis-esteem'd
 Because, oft lying, they are lyers deem'd,
 I meane not any falshood to maintaine,
 No though they be officious, or for gaine,
 Yet worst like them, who their wits bo bend
 To inuent tales vnto no other end.

But for to find the company some talke, (walke
And cause they loue to heare their owne tongues
Some I haue knowne (iudge of their *Vanity*)
They haue told tales to their owne infamy;
And yet vtrue, 'tis like they haue small care
Of others credits when they wil not spare
To wrong *themselves*: Another crew beside
Among these *lyars* I haue also spide,
Who, as it may appeare, do like so well,
Strange newes, and matters past beleefe to tell,
That notwithstanding they do surely know,
It makes not only modest eares to glow,
But that 'tis knowne they lie, yet stil they dare
Gainst *Truth, th:ir owne, & al mens knowledge* swear.
Yea, when they may aswell, and speake as right,
Sweare that each man is blind, and all Crows white
Oh too presumptuous and lewd offence
Sprung from a brazen, *bellish* impudencel
Then there's a number to, that do suppose,
All that beyond their *little reason* growes;
Is surely false; And vainely do vphold
That all reports which *travellers* vnfold
Of forraine lands are lies; because they see
No such strange thinges in their owne *parish* be,
If that I may not terme such fellowes *vaine*,
I'll say th'are *dull* and of a shallow *braine*.
And him I count no wiseman that imparts,
To men of such base misconceiuing hearts
Any rare matter, for their bruitish wit,
Will very quickly wrong both him and it.

For

For thus the saying goes, and I hold so,
Ignorance onely, is true wisdomes foe.
Then thou art vaine that wilt vouchsafe to spend
Thy breath, with witleffe *fooles* for to contend
In *weighty matters*; when it is well knowne
Thei'le like of no opinions but their owne.
Euer disabling what thou dost recite,
Yea notwithstanding it be ne're so right.
And be their owne case false, and all amisse,
They'le proue it *true*; How? Thus: *'Because it is,*
So if there be no more *wise men* in place,
Thou bear'st the shame, & thei'le haue all the grace.
And yet the mischief hath not there an end,
For tell me, you that euer did contend
VVith such; is not their wayward *disputation*
A meere confusion and a strong vexation?
I know 'tis so; for I my selfe haue tride it,
And since that time could neuer yet abide it;
But let those follow *Vanity* together
With *purr'ind ignorance*; and I'll send thither
To keep them company; those that take pleasure
In tedious discourse, they be at leasure,
And those that loue to heare their owne tongues
Or still seeke out occasion for to talke
Shall not stray from them: Yet I haue beheld
More *Vanities* which must not be conceal'd.
As foolish *wishes*: Many a *filly Asse*,
Couets those things that cannot come to passe,
Another that in wishing is as heedlesse,
Desires some trifling bables which are needlesse.

Na y, I haue heard, without regard of shame,
 Such beastly *wishes* as I blush to name,
 What damn'd infernall *curfes* can each brother,
 In euery *angry* fit wish one another?
 When such as these their ielling words theie make
A Pox, a Pestilence, and a Murraine take yee. (ye
 Which if the Lord should in his iustice send them,
 Their owne *vaine wishes* would e're long time end the.
 Some *free-borne* men I haue obserued too
 Who are thought wise, yet very vainely do.
 These, as if they lackt troubles of their owne
 For other men are slaues and drudges growne.
 I tax not such as honestly haue stood
 In the mainetaining a poore neighbours good,
 But rather those who are so out of measure
 Given to be for other men at leasure:
 That they can finde almost no time to bee
 Employd about their owne commoditee.
 Others there are, more knauish, and as vaine,
 Who seeming carefull of an others gaine,
 Intrude themselues into their actions; when
 'Tis not for any good they wish the men,
 But for this cause, and sure for nothing more,
 In each mans *beate* they loue to haue an oare.
 'Tis good men looke to their affaires, but yet,
 I hold it for a *vaine* thing, and vnfit
 They should be vexed with such extreame care
 In following them as I perceiue they are
 For vnto me it seemes, the greatest part,
 Take *business* not in hand new, but on heart.

What

What meane our wealthy *Vsurers* to hoord
More vp for *others* then they can affoord
Vnto *themselves*? whereas they do not know
Whether it shall be for a friend or foe.
Sure such me thinks should be deservedly,
Recorded for their sottish *Vanity*.
Now as these too well, of the *world* doe deeme,
So others make thereof too small esteeme:
As of a thing whose vse were of no weight,
But both are led away with *Vaine conceit*.
Then some mans care is, that when this life ends,
Hee dying, may be buried with his *friends*.
As if he fear'd his *foes* had not forgotten
To do him mischief though their bones were rottē
Others extremely are distempered
To thinke what men will do when they be dead,
And vainely sit, (More wit God one day send)
Lamenting what they know not how to mend.
For worthlesse matters some are wondrous sad,
Whome if I call not vaine, I must tearme mad.
If that their *noses* bleed some certaine drops:
And then againe vpon the suddaine stops.
Or if the babling foule we call a *lay*,
A *Squirrel* or a *Hare*, but crosse the way.
Or if the *fall* fall toward them at table,
Or any such like superstitious bable,
Their mirth is spoild, because they hould it true
That some mischance must therevpon ensue,
But I doe know no little numbers bee
Seduced with this foolish *Vanity*:

And

And questionlesse although I discommend it,
There wants not some that stoutly will defend it,
But all their prooffe is onely this, I know
Ey dayly triall they doe finde it so.
Indeed 'tis true, God often by permission,
To see if they will trust to *superstition*
More then to him, doth willingly supply,
VVhat they so look't for by their *Augury*.
Then some for to be deemed men of State,
Of nothing but the *Cours-affaires* doe prate,
If they but come amongst vs *Countri-men*,
Lord what *Magnificoes* they will be then.
Yea though they blow but the *Kings Organ-Pellows*
VVe must suppose them *Earles* and *Barons* fellowes
Or else we wrong them: 'Twas my chance to light,
In a friends house, where one of these that night
Tooke vp his lodging; At the first I deem'd him
A man of some great place and so esteem'd him;
And he tooke me for some soft *Country gull*,
Thinking my wit (as tis indeed) but dull,
But I perceiu'd his pride, I must confesse,
And seem'd as if I had a great deale lesse.
I made him more fine *congees* by a score,
Then ere he had at *Court* in's life before,
The *worship*, and the *Honour* too I gaue him,
But from the charge of either I durc saue him.
Yet my high tearmes so pleas'd the *Courtiers* vaine,
That vp he rips me newes of *France* and *Spain*,
Of *Germany*, of *Denmarke*, and of *Sweed*;
And he had *French* store, thereof I tooke heed,

Then

Then next he tels me all their life at Court,
Relates *St. Georges* shewes and *Christmas* sport,
With such like talke; which I in shew desir'd,
And (as if I had neuer seen't before) admir'd:
Which he perceiuing falls for to deuise,
More *strange reports*, and tels me sundry lyes,
Which still I wondred at; and in his talke
I noted though his tongue did euer walke
He neuer spake of others then the best,
For *Earles*, and *Lords*, and *Ladies* were the least
I heard him mentioning; when sure the foole,
Is but some seruant to the *Groome o' th' stooles*.
But howsoeuer for this once he passes,
To shew the *Nature* of his fellow-*Asses*,
I am affraid 'twill be to little end,
If I should words and pretious leasure spend,
To tel our *Gallants* what vaine, friuolous,
Discourse they haue, and how ridiculous
They are at *meetings*; I haue been for *laughter*,
Often beholding to them a weeke after.
And trust me I'll e not giue *acue* so soone,
To see an *Ape*, a *Monkey*, or *Baboone*
Play his forc't trickes, as I would giue a *testar*,
To come and view them and their apish gesture,
When they are either frolick in their *Cans*,
Or courting of their light hee'd *Curtizans*.
They thinke themselues fine men, I know they do,
What will they giue me and I'll think so to,
And yet I shall not sure, do what I can,
They haue so little in them that is man.

For

For my *few years* hath noted many fruits
Produced in fine filkes and fatten sutes
VVorth obseruation: I could recite,
Their braue behaviour in their Mistres sight:
But sure thei'le nere endure't, they cannot do't,
Yet if I list now I could force them to't,
But I spare them; they are beholding to me,
And may perhaps as great a fauour doe me.
But faith I may not, nor I cannot hold
Nor keep in all their *vanities* vnto'd:
At least one humorous tricke I must not misse,
VVhich lately I obseru'd; and that was this,
Two *lads*, of late, disposed to be merry,
Met at a Towne not farre from *Canterbury*,
Where though their busines scarce would let them
They'd frolicke out a night, and then away;
So there they sup't and slept, where I let passe:
To tell their mirth in what good fashion 'twas
But as I heard the *parish clocke* stroke one,
Before their merry-mad-conceits were done:
And then they went to bed, where I dare say
They'd more deuotion for to sleepe then pray.
Next morne th'one awaking suddenly vpstart,
And lightly gett out such a boystrous
It wak't his *fellow*, who surpriz'd with wonder,
Leapt vp amaz'd and swore he heard it thunder:
And where there was a storme or no, 'twas sed,
The *chamber-pot* ore-flow'd and drown'd the bed,
Then hauing pral'd a *curse* or two, th'one rises,
Yea, of his businesse with himselfe demses,

And

And therevpon like a *considerate man*,
 Swears he will thence with all the speed he can,
 Come prethce rise (quoth he) and lets begone,
 Why goe (quoth th other) I will come anon,
 Zenns harks, I thinke the clock strike eight, why vbrst
 Oh seeme enough to breake my fast by ten.
 Then Chamberlaine one calls aloud, dost heare?
 Come bring vs vp a double lugge of beere.
 So either hauing drunke a good carouse,
 Downe come the Gallants to discharge the house,
 But taking leaue; oh what d'yeec thinke they mist?
 Their Hostesse (pretty woman must be kist)
 Then vp she's cal'd, and in her night attire,
 Downe claps she on a stoole before the fire;
 Where hauing bid her welcome from her nest,
 Come say (quoth he) what Wine is't you like best?
 Truly (quoth she) I vse to drinke no wine,
 Yet your best morning's draught is Muscadine;
 With that the Drawer's cald to fill a quart,
 (Oh! 'tis a wholesome liquor next the heart.)
 And hauing drunk it, whilst their heads were steddý
 They bad the Hostler make their horses ready
 Nay (quoth the Hostesse) what needs at this haste?
 In faith you shal not goe til dinner's past;
 I haue a dish prepared for the wome's
 A rich Potters Pie, and Marrow-bones;
 Tea and a bit which Gallants, I protest,
 I wil not part with vnto euery guest;
 With that the Pueres laid aside their cloaks,
 The glasses walke, and the Tobacco smoakes,

Til dinner comes, with which whē they are fraught
To get on horseback by and by tis naug hit.

As hauing mps 't is good to walk a mile,

So after d nner men must sit a while.

But what? wil they sit idle 'twere a shame,

Reach them the Tables, they must play a game:

Yet set them by, againe, for now I thinke

They know not when to leaue, thei'le rather drink

A health or two, to some especiall friend,

And then ifaith they meane to make an end,

Then one calls *Drawer*, he cries *What d' yee lack?*

Rogue bring vs vp a Gallon more of sack, (more,

When thats turn'd vp, *Zounds* one wil drinke no

But bids the *Hofler* bring his horse to doore:

The fellow might performe it without stay,

For why? they had been bridl'd vp all day.

Then like good husbands without any words.

On went their cloakes, but first of all their swords,

But stepping out of dore their *Hofler* meetes them,

And with a full fil'd boule demurely greetes them.

This was her *pint*, but thei'l giue hir the tother,

Which drew the third down and the third another,

Vntill these *Gallants* felt their heads so addle,

Their bodies scarce could sit vpright it'h saddle.

Then for to settle their vnsteady braine,

They fell to their *Tobacco* once againe;

At which they suckt so long, they thought no more

Of the poore *Iades*, which they left ty'd at dore.

Til that the *Sun* declinde vnto the West, (best,

Then starting vp th' one swore he thought 'twere

That

That they went thence ; and to his fellow said ;
Come we shall be benighted I'me affraid.
What if we be (quoth tother) *by this light,*
I know the time when I haue rood all night.
By twelue a clocke I'll be at home I vow,
Yet Hostesse, by this kisse, I'll sup with you.
And so they did, but after supper th' one,
Hastens the other that they may be gone ;
Nay be aduised (quoth his copelmate) *hark,*
Let's stay all night for it growes pestlence darke.
I marry (quoth the Host) *perswaded be,*
There's many Murthers now I promise ye.
I'll bid my seruants to shut vp the gate,
No guest shall goe out of my house so late.
No surely (quoth their Hostesse) *by S. Anne,*
You may be mischieft, stay and make a man.
Well, thei'll be rul'd for once, but swere thei'll goe
The following morning ere the cock do crow,
Introth at farthest, ere the day giues light,
Then hauing kist their Hostesse ouernight,
To bed againe these roysteriing yongsters went,
Forgetting whereto they before were bent.
But when the Morne her turne againe did take,
And that it grew high time for them to wake :
Then vp they busteld and began to lay
The fault from one to t'other, of their stay.
For this (the first said) *we may thanke your sloth,*
(But I thinke therein they were guilty both)
Nay (quoth the other) *might you haue your will*
You'd drinke Tobacco, and be quaffing still.

Libz. in? **VANITT.** Satyr. i.

*Who I (quoth he) I weigh it not two chits,
 I could not get you from my Hostesse lips.
 You doe me wrong (said th' other) for I sweare,
 I seldome toucht them, but you still bung there.
 To beare the burthen he grew discontent,
 And swore he would not drinke before he went.
 But cald, Our horses Offer quickly, and our wands,
 And sirra Tapster water for our hands:
 (Quoth t' other) youle be ruled yet I thinke?
 Prethee let me intreat thee for to drinke.
 Before thou wash; Our fathers that were wise,
 Were wont to say, 'tis wholsome for the eyes.
 VVell he will drinke, yet but a draught at most,
 That must be spiced with a nut-browne tosst.
 But then 'twere good they had a bit beside,
 For they considered they had farre to ride.
 So he that would not drinke, a late for hast,
 Is now content to stay and breake his fast!
 Which e're 'twere ended, vp their Host was got,
 And then the drunkard needs must haue his pot,
 And so he had: but I commend my cozen,
 The Cuckolds one Can, cost the fooles a dozen.
 But then perceiuing they began to stay,
 Quoth Guts, my bullies, barke eye, what d'ye say?
 Can you this morning on a rasher feed?
 Oh yes say they, that's Kingly meate indeed;
 They ask't it, and they had it; but this cheere,
 Quickly drew downe a dozen more of beere;
 Which being drunk, they had got out of Towne,
 But that their Hostesse was now new come downe,*

VVith

With whom they spent ere they could get away
In kissing and in quaffing halfe that day.
And five times as I heard they took the paine,
To get on horseback and come off againe
But at the last iust as the clock strook two,
They were the sixt time hors't with much ado:
But then, as 'tis the *drunkards* vse, they sate
Tipling some howre and a halfe at gate,
So that the night drew on apace and then,
Thither came riding other Gentlemen. (showne
And meant to lodge there; they had friendship
T'other were stale *Guests* and their mony flowne,
Their honest *Host* for all their large expence,
And former kindnes, quickly got him thence:
Yea their sweet *Hostesse* that so worthy deem'd the,
Slunk out of sight, as if she nought esteem'd them,
And as most will, except a very few,
She left her old *Gals* to enter league with new,
Who at their parting thought for to haue kist her,
But were so drunken that they euer mist her.
For there they quafft so long they did not know,
Which way, nor whether, nor yet when to goe.
That some suppose, yea and they think so still,
Their horses brought the thence against their will.
For if so bee that they had wanted wit,
(To come themselues) the *foales* had been there yet
If you 'twas made by, read with discontent, (ment
You are too blame, none knowes by whom 'twas
There is no cause you should dislike my *Rime*,
That learns you wit against another time.

When others are thus vaine, could you forbear it?
 And note the follies in, you would forswear it;
 As kind's your *Hessesse* seems, get this in plain
 Shee'll flout, and vsf the next as wel for game;
 Now what do you vnto these Gallants say,
 Were they not pretty witty ones I pray?
 It may be they wil frowne at this, twere fit,
 And I am very sorry for it; but yet,
 One *humor* more which I haue noted vaine,
 For to be told of, they must not disdain.
 It may annoy them if they do not mend it,
 Yea notwithstanding they so much defend it;
 'Tis this, they too much of their valour vaunt,
 And so extremely for vaine glory haunt,
 That for to get themselves a valiant name,
 Or peraduenture halfe an hower's fame,
 Thei'l hazard life and limbe, yea soule and all,
 Rather then in their brauery thei'l let fall
 That *vaine Repose*: Oh silly sencelesse men!
 What wil this breath of fame auile you, when
 You lye in dust and molded vp in clay?
 Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day,
 In some poore *village* where your bodies lye,
 To all the earth besides your fame shall dye,
 And it may be, whereas you looke for glory,
 You shall but letre for to make up the story
 Of hare-brain'd fooles: so they soe some decy you
 Men that haue vnderstanding wil bestee me you
 But yet there is a crew that much annoy
 The *Common people*, some call them *Rearing*

Lib. 2. VANITY. Satyr. i

London doth harbour many at this time,
 And now I think their *Orders* in the *Prime*:
 And flourishing estate. Diuers are proud,
 To be one of that *Brotherhood* alow'd.
 And reason too, for why they are indeed
 No common fellowes; but they all exceed.
 They do; but oh! Now wherein is it think yee?
 In *villanies*; for these be they wil drink yee
 From morne til night, from night till more againe,
 Emptying themselves like *Conduits*, and remaine,
 Ready for more stil: Earth drinks not the showers,
 Faster then their infernal throat deuoures,
Wine and strong liquors: These be they wil sweare,
 As if they would the veile of heauen teare,
 And compell *God* to heare their blasphemy
 These are, the *Patrons* of all villany;
Whores Champions; Deceit and treachery,
 With the most loathsome vice of *lechery*,
 Is all their practise. *Thunder* when it roares,
 Ioynd with the raging waues that beate the shoares,
 Together with the winds most rude intrusion,
 Make not a noyse more full of mad confusion,
 Then do these helhounds where they vse to houe
 Or make their most vnciuill rendezuoz:
 For a more Godlesse crew their cannot well,
 Be pickt out of the boundlesse pit of hell,
 Yet these base fellowes (whom I must confesse,
 I cannot find words able to expresse)
 Are great mens darlings, (As some vnderstand)
 The absoluteft *Gallants* in this land,

And onely men of spirit of our time;
But this opinion's but a *vulgar* crime,
For they which vnderstanding haue, see plaine,
That these and all their fauorites are vaine,
And sure 'twere good if such were forc't to giue,
A strict account by whom and how they liue.
Thus haue I brought to light as wel's I can,
Some of the *Vanities* I've seene in man.
But I do feare in taking so much paine,
I haue but showne my selfe to be most vaine;
Because I haue spent time, and reprehended
That which will ne're the sooner be amended,
But yet there's hope it may, and therefore I
Will say thus much more; that this *Vanity*
Consisteth not alone in *words* and *workes*,
It hath tane root within, and also lurkes
About the heart; and if it there be sought,
I know it also may be found in *thought*.
And that it is makes one man sit and plot,
What is by traffick with *Utriginea* got,
What it may cost to furnish him a fleet,
That shall with all the *Spanish* *Naw* meeete,
Or how he may by Art or practise find
A nearer passage to the *Easterne Inde*.
When as perhaps (poore foole) besides his coate,
He is, not worth a *Portsmouth* passage boate,
Nor neuer meanes to trauell so much *sea*,
As from *High-ferry* to *South-hamp-on-key*.
Another wood-cocke is as fondly vayne,
And to no purpose doth molest his braine,

Libz. 2 **VANITY.** Satyr. 1

To study if he were a *Nobleman*,
 What kind of carriage would besit him than:
 How, and in what set wordes he would complaine,
 Of the abuses that he now sees raigne:
 Where he would make his place of residence,
 How he would keep his house with Providence,
 And yet what plenty daily at his dore,
 Should be distributed vnto the poore.
 What certaine *Sheepe*, and *Oxen* should be slaine,
 And what prouision weekly to maintaine
 His *Lordly* port; How many *seruing-men*,
 He meant to keep, and peraduenture then,
 What pleasure he will haue, as haukes and hounds,
 What game he wil preferue about his grownds:
 Or else he falls to cast what profits cleare,
 His gistes and bribes wil come to in a yeare.
 How hee'le put off his hat, cause people than
 Shall say he is a *courteous Noble-man*.
 Then vpon this againe he falls to plot,
 How when that he the peoples loue had' got,
 If that the King and all his kindred dye,
 And if none may be found for to supply
 That *Regall* office, the respect they beare him,
 Vnto that *Princely dignity* may reare him:
 Then too his thoughtes, on that estate so feed,
 That he forgets quite what he is indeed,
 And if a man could hit so iust a time,
 To come vpon him when his thoughts in *Prime*:
 And giue him vnawares a sodaine knock,
 Conceit his vnderstanding so would lock,

Lib. 2. **INCONSTANCY.** Satyr 2.

That I suppose because it stands with reason,
 He would go neere hand for to call out, *Treason*;
 For oftentimes mens hearts are so anoyd;
 With those vaine thoughts whereon they are
 That for a time they so forgetfull grow,
 Nor what they are, nor where, they do not know,
 But now since you may see there doth remaine,
 Nothing in man but is in some sort vaine;
 And since I must be driven to confesse,
 His *vanities* are great and humber-Jesse;
 Ile go no farther in this large *Sarney*,
 For feare Discourse should carry me away;
 And peraduenture so I may become,
 Lesse pleasing, and more tedious to some;
 Which to auoyd, though I no end espy,
 Yet heere I end to treat of *Vanitie*.

OF INCONSTANCY.

SATYR. 2.

YEt theres another property in men,
 That meanes to set my *Muse* to work agen,
Inconstancy, and that no other is,
 Vnlesse I vnderstand the same amisse,

But

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY ISatyr. 1.

But an unsteered humor of the mind,
 Which so unstable is it cannot find
 By any study that Opinion
 Of which it dares to be so bold
 'Tis meer *Trisolation* and *distraction*
 For what is purpos'd by a fickle changing
 But since this vice I mean to detect
 Women I know will earnestly expect
 To be soe rail'd on, but He gently use them
 Because I see their consciences accuse them,
 And notwithstanding they deserve much blame
 Yet He not tax them by their proper shame
 So they will think I also mean to blame
 I use no more, but this barrenness of *Men*
 And though their faults I scold not to my shame
 Cause nothing of them is from the said
 Yet they, I hope will be the more disdain'd
 To be thought *silly*, *proud*, and *weak* and *thin*
 But now for *Men*; whereas I did complain
 He both in *Deed* and *Word*, and *Thought* was vain
 So I in this (I see) the like may doo
 Since he in all these is *inconstant*
 And first it is a wonder for to see
 His actions how mutable they be;
 He labours now, and's altogether set
 Vpon the *World* how he wealth may get
 Vpon a sodaine; then he thinks to richdise
 Hee's in a humor then he means to spend it
 Somtime he is consenting with the *Dwelt*
 And ready to do any act that's euill,

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

The which, perhaps, repenting, some diuine
 Or heavenly matter doth his thoughtes refine.
 So that he is resolu'd to spend that day,
 In reading what *Gods* holy Prophets say;
 Which in his mind it may be worketh so,
 He leaues it, and wil to a *Sermon* goe;
 Where by the way a Bill he doth espy,
 Which shewes there's acted some new *Comedy*
 Then thither he is full and wholly bent,
 There's nothing that shall hinder his intent,
 But ere he to the *Theater* can come,
 He heares perhaps the sounding of a *Drum*:
 Thereat he leaues both *Stage-play* and *Denotion*,
 And wil forsooth go see some idle motion;
 Ere he gets in his rousing wandring eyes,
 Beholds some *Fencer* prest to play his prize.
 Faith then there is no remedy hee'll see't,
 But ere he can get halfe-way o're the street
 Some very neere acquaintance doth salute him,
 Whose for a miser would perhaps repute him,
 Vnlesse he kindly offer to bestow
 The *wine* or *beere* at least, before he goe?
 VVell then he will; but while they do deuise,
 What wine to haue, perhaps they heare the cries,
 And howling which the eager *Mastiffes* make,
 VVhen they behold a *Bull* or *Beare* at stake.
 Oh, on a sodaine then they will be gone,
 They'll see that first and come and drinke anon,
 But iust as he out of the *Tavern* peepes,
 Some gallant *Lasse* along before him sweepes:

VVhose

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyre 2.

Whose youthfull brow adorn'd with beauty trim
 And *lovely-making* doth so ravish him,
 As if that he were bound for to attend, (Friend
 He leaues Play, Fencer, Vine, Bull, Dogs, and
 By which we see his mind doth alwayes vary,
 And seldome constant on one subiect tary.
 But stil that thing with most desire is sought,
 Which happens for to be the last in thought,
 One while he likes best of the *Country sports*,
 Anon prefers the pleasure of the *Court*.
 Another while his mind is all in *Spaine*,
 Then beyond *Nilus*, and straight heere againe,
 Now he thinks highly of a *single life*,
 And hateth *Marriage* as full of strife;
 And yet e'ne in the turning of a hand,
 Hee's glad to make a *loynture* of his land,
 And woo with much intreaty to obtaine,
 A *wife* which he did but of late disdain.
 One while he zealously professeth *Christ*,
 But shortly he becomes an *Atheist*.
 In *Turkey* he will *Mahomet* adore,
 Among the cursed Pagans can implore
 A *Carned stone*; In *Rome* he hath profest
 The worship of that *Antichristian Beast*;
 And yet in *England* heere with vs he grants
 No sound *Religion* but the *Protestants*,
 And not alone according to the place,
 Can these *Camelions* alter thus their case;
 But for a shift themselves they doe apply,
 To answer both the *Time* and *Company*.

Gallants

Lib. 1. VNCONSTANCY. Satyrie.

Gallants shall find them *Formall*, young men *Wilde*
Plaine men shall think them *Simple*, old men *Mild*
 And for the time with *Edward* they will be,
 (The warrant) *Protestants*, as yet as he.
 And when his Sister *Mary* comes to *Raigne*,
 They can be *Papists* easily againe.
 Nay I do feare me though we haue *And* teaching
 And almost threescore years the *Gospels* preaching
Vnconstant mankind is so prone to ill,
 (And to be changing hath so good a will)
 Too many both of old men and of youth
 Might soone be drawne for to forsake the truth.
 Let vs but note, and 'twill be strange to see,
 What contradictions in our actions be.
 Sometime the same we do with *Trophies* raise,
 That we did but a while before dispraise.
 Nor can we alway in one passion keepe,
 But often for one thing *reioyce* and *weepe*.
 Is't not a signe of humane ficklenesse,
 And a true note of our vnsettlednesse,
 When not alone some one, or two, or few,
 But a great number, a selected Crow,
 Pickt out of all estates, and they the wisest,
 The vnderstandingst, yea and the precisest
 Of a whole Empire, and when these (I say)
 Haue argu'd *pro & con*, from day to day,
 From week to week to haue (perhaps) enacted,
 One *Law* or *Statute*, yet when all's compacted,
 And euery thing seemes clearly done and ended
 Then to haue something in't to be amended?

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY Satyre 2.

Yea and when this is done, and the *Records*
 Fram'd in their plain & most effectuall words,
 T'expresse their meaning, and they thinke it plain;
 Yet at next reading 'tis dislik't againe.
 This yeare they make a Law, repeal 't the next,
 Then re-inact it, and then change the text;
 Either by taking from, or adding to;
 And so they haue an endless work to do,
 But some may tel me that thus stands the case,
 They must haue both respect to *time* and *place*,
 And that no Law deuiz'd by humane wit,
 Can be for euery place and season fit:
 All which I yeeld for truth indeed; but then,
 We must confess, 't a misery is men,
 That he (*Camelion-like*) must haue a mind,
 With euery object vnto change inclin'd,
 I might speake of the fickle case I see,
 In mens *External fortunes* for to bee;
 For this day he hath friends, to morrow none,
 Now he hath wealth, and in an hower 'tis gone,
 Some in their youth there be haue all things store,
 And yet do often liue til they are poore.
 Again, there's some in youth as begger States,
 Become in age for to be Potentates,
 Some are of Kings made slaues, and Kings againe,
 Whilst other with the contrary complaine,
 For poore *Eumenes* of a Potters sonne,
 By fickle *fortunes* help a King dome wonne;
 But for him such a dyet did prouide,
 That shortly after he of hunger dy'd.

Lib. 2. *INCONSTANCY*. Satyr. 2.

I many such examples might inferre,
 But that would wast more time and make me erre
 From my intent, who purpose to relate,
 The ficklenes of man, not his estate.
 Moreover, hee's a Creature knowes not how,
 To do an act which he shall looe allow,
 Or think of wel himselfe; he cannot tell,
 VVhat he would haue, nor what he would not, wel.
 For peraduenture he is now content,
 To do what he wil in an hower repent,
 He does, and vndoes, what he did before,
 Is discontented, and with no man more
 Then with himselfe; In word hee's fickle to,
 For he wil promise what hee'le neuer do.
 If that he tels me he wil be in *Pauls*,
 I'll go looke for him in the *Temple-halls*,
 For soonest to that place resort doth he,
 VVhereas he saies or sweares he wil not be.
 Oh I had there beene in wordes a constant trust,
 I needed not to haue done as now I must.
 I should haue had no cause to haue bewail'd,
 That which I once thought would haue neuer fail'd.
 But since 'tis thus, at nothing more I greeue,
 Then that *unconstant wordes* made me beleue,
 Were promises worth trust, what needed than,
 Such written contracts betweene *Man* and *Man*?
 And wherefore should they make so much ado,
 To haue both *hands* and *seales* to witnes too?
 Vnlesse it be for proofes to make it plaine,
 Their wordes are both *inconstant, false, and vaine*.

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY Satyre. 1

To morrow he wil earnestly gaine-say.
What stoutly is affirm'd by him to day:
Yea truly hee's so wauering and vniust,
That scarce a word of his deserueth trust.
But as a creature of all good forlorne, (sworne
Sweares what's deni'd, and straight denyes what's
That I suppose, in troth and do not mock,
Hee's fit for nothing but a *weather-cock*.
Then that same thought that's likeliest to remaine;
Another thats vnlike puts out againe.
For *Appetite*, not reason, guides him still,
Which makes him so inconstant in his *VVill*.
Had he a sute at first but made of *leather*,
And cloathes enough to keepe away the weather
'Twere all his wish; wel so let vs grant,
And ten to oue he somthing else will want.
But sweares that he for more would neuer care,
Then to be able to haue cloth to weare,
Which if he get, then would he very faine,
Reach to haue *silkes*, for cloth he saith is plaine,
And so his wishes seldome would haue stay,
Vntill that he hath wisht for all he may.
But though from this infirmity there's no man,
That I can well except it is so common,
Yet surely I most properly may call it
Or team't to be the common peoples fault;
Think not I wrong them, for if it may nor be,
A fault for to digresse, you soone should see
Their nature and condition; for I hate it:
And now I think vpon't I wil relate it.

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyre 2.

Tax me who list (I care not) heere Ile breake, out of
 My course a while, I may not chuse but speake,
 Something, I say my Muse of them must tell,
 She cannot beare it any farther well,
 And yet expect not all, for Ile but shew,
 Of many hundred thousand faults, a few.
 And to be breefe: The Vulgar are a rude,
 A strange inconstancie have by aind multitudes
 Burne too and fro with euery idle passion,
 Or by opinion led beside all fashion,
 They still desire neuer and so a song,
 Or a balad Tale thei'l listen all day long,
 Soone weary of a good thing, and they try,
 To al reports how they may make a lye,
 Like that of Scoggins crowes and with them still,
 Custome hath borne most sway and euer will:
 And good or bad, what their forefathers did,
 Thei'l put in praistise so, (else God' for bid)
 They are seditions and much giuen to range,
 In their opinions, and desiring change,
 For if their Country be turmoild with warre,
 They thinke that peace is more commodious farre,
 If they be quiet they would very faine,
 Begin to set the warres abroad againe,
 I wel remember when an Irish presse,
 Had made a parish but a man the lesse,
 Lord what a hurly burly there was then,
 These matters (say they) haue cost vs many a pen,
 The Country is impouerish'd by't and we,
 Rob'd of our Husbands and our Children be,

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY SATYRE

With many lamentations: But now peace,
 Hath made Bellonaes anger for to cease,
 Their euer discontented natures grutch,
 And thinke this happy peace we haue too much,
 Yea and their wisdomes beare vs now in hand,
 That it is marres that doth enrich the Land:
 But what are these? not men of any merit,
 That speak it from a bold and daring spirit,
 But lightly some faint-hearted braying mimes,
 That rather had be hang'd at their owne homes,
 Then for their Countries welfare for to stay,
 The brunt of one pitchy battell but a day,
 Of such as would distract with feare become,
 To beare the thundring of a martiall drum.
 They cannot keep a meane, a naughty crime,
 Nor neuer are contented with the time.
 But better like the state they haue been in,
 Although the present hath the better kin,
 Ene as the Jewes, that loathing Manna, faine
 Would be in Egypt as their flesh again,
 Though they were there in bondage so do these,
 Wish for the world as in Queene Maries dayes,
 With all the blindness and the trumpet
 That was expell'd the land with Poperie:
 Why? things were cheap, and was a goodly meane,
 When we had foure and twenty for a penny,
 But sure they are them selfe, faine as of yore,
 And that hath made them adle-headed yet,
 Then this (moreouer) I haue in shew shew,
 They alwaies to the good haue emulosity,
 Milda

Lib. I. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

Mildment they reckon fooler and do uphold,
 Him to be valiant that is ever-bold:
 When he with wisemen is and ever was,
 Counted no better then a desperate Ass.
 He that doth trust vnto th'ir tone, shall find
 Tis more vnconstant then the wauering wind;
 Which since my time a man that many knew,
 Relying on it: at his death found true.
 Then they haue oft vnthank fully withstood,
 Those that haue laboure: for the common good.
 And being basely minded enermore,
 Seeke lesse the publick then the private store.
 Moreouer such a Prince as yet was neuer,
 Of whom the people could speake well of euẽ.
 Nor can a man a gouernment inuent them,
 How good soeuer that shall long content them.
 Their honesty as I do plainly find
 Is not the disposition of their mind:
 But they are forc't vnto the same through feare,
 As in those villaines it may wel appeare.
 Who hauing found so vile vngodly cause,
 If there be any meanes to wrest the Lawes,
 By tricks or shifts to make the matter good
 As they wou'd haue it, all is well enow:
 Although the wrong and iniury they proffer,
 Be to apparant for a Jew to offer.
 They know not iustice, and oft causes hate,
 Or where they should bee are compassionate,
 As at an execution I haue scene,
 Where Malefactors haue rewarded bene,

According

Lib. 2. **INCONSTANCY.** Sarys. 2.

*According to desert; before they know,
If he accused, guilty be or no.
They on reports, this hastie censure give;
He is a villaine and unfit to live:
But when he is once arraign'd and found
Guilty by Law; and heavily led bound
Unto the Scaffold, then they doe relent,
And pity his deserved punishment.
Those that wil now braue gallant men be deem'd,
And with the Common people be esteem'd,
Let them turne back-slers as they walke the street;
Quarrell, and fight with euery one they meet;
Learne a welsh Song to scoffe the Brittish blood,
Or breake a iest on Scotsmen, that's as good, (them,
Or if they would that fooles should much admire
They should be Iugglers if I might desire them;
But if they want such feates for to be glorious
Make Ballets and they shall become notorious,
Yet this is nothing if they looke for fame,
And meane to haue an euerlasting name.
Amongst the Vulgar let them seeke for gaine
With Ward the Pirat on the boisterous Maine,
Or else well mounted keepe themselues on land,
And bid our wealthy travellers to stand,
Emptying their full cram'd bags; for that's a trick
Vvhich sometimes wan renoune to cutting Dicke.
But some may tell me, though that such,
It doth not goe against their conscience much;
And though there's boldnes showne in such a case,
Yet to be Tost at Tyburns a disgrace,*

Lib. 2, INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

No, 'tis their credit, for the people then,
 Will say, 'tis pitty they were proper men.
 With many such like humors base and naught,
 I do perceiue the common people fraught,
 Then by th'opinion of some it seemes,
 How much the *Vulgar* sort of men esteems
 O *Art* or *learning*: Certaine neighbouring swaines,
 (That think none wise-men but whose wildome
 Where knowledge be it morall or diuine (gaines;
 Is valued as an *Orient-pearle* with swine)
 Meeting me in an euening in my walke,
 Being gone past me, thus began their talke.
 First an old *Chuff*, whose roose, I dare be bould,
 Hath bacon hang's in't about fīue yeares old.
 Said; *That's his sonne* that's owner of the grounds
 That on this pleasant *leechy* mountaines bounds,
 D'ye marke me ne ghhors? This same yong mans vather
 Had a kin my *zonne* chud a hangd him rather
 As soone as he perceiuid the little voole,
 Could creepe about the house, putten to schoole,
 Whither he went not now and then a spurt,
 As it had bene good to keep him from the durt;
 Nor yet at leasure times, (that's my *zannes* stint)
 Vor then: deed there had bene reason in't
 But vor continuance and beyond all lesse
 A held him too's sixe dayes a weeke no lesse
 That by *S. Anne* ie was a great presumption
 It brow'ht him no his end with a *Consumption*
 And then besides he was not so content,
 To putten there whereas our children went;

2. Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

To learne the Horne booke, and the Abcee through,
 No that he thought not learning halfe enough,
 But he must seeke the Country all about,
 Where he might find a better Teacher out.
 And then he buies him (now a pips befall it)
 A vlapping booke, I know no: what they call it;
 Tis latine .ll, thus it begins; In speech,
 And that's in English, boy, beware your breech;
 One day my Dicke a leafe out with him brought;
 Which he out of his fellowes booke had rangt,
 And to his Mother and my selfe did read it,
 But we indeed did so extreamely dread it,
 We gave him charge no more thereon to looke;
 For weare it had bin of a conuring booke,
 If that you thinke I iest goe aske my wife,
 If ere she heard such ribberish in her life,
 But when he yonn had coud the same by heart,
 And of a menymoe the better part;
 He went to Oxford, where he did remaine,
 Some certaine yeares, whence hee's returned againe,
 Now who can tell (it in my stomach sticke)
 And I doe weare he has some Oxford tricks.
 But if it be so: would he had nere come hether,
 For we shall still be sure of blustering weather.
 To what end comes his paine and vathers cost?
 Th' one's charges, and the tothers labour lost;
 I warrant he so long a learning went,
 That he almost a brothers portson spent:
 And now it nought availes him: by this holly;
 I thinke all learning in the world a folly;

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

And them I take to be the veriest vooles,
That all their life time doe frequent the schooles,
Goe aske him now and see if all his wits,
Can tell you when a barly season hits.
When Meddowes must be left to spring, when mowne,
When Wheate, or tares, or rye, or peale be sowne.
He knowes it not, nor when 'tis meet to fold,
How to manure the ground that's wet or cold:
What Lands are fit for Pasture, what for come,
Or how to heayten what is ouer-warne.
Nay; he scarce knowes a Gelding from a Mare,
A Barrow from a Sow, nor takes he care
Of such like things as these; he knowes not whether,
There be a difference twixt the Ewe and Weather,
Can he resolute you? (No nor many more)
If Cowes doe want their upper teeth before;
Nay I durst pawne a groat he cannot tell,
How many legges a Sheepe hath very well,
Is't not a wise man thinke yee? By the Masse,
Cham glad at heart my zannes not such an Assie,
Why he can tell already all this geare,
As well almost as any of vs heare.
And neighbors: yet I'll tell you more; my Dicke,
Hath very pretty skill in Arismetrickie.
Can cast accoûts, writes his name, & Dunces daughter,
Taught him to spell the hardest words it's zauter.
And yet the Boy Ile warrant yee knowes bow,
As well as you or I, to hold the Plow,
And this I noted in the vrbine euer,
Bid him to take a Booke he had as lether,

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

*All day haue drawne a Harrow; truth is so,
 I likt it wel although I made no shew
 Voe to my comfort I did plainly see,
 That he hereafter would not bookish bee,
 Then when that hauing nought at home to do,
 I sometime forct him to the schoole to goe,
 You would haue greend in heart to beare him whine,
 And then how glad he was to keep the swine,
 I yet remember; and what tricks the Mome,
 Would haue inuented for to stay at home
 You would haue wondred; But 'tis such another,
 As has a wit in all the world likes Mother;
 Yet once a month, although it greenes vs than,
 Hele looke you in a booke do what we can;
 That Mother, Sister, brother all we foure,
 Can scarce perswade him from't in halfe an houre,
 But oft I thinke he does it more of spight,
 To anger vs then any true delight.
 Voe why? his Mother thinks as others do,
 And I am halfe of that opinion too.
 Although a little learning be not bad,
 Those that are bookish are the soonest mad.
 And therefore since much wit makes vooles of many,
 Chil take an order mine shall ne're haue any.
 Byr Lady your the wiser (quo'th the rest)
 The course you take in our conceits the best,
 Your Zonne may liue in any place ith land,
 By his industrious and laborious hand,
 Whilst be (but that his parents are his stay)
 Hath not the meane, to keepe him selfe a day,*

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 25

*His study to our sight no pleasure giues,
 Nor mēues, nor profit, and thereby he liues
 So little thing the better, none needs doubt it,
 He might haue been a happier man without it,
 For though he now can speake a little better,
 It is not words you know will free the debtor.
 Thus some whose speeches shew wel what they be,
 For want of matter fell to talke of me.
 Of whom, though something they haue said be true
 Yet since instead of giuing Art her due,
 They haue disgrast it; Norwithstanding I,
 Haue not the knowledge that these *Dolts* enuy,
 Or can so much without incurring blame,
 As take vnto my selfe a *Schollers* name.
 Yet now my reputation for to saue,
 Since I must make account of that I haue,
 Ile let you know though they so lightly deeme it,
 What gaine's in *knowledge*, and how I esteeme it,
 As often as I call to minde the blisse,
 That in my little *Knowledge* heaped is.
 The many comforts, of all which the least,
 More ioyes my heart then can be well exprest.
 How happy then thinke I are they whose soules
 More wisdom by a thousand parts inrowles;
 Whose vnderstanding-hearts are so diuine
 They can perceiue a *million* more then mine,
 Such haue content indeed: And who that's *wiser*
 And should know reason is so sencelesse than
 To spurne at *Knowledge*, *Art*, or *Learning*; when
 That onely shoues they are the race of *men*?*

And

Lib. 2. *IN ONSTANCY.* Satyr. 2.

And what may I then of those *Peasants* deeme,
 The which of wisdome make so small esteeme?
 But that indeed such *blockish senselesse logges*,
 Sprang from those *clownes Latona* turn'd to *frogs*;
 Alas, suppose they nothing can be got
 By precious stones, cause *fine* esteeme them not?
 Or do they thinke, because they cannot vse it,
 That those which may haue *Knowledge* will refuse it?
 Well, if their shallow *coxcombs* can containe
 A reason when its told them, I'll explaine,
 How that same little *Knowledge* I haue got,
 Much pleasures me, though they perceiue it not:
 For first thereby (though none can here attaine
 For to renew their first estate againe)
 Apart reuiues (although it be but small)
 Of that I lost by my *first fathers* fall.
 And makes me *man*, which was before (at least)
 As haplesse, if not more, then is the *beast*
 That reason wants; for his condition still,
 Remaines according to his *Makers* will,
 They neuer dreame of that, and then by this,
 I find what *godly*, and what *euill* is;
 That knowing both, I may the best ensue,
 And as I ought the worser part eschew,
 Then I haue learn't to count that drosse but vaine,
 For which such *Bores* consume themselues with
 I can endure discontentments, crosses, (paine:
 Be *Ionia*! in want, and smile at losses:
 Keep vnder *Passions*, stop those insurrections;
 Rais'd in my *Microcosmus* by affections.

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

Be nothing grieued for *aduersitie*;
 Nor nere the prouder for *prosperitie*.
 How to respect my friend I partly know,
 And in like manner how to vse my foe.
 I can see others lay their *soules* to pawne,
 Looke vpon *Great-men*, and yet scorne to fawne.
 Am still content, & dare whilst God giues grace,
 E'ne looke my grimme *fortunes* in the face.
 I feare mens *censures* as the char-coale sparks,
 Or as I doe a toothlesse *dog* that barks;
 Th'one frights children, 'other threats to burne,
 But sparks will die, and brawling curs returne.
 Yea I haue learn't that still my care shall be,
 A *rush* for him, that cares a *straw* for me. (sures?)
 Now what would men haue more? are these no plea-
 Or do they not deserue the name of treasures?
 Sure yes; and he that hath good *learning* store,
 Shall finde these in't besides a thousand more.
 O! but our *Chuffs* thinke these delights but course;
 If we compare them to their *Hobby-horse*:
 And they belecue not any pleasure can,
 Make them so merry as *Maid-marian*.
 Nor is the *Lawyer* prouder of his fee,
 Then these will of a *Cuckoo Lordship* bee.
 Though their sweet *Ladies* make them father that,
 Some other at their *Whisfun ales* begat;
 But he whose carriage is of so good note,
 To be thought worthy of their *Lords fooles* coate.
 That's a great credit, for because that he,
 Is euer thought the wisest man to be,

But

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr.2

But as there's vertue where the *Divil's* precisest,
So ther's much knowledge where a *fool's* the wisest.
But what meane I? let earth content these moles,
And their high'st pleasure be their *summer-peles*,
About the which I leaue them for to dance,
And much good do't them with their *ignorance*.
So this I hope will serue for to declare,
How rude these *vulgar* sort of people are.
But herevpon there's some may question make,
VVhether I onely for the *Vulgar* take,
Such men as these; To whom I answer, no,
For let them hereby vnderstand and know,
I doe not meane these meaner sort alone,
Tradesmen or *Laboners*; but euery one,
Be he *Esquire*, *Knight*, *Baron*, *Earle* or more,
Yet if he haue not learn'd of *Vertues* lore,
But followes *Vulgar* Passions; then e'ne he,
Amongst the *Vulgar* shall for one man be. (him,
And the poore Groome, that he thinks should adore
Shall for his *Vertue* be preferd before him.
For though the world doth such men much despise,
They seeme most noble in a wise-mans eyes.
And notwithstanding some doe noblest deeme,
Such as are sprung of great and high esteeme,
And those to whom the Country doth affoord
The title of a *Marquis* or a *Lord*,
Though 'twere atchiued by their fathers merits,
And themselues men but of dunghill spirits;
Cowards or *fooles*; (And such as euer be
Prating or boasting of their *Pedigree*)

VVhen

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

When they are nothing but a blot or shame,
 Vnto the noble house from whence they came,
 Yet these (I say) vnlesse that they haue wit,
 To guide the *Common-wealth*, as it is fit
 They should; And as their good fore-fathers did,
 How ere their faults may seeme by Greatnes hid,
 They shall appeare; And the poore *Teemans* sonne,
 Whose proper vertue hath true honour won,
 Be plac't about him: But *Nobilitie*
 That comes by birth hath most antiquitie
 Some thinke; and tother (if at all
 They yeeld as noble) they an vpstart call,
 But I say rather no, his *Noblenesse*
 That's rais'd by *Vertue* hath most *worthinesse*.
 And is most ancient, for it is the same,
 By which all Great men first obtaind their *Fame*;
 So then I hope 'twill not offend the *Court*,
 That I count some there with the *Vulgar sort*,
 And outset others; yet some thinke me bold,
 Because there's few that these opinions hold.
 But shall I care what others thinke or say?
 There is a path besides the beaten way;
 Yea and a safer, for heere's *Christs Instruction*,
 The broadest way leads soonest to *Destruction*.
 And truly no opinions deceiue,
 Sooner then those the *Vulgar sort* receiue,
 And therefore he that would indeed be wise,
 Must learne their rude conditions to despise,
 And shun their presence; for we haue him taught,
Diseases in a presse are quickly caught.

Now

Lib.2. INCONSTANCY. .Satyr.2.

Now *Satyr* leaue them till another time,
And spare to scourge the *Vulgar* with thy rime,
If any thinke thou hast digrest too long,
They may passe ouer this, and doe no wrong.
But in my former matter to proceed,
Who, being mans Race is so much freed
From ficklenes, that he is sure to finde
Himselfe to morrow, in that very minde
Hee's in to day? though he not onely know
No reason wherefore he should not be so,
But also though he plainly do perceiue
Much cause he should not that opinion leaue:
May no man do it? who then iustly can
Be forced to rely, or trust in *Man*
Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amisse,
That by himselfe, *himselfe* deceiued is?
Who is so sottish as to build Saluation
On such a feeble tottering foundation
As *Man*? who is't that hauing a respect,
To his soules safety, will so much neglect
That precious assurance, as to lay
His confidence on that false peece of clay,
Which being fickle, merits farre lesse trust,
Then letters written in the *sand*, or *dust*?
Do they not see those they haue soundest deem'd,
And for their constants *writers* still esteem'd,
All wauering in assertions? yea but looke,
And you shall finde in one, and the same booke
Such contradiction in *Opinion*,
As shewes their thoughts are scarce at *Union*.

VWhere

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCY. Satyr. 2.

Where finde you him that dares be absolute,
Or alwaies in his sayings resolute?
Ther's none; I by my *owne* experience speake,
I haue a feeling that we men are *weake*,
Whereon much musing, makes me inly mourne,
And grieue at heart, that I a man was borne,
(Yet herevpon I do desire that no man,
VVould gather that I long to be a woman,)
Alas! how often had I good Intendments (ments
And with my whole heart vow'd and sworn amend-
Yea purpos'd that, wherein I once thought, neuer
Unconstancy should let me to perseuer?
And yet for all my purpose and my vow,
I am oft alter'd ere my selfe knowes how:
But therefore since it is not I alone,
Or any certaine number that is knowne,
To be vn-stable; but e'ne all that be;
Since none (I say) is from this frailty free,
Let vs confesse it all, and all implore
Our *uere repenting God*, that *euermore*
Remaines the same, we may be (as we ought)
More certaine both in *Word*, and *Deed*, & *Thought*
That he will keep vs from *Inconstancy*,
Yea from all damned, lewd *Apostasie*;
But howsoever our affections change,
And we in slight opinions hap to range:
Yet, pray his *Truth* in vs be so ingraued,
Continuing to the end we may be saued.

OF WEAKNES.

SATYR. 3.

BVt oh looke here ; for I haue surely found
The *Maine* chiefe *Root*, the very spring and
Of our *Inconstancy*. It is not *Chance* (Ground)
That so dis-ables our perseuerance:
But a base *Weaknesse*, which to terme aright,
Is *meerely a priuation of that might*,
Or a *detractiō from that little power*
Which should be in those limbs and minds of our:
We boast of strength ; but tell me, can our daies
Affoord a *Milo*, or a *Hercules*?
Can all the world, (and that is large enough)
A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* show?
Haue we a Champion strong enough to weild
This Buckler? or Sir *Ajax* seauen-fold-Shield?
I thinke we haue not: (but I durst so grant,
There be some liuing shall with *Ajax* vaunt.)
Nay, now in these daies it is doubted much,
VVhether that any former age had such
As these fore-named ; but indeed our faith
Binds vs to credit, that as *Scripture* saith
There was a *Samson*, who could fright whole hosts,
And rent downe *Azaths* barred gates and posts,
Whose mighty Arms vnarm'd could bring to passe,
Ene with the rotten *iaw bone* of an Ass,

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3

Athousands ruine : and yet 'twill be long,
 Ere he shall thereby proue that *Man* is strong.
 For first, the strength he seem'd to haue, was known,
 To be the *Spirit of God*, and not his owne.
 And then his proper weaknesse did appeare,
 When after his braue acte he had wel-neare,
 Been dead for thirst ; whereas if he in spight
 Of *Nature* had been able by his might,
 Out of this little *Stony-rocke* to wring,
 To quench his present thirst, some flowing Spring,
 As did a *Stronger one* : or if his power
 Could haue compel'd the melting *clouds* to shower
 For present need, such plenteous drops of raine,
 He might haue had no cause for to complaine,
 Or craue more aid. Sure then we might at length,
 Be brought for to beleuee that *Men* had strength ;
 But ne're till then. Hee's mighty that can make
 The *Heauens, Earth, & Hell* with's breath to shake.
 That in his spheare the *Suns* swift course can stop,
 And *Atlas* with his burthen vnder-prop.
 He that with ease his *massy globe* can rowle,
 And wrap vp *Heauen* like a parchment scrowle ;
 He that for no *disease* or *paine* will droop,
 Nor vnto any plague *infermall* stoop.
 He that can *Meat*, and *Drinke*, and *Sleepe* refraine,
 Or hath the power to *dye*, and *rise againe*,
 Hee's *strong indeed* ; but he that can but teare,
 Or rent in two a *Lyon*, or a *Beare*,
 Or doe some such like acte, and then goe lye
 Himselfe ore-come by some *infirmity*,

How

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3

How ere with wants he seemes his deedes to grace,
 He is both *miserable, weak, and base,*
 What *Creature* is there borne so weake as *Man,*
 And so vn-able? tel me, he that can,
 Or if that they could number'd be by any,
 Count his diseases and what hath so many?
 Or else what creature is there if he be
 In bone and flesh of the same quantity,
 So fraile as *Man?* or that can worse sustaine,
Hunger or thirst or cold or heat or paine?
 Sure none; and yet in Histories we find,
 Til *Luxury* hath weakened thus mankind,
 They weare much stronger; could indure the *heat,*
 Trauel a long time without *Drink or meat,*
 And their best *dainty* was no costlier thing
 Then a *wild-root* or water from the *Spring.*
 With which small *Commons Nature* was content
 Yea in our Climate people naked went;
 And yet no question felt as little cold,
 As *we* wrapt vp in halfe a dozen fold
 They had no waist-coats, night-caps for their heads,
 Nor downy pillowes nor soft feather-beds
 They *scorn'd* as much to haue such thinges about the
 As we in this *Age* *scorne* to be without them.
 Their heads some stone bare vp their brawny sides,
 VVith ease the hardnes of the earth abides,
Gluttonous fare that so the pallat pleases,
 Nere filld their bodies full of foule diseases
 Nor any pleasing liquors with excesse,
 Made them grow weak through *beastly drunkennes*

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3

No lust-prouoking meats made them vnchaste,
 Nor vnto carnall copulation haste.
 For I am in the minde they ne're requir'd it,
 Till *Nature*, come to her full strength, desir'd it,
 And that it is alone which made them be
 More stout, more strong, and brauer men then we.
 It was a noble care in them indeed; but how
 Are we become such *Dwarfes* and *Pigmies* now?
 How are our limbs so weake and feeble growne?
 I thinke I need not tell it, 'tis well knowne,
Nice tender breeding, which we well might spare,
Much drunkennes and our *luxurious fare*:
 Which ads not strength, as some doe vainely say
 But rather takes both strength, and health away.
 Yet chiefly this same *imbecility*,
 Comes by too soone and frequent *venery*.
 A beardless *Boy* now cannot keep his bed,
 Vnlesse that he be of his *Night-geere* sped,
 And many *Giglets* I haue married seene,
 Ere they (forsooth) could reach *eleuenteene*.
 Nay 'tis no wonder we are growne so weake,
 For now the'r matching brats ere they can speake,
 And though we yet say that the men are stronger,
 Yet he (I thinke) that liues but so much longer,
 The reuolution of an age to see,
 VVill say that men the weaker vessels be.
 But now our strength of body, which indeed,
 Deserues no more respect then doth a reed,
 Is not the strength of which I meant to speake,
 For we are yet another way too weake,

Lib. 1. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3.

Our minds haue lost their magnanimitie,
 And are so feebled through infirmitie;
 That either to be resolute we care not,
 Or else because of some base *fear* we dare not,
 Where can we finde almost a man so hardy,
 Who through his weakenesse is not sometime tardy,
 To speake the truth? or to declare his minde?
 Though he doe many iust occasions finde.
 He'll wink at's friends offence, and passe it blindly,
 Least (peraduenture) he should tak't vnkindly.
 And if it be a Great man that offends,
 Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,
 And I'll admire him; Nay wee'll rather now
 Bend our endeouour and our study how
 To *flatter* and *flatter*; or to their lewdnes tell,
 That all they doe (be't nere so bad) is well.
 Their very looks and presence we so feare,
 As if that they some monstrous *Cyclops* were,
 Which makes them worse. But howsoe're they trust
 Vnto their *mights*, I'll tell them (for I must)
 Although they threaten, and can slanders make
 Of iust reproofes, my heart shall neuer quake
 T'informe their *Honors*, thus 'tis censur'd by men,
 If they be *Great-ones*, *Tanto mains crimen*;
 One knowes the *Truth*, but dares not to defend it,
 Because he heares another discommend it.
 Yea diuers follow *Vertues* wayes but coldly,
 Because they dare not doe a Good thing boldly
 And doe we not perceiue that many a man
 Fearing for to be tearm'd a *Puritan*,

Simply neglects the meanes of his saluation,
 Though it be needfull, and worth commendation?
 Some cannot well endure this or that:
 Others distempred with I know not what
 Shew an exceeding frailty: Few can brooke
 With any patience, that men should looke (them,
 Into their Actions; and though they should loue
 They rather hate them for't that doe reprove them.
 Is there a man so strong, that he forbears
Choller or *Fury*, when by chance he heares,
 Himselfe reuil'd, reproched and disgrac'd?
 If there be such a one, he shall be plac'd
 Amongst the *Worthies*, with the formost three:
 For in my iudgement, none more worthy be
 To haue renowne for strength, then those that can,
 On their rebellious *Passions* play the man.
 This *Weakenes* I do also find in men,
 They know not their owne happinesse till then
 When they haue lost it: And they doe esteeme
 Men for their *wealth*, and them most blessed deeme
 That are most rich; supposing no man more
 Accursed or vnhappy, then the poore.
 Some basely doe comdenne each strange report
 To be vntrue, because it doth not sort
 With their weake reasons. Some againe will be,
 Astonished at euery nouelty,
 But too much wondring doth discover plaine
 Where ignorance and frailty both remaine.
 Is it not weakenesse when some petty losses,
 Some hindrance in preferments, or such crosses

Shall

Shall make men greeue? is it no weakenesse when,
Adversitie shall so disquiet men
 That they should not with patience sustaine,
 Or vndetgoe a little crosse and paine?
 Yes questionles it is; or were they strong, (wrong
 They would so arme themselves gainst greefe and
 That no disastrous, or il hap shold fright them (them.
 Though *Fortune* did the worst she can to spight
 Nor would they those, as the vnworthiest deeme,
 To whom dame *Fortune* doth most froward sceme;
 But rather such as all their life time be,
 In quiet state and from disturbance free.
 For she oft giues what their base louing craues,
 Because she scornes to vexe deiected slaues,
 I haue knowne *braue men*, braue at least in shew,
 (And in this age now that is braue enow)
 That in appearance for bold champions past
 And yet haue basely yeelded at the last.
 Besides there's many who thought scorne to droop,
 By *Fortunes* power haue been made to stoop,
 And with discredit shamefully left vndone,
 VVhat they with honor at the first begun;
 And their *weak hearts* (which frailty I much hate)
 Deiected, haue growne base with their estate.
 Whereas (me thinkes) the mind should neuer be,
 Subiect to *Fortunes* frownes nor tyranny.
 But here through weaknes, some, offence may take
 That I of fortune should recitall make:
 For they by *Fortune* say theres nothing done,
 But all things are both ended and beguane,

By Gods appointment, I confesse indeed,
That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed:
In the respect of whom I cannot say,
Ought comes by chance; respecting vs I may.
So they are answer'd; But how can men be,
So ouer-borne with this infirmitie?
As those who are in euery matter led,
By *Parasites* and *Apes*: where is their head?
I meane their will, their reason, and their sence,
What is become of their intelligence?
How ist that they haue such a partiall care,
They can iudge nothing true, but what they heare
Come from the tongue of some sly sycophant.
But for because they strength of iudgement want,
Those that themselues to flatterers inure,
I haue perceiued basely to endure
For to be plainely soothed, mock't and flouted,
Made coxcombs to their faces, yet not doubted
That they were highly reuerenc't, respected,
And by those fauning *Parasites* affected.
And why forsooth? they often heare them prate,
In commendations of their happy state;
Yes, and they tell them that they vertuous be,
Wise, Courteous, strong, and beautifull to see,
When if the eye of reason were not lockt
They plainly might perceiue that they were mockt.
For what ist else, when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions, that had neuer any?
This frailty also merits to be blam'd
When fearefull of reproach we are asham'd,

Lib. 2. **WEAKNES.** Satyr 3:

Our *ignorance* in those things to *explaine*,
 Wherin, twere fit more *knowledge* to attain
 'Tis *weaknes* also when a *bargaines* bought,
 For to dispraise the penniworth as nought,
 And tell what might haue beene, or fondly prate,
 Of Counsel, when he sees it is too late,
 Nor is it any lesse to seeke to stay,
 Him that we know doth hasten on his way,
 Or be importunate, for that which will,
 Be nothing for our good, yet others ill:
 Also, to be affraid for to gaine say,
 What men doe know vnttrue, or to delay
 The right of any matter to declare,
 Because they feare they vnbeleued are:
 For notwithstanding Truth doth oft bring blame,
 It may be freely spoken without *shame*
 Diuers more waies of which I needs must speake,
 Theres many men doe shew themselves but *weake*:
 In some but lately I obserued this,
 And must needs say their nature euill is;
 If friends to them haue any kindnes showne,
 Or *entertainments* willingly bestowne,
 That they confesse they are indebted for it,
 Yet such is their condition (I abhor it)
 If that those freinds do hap to take the paine,
 To come sometime and visit them againe,
 In meere good will, because these weake ones see
 They cannot then so well provided be
 To bid them welcome as their loues require,
 (Though more then loue their loues did ne're desire)

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3.

A foolish *Shame* so blinds them that they shall
 (For giuing them too much) haue naught at all;
 Yea for because they want excessiue fare, (care,
 Or some such things for which their friends neere
 (Though by their will it other wise had beene)
 They neither will be knowne at home nor seene.
 VVhich doth not onely shew impiety,
 But hindereth loue, and barres society,
 Yet now the greatest weaknesse that I finde,
 To be in man, is ignorance of mind,
 It makes a poore man hee's scarce good for ought,
 If rich men haue it, they are worse then nought.
 For hauing riches store, and wanting might,
 Or strength of mind to vse the same aright,
 Tis arrogancies and ambitious fuell,
 It makes them *Conetuous, Inconstant, Cruell;*
Intemperate, Vniust and *wonderous beady,*
 Yea in their actions rude, and so vnsteddy
 They cannot follow any sound direction,
 But are still carried with a wild affection,
 This is their nature: (it is quickly noted)
 If they to honour be by hap promoted
 Then they grow insolent, beyond all reason,
 Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treasons;
 Or any villany, that followes those,
 Who doe the summe of happinesse repose
 In worldly glory: But if *Fortune* frowne,
 And from her fickle wheele once cast them downe,
 Then their deiected hearts againe grow base,
 They are impatient of their present case:

Rare

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr 3.

Raue or run mad, and can doe nought poore clues,
 Vnlesse it be goe hang or drowne them selues.
 Moreouer the same weakenes that proceeds,
 From ignorance, this mischife also breeds;
 It makes men will conceited of their will,
 Which they will follow be it nere so ill.
 And they thinke all things needs must fall out bad,
 Wherein their wise aduise may not be had.
 But heere's the hell: to them all Counsell's vaine,
 Cause they all others wisdome doe disdain,
 And wholly on their owne deuises rest,
 As men perswaded that their owne are best:
 But as all such are weake, e'ne so I say
 Is euery one that rashly doth repay
 Vengeance in anger; Or that's malecontent
 Oft; or oft mooued and impatient:
 Or those that iudge of Counsels by th'euent,
 Or that perswade themselues, if their intent
 Be good and honest, that it doth not skill
 If that the matter of it selfe be ill;
 Which were it true then *David* might complaine,
 That *Uzzab* for his good intent was slaine.
 Others againe thinke Superstitious Rites,
 To be the seruice in which God delights.
 But since I'me forst my mind of them to speake,
 I must needs say their iudgements are but weake:
 The like I must of them who disesteeme,
 All forraine customes, and doe onely deeme
 Their owne, praise-worthy; As also such as do
 Thinke those things best they cannot reach vnto;

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3.

Yet in the vulgar this weake humor's bred,
 They'l sooner be with idle customes led,
 Or fond opinions such as they haue store,
 Then learne of reason or of vertues lore,
 We think that we are strong, but what alas!
 Is there that our great might can bring to passe,
 Since though we thereto bend e'ne all our will,
 We neither can be good nor wholly ill.
 God giues vs needfull blessings for to vse them,
 Which wanting power to do we oft abuse them,
 Some hold them wise and vertuous that professe,
 An heremitall solitariness:
 But it proceeds from *imbecillity*,
 And for because through *Non-ability*,
 Those things they cannot well indure to doe,
 Which they indeed should be inur'd vnto:
 Besides, *they* wrong their *Country*, and their *friends*.
 For *man* (saith *Tully's*.) borne to other ends
 Then for to please himselfe; a part to haue,
 The *common-weale* doth look, and parents craue
 A part; so doth his *friend*; then deales he well
 That closely mewd vp in a carelesse cell
 Keeps all himselfe; and for a little ease,
 Can in his *Conscience* find to rob all these?
 I say hee's weake, and so againe I must,
 But add withall, hee's slothfull and vniust:
 Then as hee's vaine that precious time doth spend,
 In fond and idle pleasure to no end:
 So are those *weake*, that with contempt disdain
 All pleasure and delights on earth as vaine;

And

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3.

And though they would be zealous thought, & wise
 I shall but count them foolishly precise;
 For *Man* hath cares; and pleasures mixt with-all
 Are needfull; yea both iust and naturall.
 We are no *Angels* that our recreation,
 Should consist only in meer *Contemplation*:
 But we haue bodies to, of whose due pleasure,
 The *soules* must find sometimes to be at leasure
 For to participate; but in this kind,
 Though some find fault, we are not much behind
 Then tis through humane weaknes, when that we
 Of a good-turne will soone forgetfull be,
 And readier to reuenge a small offence,
 Then for that good to make a recompence
 And so 'tis also when that we eschew,
 Or shunne them vnto whom from vs is due
 Both loue and mony; this because their owne
 Th'other cause friendship at our need was showne
 But 'tis well seen there's many so abhor,
 To be in presence with their *Creditor*,
 That (thankless clues) though he be still their friend,
 They rather would desire to see his end:
 He's weake, to that's not able to withstand,
 Any vnlawfull or vniust demand,
 As well as he that knowes not to deny,
Seruing-mens kindnes, or *pot-curtisie*,
 Some simple fellowes, cause that *silken-fooles*,
 (That had their bringing-up in *Bacchus schooles*)
 In show of loue, but daine to drink vnto them,
 Think presently they such a fauour do them,

That

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3

That though they feele their stomack wel nigh sick
 Yet if to pledge these kind ones they should sticke:
 Or for a draught or two, or three refuse them (them
 They thinke in conscience they should much abuse
 Nay there be some, and wisemen you would thinke
 That are not able to refuse their drinke, (be sure
 Through this their weaknesse; though that they
 'Tis more then their weake stomacks can indure,
 And why? oh 'tis the health of some great *Peere*
 His *Maisters*, or his *Friend* he counteth deare;
 What then? if that the party vertuous be,
 He'll not esteeme of such a foolery;
 If not, who er't be, this is my mind still,
 A straw for's loue, his friendship, or good will,
 Some muse to see those that haue knowledge gaine
 And to *Degrees of Art* in *Schools* attaind,
 Should haue opinion stufft with heresie,
 And in their action such *Simplicitie*
 As many haue, At first, without a pause,
 Asmeere a Boy as I may tell the cause:
 Ist not, the reason their acquired parts,
 And knowledge they haue reacht vnto by *Arts*
 Is growne a *Match* to great, and farre vnfit,
 For to be ioyned with their *Naturall wit*?
 'Tis so; and they instead of rightfull vsing
 Draw from their leraning errors, by abusing.
 Plaine Reason should, and euery man that's wise,
 Knowes though that *Learning* be a dainty prize,
 Yet if that *Fate* with such a weakling place it,
 Who hath no helpes of *Nature* for to grace it:

Or one, whose proper *Knowledge*, is so small,
 He is beholding to his *Booke* for all;
 It onely breeds, (vnlesse it be some *Treasons*)
 Cripled *Opinions*, and prodigious *Reasons*,
 Which being fauour'd brings in the *Conclusion*,
 Publike *Dissentions*, or their owne *Confusion*.
 For I may liken Learning to a *Shield*,
 With a strong *Armor*, *Lyng* in a field:
 Ready for any man that hath the Wit
 To take it vp and arme himselfe with it,
 Now if he be a man of strength and might,
 That happens on that furniture to light
 He may doe wonders; As offend his foe,
 And keep himselfe and his, from ouerthrow.
 But if a weake and feeble man should take
 These instruments of *Mars*; what would they make,
 For his aduantage? Surely I should gather
 They would goe neere to ouerthrow him rather:
 For they would loade him so, a man more strong
 Although he be vnarm'd, may doe him wrong.
 So he, that is depriu'd of *Natures* gifts,
 With all his *Learning*, maketh harder shifts,
 Through his owne *weakenes*, & incurs more shames;
 Then many that want *Art* to write their *Names*.
 We haue some Fellowes that would scorne to be
 Term'd *Weake* I know, especially by *Me*,
 Because they see that my vngentle *Fate*,
 Allow'd me not to be a *Graduate*.
 Yet whatsoeuer they will say vnto it,
 For all their scorning I am like to doe it.

And

And to be breefe they are no *simple fooles*,
But such as haue yauld *Ergo* in the *schooles*,
Who being by some men of *worship* thought,
Fit men by whom their children may be taught,
And learnd enough for that they are allowd
The name of Teachers, whereof growing proud,
Because perhaps they heare that now and then,
They are admired at by the *seruing-men*;
Or else by reason somthing they haue said,
Hath beene applauded by the *Chamber-maid*;
They therevppon suppose that no man may,
Hold any thing for truth but what they say:
And in discourse their tongues so much wil walke,
You may not heere a man of reason talke;
They are halfe *Preachers*, if your question be,
Of matters that concerne *diuinity*;
If it be law; I'll warrant they'l out-face,
A dozen *Ploydens* to maintaine their case;
But if it be of *Physick* you contend,
Old *Galen* and *Hypocrates* may send
For their opinion; nay, they dare professe, (less:
Knowledge in al things, though theres none know
Now I should wonder they preuaild so much,
Did not the *Common-people* fauour such,
But they are knowne although their verdict passes,
Proud *Dogmatists*, and self-conceited *Asses*; (them)
Whom I may tearme (though I cannot out-scold
Weake simple fooles, and those that doe uphold them:
Moreouer some, (but foolishly precise,
And in my iudgement, far more weake then wise.)

Misjudg

Misjudge of *Poetry*, as if the same,
Did worthily deserue reproach and blame;
If any booke in *verse* they hap to spy,
Ob, out upon't, away, profane they cry,
Burn't, reade it not, for sure it doth containe
Nothing but fables of a lying braine;
Alas take heed, indeed it oft pollutes
The out-side of thy false-vaine glorious *sutes*;
And to the blinded people makes it plaine,
The *Countour*, thou so counterfet'st will staine.
Because we see that men are drunke with *wine*,
Shall we contemne the liquor of the *Vine*?
And since there's some that doe this *Art* misuse,
Wilt therefore thou the *Art* it selfe abuse?
'Twere meere iniustice: For *Diuinitie*
Hath with no Science more affinitie
Then this; and howsoe're this scruple rose,
Rime hath exprest as sacred things as *prose*;
When both in this age and in former time,
Prose hath been ten-times more profane, then *rime*,
But they say still that *Poetry* is lies,
And fables, such as idle heads deuise,
Made to please fooles: but now we may by this
Perceiue their *weaknes* plainly what it is:
Yea, this both *weaknes* and *ignorant* doth proue them,
In that thei'l censure things that are about them;
For, if that worthy *Poets* did not teach,
A way beyond their dull conceited reach,
I thinke their shallow wisdomes would espy,
A *Parable* did differ from a *lie*.

Yea,

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3.

Yea, if their Iudgement be not quite bereft;
 Or if that they had any reason left,
 The precious Truths within their fables wrapt,
 Had not vpon so rude a Censure hapt;
 But though that kind of teaching some dispraise,
 As there's few good things lik't of now adaies:
 Yet I dare say because the *Scriptures* show it,
 The best e're taught on earth, taught like a *Poet*:
 And whereas *Poets* now are counted base,
 And in this worth-lesse age in much disgrace;
 I of the cause cannot refraine to speake,
 And this it is; mens Iudgements are growne weake,
 They know not true desert; for if they did
 Their well deseruings could not so be hid,
 And sure if there be any doth despise
 Such as they are; it is cause he enuies
 Their worthines; and is a secret foe
 To euery one that truely learnes to know:
 For, of all sorts of men here's my beliefe,
 The Poet is most worthy and the chiefe:
 His *Science* is the absolut'st and best,
 And deserues honor aboue all the rest;
 For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by art,
 But rather 'tis inspir'd into the heart
 By diuine meanes; and I doe muse men dare,
 Twixt it and their professions make compare.
 For why should he that's but *Philosopher*,
Geometrician, or *Astrologer*,
Physician, *Lawyer*, *Rhetorician*.
Historian, *Arithmetician*,

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3

Or some such like, why should he hauing found
 The meanes but by one *Art* to be renown'd,
 Compare with him that claimes to haue a part
 And interest almost in euery *Art*?
 And if that men may adde vnto their name,
 By one of these an euerlasting fame,
 How much more should it vnto them befall,
 That haue not onely one of these, but all
 As Poets haue? for doe but search their works
 And you shall find within their writing lurks
 All *knowledge*; if they vndertake
 Of *Diuine* matters any speech to make,
 You'll thinke them *Doctors*; if they need to tell
 The course of *starres*, they seeme for to excell
 Great *Ptolomey*; entend they to perswade,
 You'll thinke that they were *Reticians* made:
 VVhat *Law*, what *Physick*, or what *History*
 Can these not treat of? Nay what *mystery*
 Are they not learn'd in? If of *Trades* they write,
 Haue they not all tearmes and words as right
 As if he had seru'd an *Apprentis*?
 Can they not name all *toolles* for workemanship?
 We see tis true; If once they entreat of *war*?
 Of cruell bloody fraies? of wounds? of scars?
 VVhy then he speaks so like a *souldier* there,
 That he hath beene begot in armes thoult swears
 Againe, he writes so like a *Nanigator*,
 As if they had seru'd *Neptune* in the water,
 And thou wouldst thinke he might of trauaile make
 As great a *Volume*, as our famous *Drake*;

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3

Old *Proteus*, and *Verminius* are but *Apes*,
 Compar'd to these, for shifting of their shapes;
 There is no humorous *Passion* so strange,
 To which they cannot in a moment change:
 Note but their *Drammaticks* and you shall see
 They'l speake for euery *sex*, for each degree,
 And in all causes as if they had beene,
 In euery thing, or at least all things scene.
 If need be they can like a *Lawyer* prate,
 Or talke more grauely like a man of *State*; (ware,
 They'l haue a *Tradesmans* tongue to praise their
 And counterfet him right (but they'le not sweare)
 The curioust *Phisicians* (if they please)
 Shall not quoine words to giue rheir patients ease
 So well as they; And if occasion vrge,
 They'l *Choller*, yea and *Melancholly* purge
 Onely with charmes and words; and yet it shall
 Be honest meanes and meerely naturall;
 Are they dispos'd to gossip't like a woman, (man,
 They'l shew their tricks so right, that almost no-
 But would so thinke them: *Virgins* that are purest,
 And *Matrons* that make shew to be demurest,
 Speake not so like chaste *Cynthia*, as they can,
 Nor *Newbery* so like a *Curtizan*;
 They'l giue words either fitting for a *Clowne*,
 Or such as shall not vnbesee me a *Crowne*;
 In shew they will be *chollerick*, *Ambitious*,
Desperate, *lealous*, *Mad*, or *Enuious*,
 In *errow*, or in any *Passion* be;
 But yet remaine still, from all passions free.

Lib.2. WEAKNES. Satyr.3

For they onely to this end exprest them,
 That men may see them plainer, and detest them;
 But some will say that these haue on the *stage*,
 So painted out the *vices* of this age,
 That it not onely tels that they haue bin,
 Experienc't in euery kind of *sinne*,
 But that it also doth corrupt, and show
 How men should act those *sins* they did not know;
 Oh hatefull saying, not pronounc't by *chance*,
 Bnt spew'd out of malicious *Ignorance*;
 VVeigh it, and you will either thinke these weak,
 Or say that they doe out of enuy speake:
 Can none declare th'effect of *Drunkenness*,
 Vnlesse they vsed such-like beastlinesse?
 Are all men ignorant what comes by *lust*,
 Excepting those that were themselues vniust?
 Or thinke they no man can describe a *sin*?
 But that which *he himselfe* hath wallawed in?
 If they suppose so, I no cause can tell,
 But they may also boldly say as well
 They are *apprentices* to euery trade,
 Of which they find they haue descriptions made,
 Or for because they see them write those things,
 That do belong to rule best, say th' are *Kings*:
 As though that *sacred Poetrie* inspir'd,
 No other *knowledge* then might be acquir'd
 By the dull outward *seuce*; yes, this is Shee
 That shewes vs not alone all things that be,
 But by her power laies before our view,
 Such wondrous things as *Nature* neuer knewe

R

And

Lib.2. WEAKNES. Satyr.3.

And then whereas they say that men are worse,
 By reading what these write, 'tis their owne curse,
 For is the *flower* faulty cause we see,
 The loathsome spider and the painefull Bee,
 Make diuers vse on't? No it is the same,
 Vnto the spider though she cannot frame,
 Like sweetnes as the Bee thence; But indeed
 I must confesse that this bad age doth breed,
 Too many that without respect presume,
 This worthy title on them to assume,
 And vnderu'd base fellowes, whom meere time,
 Hath made sufficient to bring forth a *Rime*,
 A *Curtaine* ligge, a libell or a ballet,
 For Fidlers or some Roagues with staffe and wallet
 To sing at doores; men only wise enough,
 Out of some rotten old worme-eaten stuffe,
 To patch vp a bald witlesse *Comedy*,
 And trim it heere and there with *Ribaldry*
 Learn'd at a bawdy house. I say theres such,
 And they can neuer be disgrac't too much,
 For though the name of *Poet* such abuses,
 Yet they are enemies to all the *Muses*
 And dare not sort with them for feare they will,
 Tumble them headlong downe *Parnassus* hill:
 Why then should their vsurping of it wrong
 That *Title* which doth not to them belong? (crew
 And wherefore should the shame of this lewd,
 Betide them, vnto whom true honors due?
 It shal not; for how ere they vse the name,
 Their works wil show how they do merit fame;

And

Lib. 2. WEAKNES. Satyr. 3

And though it be disgrac't through ignorance;
 The generous will *Poesie* aduance:
 As the most Antique *Science* that is found;
 And that which hath been the first root & ground
 Of euery Art; yea that which only brings
 Content; and hath beene the delight of *kings*;
 Great IAMES our King both loues & liues a Poet;
 His bookes now extant do directly show it,
 And That shall adde vnto his worthy name,
 A better glory, and a greater fame:
 Then *Britaines Monarchy*; for few but he;
 I thinke will both a *King* and *Poet* be;
 And for the last, although some fooles debase it,
 I'me in the mind that *Angels* do imbrace it:
 And though *God* giu't heere but in part to some;
 All shall hau't perfect in the *world to come*.
 This in defence of *Poesie* to say
 I am compell'd, because that at this day,
Weaknesse and *Ignorance* hath wrong'd it sore,
 But what need any man therein speake more
 Then *Diuine Sidney* hath already done?
 For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)
 I haue oft sigh'd, and bewaild my *Fate*,
 That brought me forth so many yeeres too late,
 To view that worthy; And now thinke not you
 Oh *Daniell*, *Draiton*, *Johnson*, *Chapman* how
 I long to see you with your fellow *Peeres*,
 Matchlesse *Siluester*, glory of these yeeres.
 I hither to haue onely heard your fames
 And know you yet but by your workes and names:

Lib.2: WEAKENES Satyr.3:

The little time, I on the earth haue spent,
 Would not allow me any more content:
 I long to know you better that's the truth,
 I am in hope you'l not disdain my *Tomb*.
 For know you *Muses Darlings*, Ile not raue,
 A fellowship amongst you for to haue:
 Oh no; for though my euer willing heart,
 Haue vow'd to loue and praise *You* and your *Art*;
 And though that I your stile doe now assume,
 I doe not, nor I will not so presume;
 I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet*;
 It is not yet deseru'd by me, I know it.
 Grant me I may but on your *Muses* tend,
 And be enrould their *Servant*, or their *Friend*.
 And if desert hereafter worthy make me,
 Then for a *Fellow* (if it please you) take me.
 But yet I must not here giue off to speake,
 To tell men wherein I haue found them weake;
 And chiefly those that cannot brooke to heare,
 Mention of *Death* but with much grieve and *Fear*.
 For many are not able for to take
 That thought into them, but their *soules* will quake
 Poore feeble spirits, would you nere away,
 But dwell for euer in a peece of Clay?
 What find you heere wherein you doe delight,
 Or what's to seeing that's worth the sight?
 What? doth the heauens thy endeaours blesse
 And wouldst thou therefore liue for to possesse
 The Ioy thou hast? seek't not; perhaps to morrow
 Thou'lt wish to haue di'd to day, to scape the sorrow

The

Lib. 1. WEAKENES. Satyr. 3.

Thou then shall see, for shame take stronger Hearts
 And adde more courage to your better Parts;
 For *Death's* not to be fear'd, since tis a *Friend*,
 That of your *sorrows* makes a gentle end.
 But here a qualitie I call to minde.
 That I amongst the *Common-people* finde,
 This 'tis, a weake one to; when they perceiue
 A friend neare death, and ready for to leaue.
 This wretched life; and if they heare him say
 Some parting words, as if he might not stay,
Nay say not so (these comforters reply)
Take heart your time's not come, ye shall not die;
What man, and grace of God you shall be stronger;
And live no doubt yet, many a faire day longer.
 Thinke not on *Death*; with many such like words,
 Such as their vnderstanding best affords:
 But where is now become this peoples wit?
 VVhat doth their knowledges esteeme more fit
 Then death to thinke on; chiefly when men be
 About to put off their *Mortal tie*?
 Me thinkes they rather should perswade them then
 Fearelesse to be resolu'd, to die like Men.
 For want of such a resolution stings
 At point of *Death*; and dreadfull horror brings,
 Ee'ne to the soule; cause wanting preparation,
 She lies despairing of her owne *saluation*;
 Yea and moreouer this full well know I,
 He that's at any time afraide to die,
 Is in weake case, and whatso'ere he saith,
 Hath but a wauering and a feeble Faith.

Lib. 2. WEAKENES Satyr. 3.

But what need I goe farther to relate,
 The frailty I haue seene in *Mans* estate?
 Since this I haue already said makes cleere,
 That of all *Creatures*, God hath placed here,
 (Prouided we respect them in their kind)
 VVe cannot any more vnable finde;
 For of our selues we haue not power to speake,
 No nor to frame a thought, we are so *weake*,
 Against our bodies eu'ry thing preuailes,
 And oft our knowledge and our iudgement failes;
 Yea if that one mans strength were now no lesse,
 Then all men doe in generall possesse.
 Or if he had attaind to ten-times more
 Then all *Gods* creatures ioynd in one before;
 Yet would his power be eauen then so small,
 When he stands surest; he's but sure to fall;
 'Tis onely weakenesse that doth make vs droue,
 And vnto *Crosses* and diseases stoupe:
 That makes vs *Vaine*, *Inconstant*, and *Unsure*,
 Vnable any good things to endure:
 It brings vs to the seruile base subiection,
 Of all loose *Passion*, and vntam'd affection:
 It leads vs and compels vs oft to stray
 Both beside *Truth*, and out of *Reasons* way.
 And lastly we, and that because of this,
 Either doe *Nothing*; or do all amisse.
 Which being so, we may with *Danid* then,
 Confesse that we are rather *Wormes* then men,

OF PRESUMPTION.

SATYR. 4.

SOFT heedlesse *Muse* thou no aduise ment tak'st,
 Wast not of *Men* that last of al thou spak'st:
 It was; and of the *weakness* too of men,
 Come then with shame now and denie't agen,
 Recar t: for so the matter thou didst handle,
 Thou maist be curst fort, with *Bell Booke & Candle*:
 Is mankind weake? who then can by their powers,
 Into the Aire hurle Palaces and Towers?
 And with one blast e'ne in a moment make,
 Whole *Kingdomes* and braue *Monarchies* to shake.
 Or what are they that dare for toaspire,
 Into *Gods* seat; and if it might be higher:
 That forgiue sinnes as fast as men can do them,
 And make *Iehouah* be beholding to them?
 I've heard of such; what are they? would I wist;
 They can make *Saints* they say of whom they list:
 And being made, aboue the *Stars* cā seat them (thē
 Yea with their own hands make their Gods & eat
 Ha? are they men; How dar'st thou then to speake,
 Such *B'asphemy* to say *mankinde* is weake?
 I tell thee this *Muse*, either *Man* is strong,
 And through thy babling thou hast done him
 Or else beyond his limits he doth erre, (wrong,
 And for *presumption* puts downe *Lucifer*:

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 43

Ist so? Nay then I prethee *Muse* goe on,
 And let vs heare of his *presumption* :
 For I doe know, cause I haue heard him vaunt,
 That he's a *Creature* proud and *Arrogant* :
 And it may be he is not of such might
 As he makes show for ; but vsurps some's right ;
 There't goe's indeed, for though he be so base
 So weake, and in such miserable case,
 That I want words of a sufficient worth,
 To paint his most abhorred vilenesse forth :
 Yet such is also his detested Pride,
 That I suppose the *Diuell* is belide
 By euery man that shall affirme or say
 He is more proud ; for doe but marke I pray :
 This *Creature* man ; did *Natures* powerfull King,
 (*God*, that of nothing framed eu'ry thing)
 Mould out of *Clay* ; a peece which he had rent,
 E'ne from the *Earth* the basest Element :
 And whereas he might haue beene made a *Thrall*,
 Yea and the very *Vnderling* of all ;
 That *God* with title of *Chiefe Ruler* grac't him,
 And as a *Steward* ouer all things plac't him :
 Gaue him a pleasant garden for to till,
 And *Leaue* to eate of eu'ry tree at will.
 Onely of one indeed he did deny him,
 And peraduenture of that *one*, to try him ;
 But see his insolence ; though *God* did threat
Death if he eate, and though that *God* was great,
 And so exceeding *Iust*, that he well knew,
 All that he threatned doubles would ensue :

Though

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Thogh God were strögg, & could, had mā bin prouder
(Pore clay-bred worm) haue stamp't him into pouden
Yet (notwithstanding all this same) did he
Presume to tast of that forbidden tree,
A rash beginning, but he sped so ill,
D' yce thinke he held on this presumption still?
To heare he had left that offence 'twere newes,
But *Cain* and *Nimrod*, *Pharao* and the Iewes,
Shew'd it continued; and grew much more,
Rather then lesser, then it was before;
Caine in his murther, and his proud replie;
Nimrod in that he dar'd to build so high;
Pharao by boldly tempting God, to shew
His sundry plagues to Egypts ouerthrow;
And many waies the last; but what need I,
Recite examples of Antiquitie?
Or for to taxe old ages for that crime,
Since there was nere a more presumptuous time
Then this that's now; what dare not men to doe,
If they haue any list or minde thereto?
Their fellow creatures they doe much contemne,
Vauhting that all things were ordain'd for them;
Yea both the glad some daies and quiet nights,
Sun, Moone, & Heauen, with those glorious lights,
Which so bespangle that faire azure roose,
They thinke were onely made for their behoofe:
When as alas their poore and weake command
Cannot extend so farre for to withstand
The least Starres force; and them and their estate,
Sunne, Moone, and starres too, do predominate.

Be

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 43

Before our fall indded we did excell,
All other creatures that on earth did dwell,
But now I thinke the very worst that be,
Haue iust asmuch to boast vpon as we.
Our soule's defil'd; And therefore if in Sence
We place our worth and cheefe preheminnce,
Tis knowne that there be diuers Creatures then
VVill haue the vpper hand; for they passe men;
And though we still presume vpon't, tis vaine,
To challenge our old Soueraingty againe;
For when that we from our obedience fell
All things against vs also did rebell,
Lyons and Beares, and Tigers sought our blood
The barren earth deny'd to yeeld vs food:
The clouds raignd plagues, and yet dare we go on,
We find such pleasure in Presumption.
But for because there's some do scarcely know,
How we do in that fault offend; Ile shew.
First, when that they new worshipping's inuent,
And cannot hold themselves so well content
VVith that which God doth in his word ordaine,
As with inuentions of their owne weake braine,
It seemes they think their fancies to fulfill,
VVould please him better then to haue his will.
Next I doe reckon them, that ouer-bold,
Gods sacred Legend haue at will contrould,
And maugre his grand-curse some places chang'd,
Added to some, and some againe estrang'd;
Then those great masters I presumptuous deeme,
That of their knowledge doe so well esteeme,

They

Lib. 1. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

They will force others, as the *Papists* doe
For to allow of their opinions to,
Yea though it be a meere imagination,
That neither hath good ground nor iust foundation
Some will be prying though they are forbidden,
Into those secrets, God ment should be hidden.
So doe some students in *Astrologie*,
Though they can make a faire *Apologie*,
And so doe those that very vainely trie,
To finde our fortunes by their *Palmistrie*;
These doe presume, but much more such as say,
At this or that time, comes the iudgement day.
Or such as aske, or dare for to relate,
What God was doing ere he did create
Heaven and Earth; or where he did abide,
How and by whom, he then was glorified,
But those that into such deep secrets wind,
A slender profit in their labours find;
For to make knowne how highly they offend,
A desperate madnes is oft times their end.
Yet such their nature is, theile not beware,
But to be prying further still they dare,
For sure that longing can no way be staid,
Which well the Poet seemd to know, who said,
Man, what he is forbidden still desires,
And what he is denied off, most requires.
Rather then many will a man gaine say, (may
They dare make bold with God, they thinke they
Because it seemes they deeme him not so strong,
Or so well able to reuenge a wrong.

Some

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Some such great power to themselves assume,
And on their owne strength doe so much presume,
They seldonic doe for *Gods* assistance craue,
As if it were a needlesse thing to haue;
Which is the cause that often the conclusion (fion;
Proues their owne shame, their hindrance & confu-
In *Praying*, men presume, (vnlesse they be,
With eu'ry one in loue and charitie :)
Or if in their Petitions, they desire
Such things as are vnlawfull to require;
Death's their reward, we know, that break the law,
But neither that, nor yet damnations awe
Keeps vs from sinne; a thousand *God-heads* more,
Then *one* we make, and dare for to adore
Our owne hand-works; the Sabbath we disdain,
And dreadlesse take the name of God in vaine:
If but by his *Lords* hand an *Irisb* swere,
To violate that oath he stands in feare;
Least him of both his lands and goods he spoile,
For making him the instrument of guile:
And yet dare we (poore wormes) before his face,
(Respecting whom, the greatest Lords are base)
Both sweare, & forswear; vsing that great Name
At pleasure, without any feare of blame:
Why should not we as well suppose that he,
Who in our hearts would haue no fraud to be,
Will miserable, poore, and naked leaue vs,
Yea, of those Blessings and Estates bereaue vs
We now hold of him, If we thus contemne,
And still abuse his sacred name, and him?

But

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

But men secure in wickednes persist
As if they could please *God* with what they list;
If they can, *Lord haue mercy on them* say,
And mumble some few prayers once a day,
There needs no more; nay, surely there be such,
That thinke it is enough; if not too-much:
But what's their reason? *God* made all the man,
Why should he haue but part allow'd him than?
He in their seruice nothing doth delight,
Vnlesse it be with all their strength and might,
With their whole heart, & soule, and that way too,
As he appoints them in his word to doe:
Some men their are who hope by honesty,
By their *Almes-deeds*, and works of *Charity*
To win *Gods* fauour, and for to obtaine
Saluation by it; but their hope's in vaine:
Also, their's others cause they haue the faith,
For to beleue 'tis true the Scripture faith,
Since they haue knowledge in *Religion*,
And make thereof a strict profession:
Or doe obserue the outward worship duly,
Do think that therein they haue pleas'd *God* truly.
Now these are iust as far as th' other wide,
Or they *Gods* worship doe by halves diuide,
And for his due which is e'ne all the heart,
Do dare presume to offer him a part;
But th'one must know he will not pleased be,
With a Religion that wants honestie:
And th'other that as little good will doe,
His honest shew without Religion too;

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

If this be so, (as so it is indeed)
How then wil those presumptuous fellows speed?
Who thinke (forsooth) because that once a yeare,
They can afford the poore some slender cheare;
Obserue their *Country feasts*, or *Common doles*,
And entertaine their Christmas wassaile boles,
Or else because that for the *Churches* good,
They in defence of *Hock-tide* custome stood;
A Whitsun-ale, or some such goodly motion,
The better to procure young mens deuotion:
What will they doe, I say, that think to please,
Their mighty God with such vaine things as these?
Sure very ill; for though that they can mone,
And say that Loue and Charity is gone
As old folkes do, because their banquetings,
Their antient-drunken-summer reuelings (ching,
Are out of date; though they can say through tea-
And since the Ghospell hath had open preaching,
Men are growne worse; though they can soon espy
A little mote in their owne neighbours eye
Yea though that they their *Pater noster* can,
And call their honest neighbour *Puritan*;
(How ere they in their owne conceits may smile,
Yet they are presumptuous, weake, and vile;
Also in this abominable time,
It is amongst vs now a common crime,
To flout and scoffe at those which we do spy,
VVilling to shake off humane *Vanity*;
And those that gladly do themselves enforce,
Vnto a strict and more religious course,

Then

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr 4.

Then most men doe; although, they truely know
 No men are able to pay halfe they owe (thought
 Vnto their *God*, (as though their wisdomes
 He might be serued better then he ought,
 They count precise and curious more then needs,
 They try their sayings and weigh all their deeds:
 A thousand things that they *well* do shal be,
 Slightly past ouer as if none did see:
 But one thing ill done, (though the best does ill)
 They shal be certaine for to heare of still;
 Yea notwithstanding they can daily smother,
 Millions of ten times greater faults in other:
 VWho are so hated or so often blam'd?
 Or so reuil'd, or scorn'd? or so misnam'd?
 To whom do we now our contentions lay,
 Who are so much term'd *Puritans* as they
 That feare God most? But tis no maruaile men,
 Presume so much to wrong his children; when
 As if they fear'd not his reuengefull rod,
 They can blaspheme and dare to anger *God*.
 Now by these wordes to some men it may seeme;
 That I haue *Puritans* in high esteeme;
 Indeed, if by that name you vnderstand,
 Those that the vulgar *Atheists* of this land,
 Do daily terme so; that is such as are
 Fore-named heere; and haue the greatest care
 To know and please their maker: then 'tis true,
 I loue them well; for loue to such is due:
 But if you meane the *busie headed sect*,
 The hollow crew, the counterfeit Elect:

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

*Our Dogmatists, and ever-wrangling spirits,
That doe as well contemne good workes, as merits:
If you meane those that make their care seem great
To get soules food, when 'tis for bodies meate,
Or those all whose Religion doe depend,
On this, that they know how to discommend
A Maygame, or a Summerpole dance,
Or shake the head, or else turne vp the eye;
If you meane those, how euer they appeare,
This I say of them (would they all might heare)
Though in a zealous habit they doe wander,
Yet they are Gods foes and the Churches slander;
And though they humble be in show to many,
They are as haughty euery way as any.
What need I here the lewd presumptions tell
Of Papists in these daies? tis knowne to well:
For them thereof each peasant now conuinces,
In things as well concerning God as Princes.
Others I find too, that doe dare presume,
The Office of a Teacher to assume;
And being blind themselves and gone astray,
Take on them to shew other men the way.
Yea some there be, who haue small gifts of spirit,
No kind of knowledge, and as little merit;
That with the world haue made a firme coniunction
Yet dare to vndergoe the sacred function
Of Christ his Pastor. Yea such is their daring,
That neither for their Charge nor Duty caring,
Instead of giuing good and sound Instruction,
They lead themselves and others to Destruction.*

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

We read that *Jeremy* and *Moses* both,
 To vndertake their charge were wondrous loth:
 (The greatnes of the same so much appal'd them)
 Yea though that God himselfe directly cal'd them;
 But our braue Clarke as if they did condemne,
 The two much bashfull backwardnes of them:
 Or else as if themselues they abler thought;
 Those Diuine Callings, haue not onely sought
 Without respect of their Ability,
 A *Christian* Conscience or Ciuility,
 But being of old *Simon Magus* tribe,
 Purchase it often with a hateful bribe;
 VVhich shoues that they such places do desire,
 Not for the good of others but their hire:
 But *Patrons* feare yee neither God nor hell?
 Dare ye the *Churches* patrimony sell
 For filthy lucre, in despite of Law
 Sacred or humane? Pedants dare yee? hah?
 Dare you buy't of them? by Gods help, vnlesse
 This villany ere long, haue some redresse,
 Ile find a meanes, or else let me haue blame,
 To bring some smart, or else eternal shame
 Vpon you for't; it may be you do sent it,
 But all your pollicy shall not preuent it:
 What do you look for Hell and your *Damnation*?
 VVel you shall haue it by Impropriation;
 I know now you haue enter'd *Simony*,
 Youle double damne your selues with *Perjury*,
 For, they as oft together may be seene,
 As is the chilling *fennel* and the *spilins*,

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION Satyr. 4.

But oh deare *Countrimen* be more aduis'd,
 Thinke what *God* is he may not be dispis'd.
 Could you well weigh his *Iustice* and his power,
 How many infinites it passeth ouer:
 And knew his iudgements we would not dissemble
 An outward fained reuerence; but tremble
 And shake with horror; you'd not dare to venter
Sanctum Sanctorum so vnfit to enter;
 His *Churches* good you rather would aduance,
 Then rob it thus of her inheritance;
 Or make the same (as men stil vnbeleeuing)
 Like to a house of Merchandise and Theeuing.
 You to whom deeds of former times are knowne,
 Marke to what passe this age of ours is growne,
 Euen with vs that strictest seeme to be,
 In the professing *Christianity*;
 You know men haue been carefull to augment,
 The *Churches* portion and haue beene content
 To adde vnto it out of their estate;
 And *Sacriledge* all *Nations* did so hate
 That the meere *Irish* who seem'd not to care,
 For *God* nor *Man* had the respect to spare
 The *Churches* profits; yea their heed was such
 That in the time of need they would not touch,
 The knowne prouisions, they daily saw,
 Stor'd vp in *Churches*; in such feare and awe
 The places held them; though that they did know
 The thinges therein belonged to their foe:
 But now the world & mans good natures chang'd
 From this opinion most men are estrang'd;

Lib. 2, PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

We rob the Church, and what we can attaine
 By *Sacriledge* and *steft* is our best gaine:
 In paying dues the refuse of our flock,
 The barrenest and leanest of our flock
 Shall serue our *Pastor*? whom for to deceive
 We think no sin; nay further (by your leaue)
 Men seeke not to impropriate a part
 Vnto themselves; but they can find in heart
 To engross vp all: which vile *presumption*, (tion
 Hath brought *Church-livings* to a strange consump-
 And if this strong disease do not abate,
 Twil be the poorest member in the *State*,
 No maruaile though in steed of learned *Preachers*,
 We haue beene pester'd with such simple Teachers
 Such poore, mute, tong-tide readers, as scarce know
 Whether that God made *Adam* first or no:
 Thence it proceeds, and ther's the cause that Place
 And Office at this time incurs disgrace.
 For men of iudgement or good dispositions,
 Scorne to be tyde to any base conditions:
 Like to our hungry *Pedants*, who'le engage,
 Their soules for any curtold *Vicarage*.
 I say theses none of knowledge, wit, or merit,
 But such as are of a most seruile spirit,
 That will so wrong the *Church* as to presume,
 Some poore-halfe-de mi-Parsonage to assume
 In name of all; no, they had rather quite
 Be put beside the same, than wrong *Gods* right,
 Well, they must entertaine such *Pedants* then,
 Fitter to feed swine, then the soules of men;

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION Satyr. 4.

But *Patrons* thinke such best, for there's no feare
 They will speake any thing they loath to heare;
 They may run foolishly to their owne damnation,
 Without reproofe or any disturbance;
 To let them see their vice they may bee bold,
 And yet not stand in doubt to be controll'd:
 Those in their houses may keepe priuate Schooles,
 And either serue for Iesters or for fooles,
 And will suppose that they are highly grac't,
 Be they but at their *Patrons* table plac't:
 And there if they be cal'd but *Priests* in scoffe,
 Straight they duck down and al their caps come off,
 Supposing it for to be done in kindnes,
 Which shows their Weaknes & apparant Blindnes,
 Moreouer 'tis well knowne that former time
 Held it to be a vild presumptuous crime;
 Such men in sacred Offices to place,
 Whom they knew toucht with any foule disgrace:
 Or to allow those whom they did suspect,
 To haue an outward bodily defect:
 But be they now not only crooked, lame,
 Dismembr'd, and of the vnshapeliest frame
 That euer *Nature* form'd; though they be blind,
 Not in sight onely, but as well in mind,
 Though they be such who if they come to shreewine
 Might confesse murder, whordom, slander, theeuinge
 And all damnb'd villany; yet these men will be
 Admitted to the sacred Ministry:
 But most of vs do now disdain that Place,
 Accounting it vnworthy, meane, and base;

Lib. 2. **PRESUMPTION.** Satyr. 14.

Yea like to *Ieroboams* Priests, we see,
 They of the lowest of the people be,
 And though we know, the *Israhelites* allow'd
 God the first-borne for his; we are so proud,
 Voleffe they either do want shape or wit,
 Or seeme for worldly busines unfit;
 Few thinke Gods seruice worthy the bestowing
 Their *Child* about it; or such duty owing
 Vnto the same; but rather that *Vocation*
 They count a blemish to their reputation;
 But where's your vnderstanding, oh you ment?
 Turne from your brutish dulnes once againe;
 Honour Gods Messengers for why tis true,
 To them both *Reuerence* and *Honour's* due;
 Think what they are and be not still selfe-minded,
 Suffer not reason to be so much blinded,
 If not for loue that you to *Iustice* beare,
 Yet follow her (although it be) for feare;
 And see that this presumption you amend,
 Or looke some heauy plague shall be your end.
 Then it is also a presumptuous act,
 With knowledge to commit a sinfull fact
 Though ne're so small; for sin's a subtilt else,
 That by degrees insinuates it selfe
 Into our soules; and in a little space,
 Becomes too-huge a Monster to displace;
 Yea, it is certaine that one sinne, though small,
 Will make entrance great enough for all;
 And what is't but presumption to abuse,
 And without feare and reuerence to vse

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Gods sacred words; yet we that *Christ* professe,
 Thinke it no fault, or that there's no fault lesse:
 Else sure we would not in our common talke,
 Let our loose tongues so much at randome walke,
 We would not dare our *lests* of that to make,
 At uttering whereof the Heavens shake;
 For if *God* had reueal'd his *Gospel* newes,
 To vs as heeretofore vnto the *Jewes*
 He did the *Law*; who heard him to their wonder
Speaking through fearefull fiery flames and thunder.
 We would more dread in any euill fashon:
 To vse that sacred meanes of our saluation
 Our cursed *Pagan* ynbeleeuing foe,
 I mean the *Turke*, more reuerence doth show
 In those his damnd erroneous Rites then we
 In the true *worship*; for 'tis knowne that he
 Wil not so much as touch his *Alchabon*,
 That doth containe his false *Religion*
 With vnwasht handes; nor till he hath o'rewent
 All that his vaine and confus'd rablement
 Of Ceremonies vs'd; much lesse dares looke,
 On the Contents of that ynhalloved booke;
 But we in midst of all our villany,
 In our pot-conference and ribaldry,
 Irreuerently can the same apply,
 As if 'twere some of *Pasquils* *Letany*:
 But soft my *Muse* in her perambulation
 Hath hap't vpon an *Excommunication*:
 And though that her *Commission* she wanted (sed
 Yet she made bold to search wherefore 'twas gran-

Which

Lib. 1. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4

Which if you would know too, why it may be,
 Some were so pleas'd because they lack't a fee:
 For, had the Officers bin wel contented,
 They say the matter might haue been preuented;
 But you that haue the wisdomes to discern
 When abuse is; pray tel me, I would learne;
 Misuse we *Excommunication*?
 You know *it is a Separation*
From God; and a most fearefull banishment,
From the partaking of his Sacrament
And good news fellowship; a sad exile,
 (Perhaps for euer, at the least a while)
From the true Church; and (oh most horrid euill)
A gining of Men ouer to the Diuell.
 And therefore was ordain'd in better times,
 Onely for such who in their hainous crimes
 With hardned obstinacy did persist,
 As may appeare: but now we at our list,
 As if the same but some slight matter were,
 For euery trifle to pronounce it dare;
 And peraduenture to, on such as be,
 More honest far, and beter much than we:
 But since my *Muse* hath her endeauiour done
 To note how men into this fault do run;
 I will be bold to let you vnderstand,
 One strange *Presumption* noted in our land
 Worth the amending; and indeed 'tis this
 Readers pray iudge how dangerous it is;
 We seeing God hath now remooued far,
 From this our *Country* his iust plague of *w. w.*

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

And made vs through his mercy so much blest,
 VVe do in spight of all our foes yet rest
 Exempt from danger; by vs it appears,
 Through the great blessing of these quiet yeares,
 We are so feare-lesse care-lesse and secure
 In this our happy peace and so cock-sure
 As if we did suppose or heard it sed,
Oh! Mars were strangled or the Diuel dead;
 Else can I not beleeue we would so lightly,
 Esteeme our safely and let passe so slightly
 Our former care of *Marshall discipline*,
 For excercises meerely Feminine;
 VVe would not see our Armes so soild in dust,
 Nor our bright blades eat vp with cankered rust,
 As now they be; our *Bowes* they lye and rot,
 Both *Musket* and *Caliner* is forgot,
 And we lye open to all Forraigne dangers
 For want of Discipline 'tis knowne to Strangers
 Though wee'l e not see t; Alas will not our pleasure,
 Let vs be once in seauen yeares at leasure
 To take a muster and to give instructions
 No rather Pleasure will be our destruction;
 For *That* first caus'd the *Law*, that now preuents,
 And barres the vse of *Powder-instruments*
 To be enacted; why? for to preserve
 An idle *Game*, the which I wish might sterue
 Amids our plenty, so that with their curse,
 The land and people might be nothing worse,
 Cause for that trifle to the *Realmes* abuse,
 The *hand-gun* hath been so much out of vse

Scarce

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Scarce one in forty if to prooue it came,
 Dares or knowes how for to discharge the same;
 Oh valiant English we are like to hold
 The glory that our fathers had of old.
 But sure I think some *undermining hand*,
 That studies for the ruine of the land,
 Is cause of this, in hope thereby at length,
 To weaken ours and let in forraine strength;
 What, do we think cause theirs a truce with *Spain*,
 That we are safe? Alas that thought is vaine,
 Our dangers rather more; for while they dar'd,
 To proffer wrong they found vs still prepar'd;
 The profitable feare that we were in
 Preuented danger that might else haue bin.
 But now the cause of former feare is gone,
 We haue not only let all care alone,
 But also are so drunken with delights,
 And drownd in pleasure that our dulled spirits
 Are so o'reclog'd with *Luxury*; we droope,
 More fit for *Venus* then for *Mars* his troopes;
 That if our foes should now so ventrous be,
 For to inuade the land, vnlesse that wee
 With speed amend this error, heeres my mind,
 The way to worke our miste thei'le soone finde;
 For iust the *Troians* last nights watch wee keepe,
 Who then were buried all in wine and sleepe;
 We read when *Cato* should a *Captaine* chuse,
 For the *Pannonian* fight, he did refuse;
 His kin's-man *Publius*, cause that from the war
 He often had return'd without a scar,

And

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

And went perfum'd; but if such fautes as these,
 Displeas'd the *Censor*, sure then in our dayes
 He scarcely would in towne or country find,
 A man with vs according to his mind,
 Such is our daintinesse; Besides to strangers,
 (As if there were no cause to doubt of dangers)
 We do not only our great riches show,
 (A shrewd temptation to allure a foe.)
 But we moreouer plainly do declare,
 By fond apparell, too superfluous fare,
 Much idlenesse and other wanton parts,
 That we haue weake effeminated hearts;
 Which being knowne are sure a great perswasion,
 Vnto our enemies to make inuasion.
 But we do say in God's our only trust,
 On him we do depend; well so we must,
 And yet we ought not therefore to disdain,
 The lawfull meanes by which he doth ordaine,
 To worke our safety then, for thats a signe,
 We rather lou'd to tempt the powers deuine,
 Then trust vnto them; worthy Brittaines then,
 Leaue this presumption, once againe be men,
 Not weake *Sardanapali*; leaue those toyes
 To idle women, wanton Girles and boyes:
 Vnto your foes I wish you could betake them,
 Or vnto any so you would forsake them.
 Let *Martialists* that long haue beene disgrac't
 Be lou'd againe and in our fauours plac't:
 Count not them rogues; but rather such as can
 So much degeperate themselves from *Man*,

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 47

In tire and gesture both, to womanize,
 Goe call a Parliament and there deuise
 An act to haue them whipt now; oh 'twere good;
 A deed well worthy such a noble brood,
 Meane while let's trim our rusty armes and scoure,
 Those long vn-vied well-steeld blades of our:
 We shal not do the spiders any wrong,
 For they haue rent-free held their house-room long
 In *Morians, Helms, Gauntlets, Bandolers;*
 Displace them thence, they haue had all their years
 And giue it such a lustre that the light,
 May dimme the *Mooneshine* in a winters night;
 Away with idle *Ciubernes, Lutes, and Tabers,*
 Let knocks requite the fiddlers for their labours,
 Bring in the Warlike Drum, 'twill musicke make ye,
 That from your drouisie pleasures will awake yee;
 Or else the hartning trunper, that from farre,
 May sound vnto you all the points of warre:
 Let Dances turne to Marches; you ere long,
 May know what doth to rankes and files belong.
 And let your thundring shot so smoke and rore,
 Strangers may tremble to behold the shoare,
 And know you sleep not; But now to what end
 Do you suppose that I these words do spend?
 Belecue me I'me not male content with Peace,
 Or do desire this happy time might cease.
 I would not haue you foule *Seditions* make,
 Or any vniust warres to vndertake;
 But I desire you leaue those idle fashions,
 That haue beene the iust fall of many nations;

Looke

Lib. 1. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4

Looke well vnto your selues and not suppose,
Cause theres a league with Spaine you haue no foest
For if *Vaues* euer make this land complaine,
It wil be through some *Truce* it had with *Spaines*
But heere I bid you once againe beware,
Delay not time but with all speed prepare,
Repaire your forts againe, and manne them well,
Place better *Captaines* in them; I can tell
Some are growne *Cometons* and there's no trust
To such as they; that vice makes men vniust:
They pocket vp the wages of their men,
And *One* poore soldier serues alone for *Ten*:
Look to the *Navy-royall*, we're wel scan'd,
I doubt it will be found but simply man'd:
The *Purfers* study (if some not belie them)
Onely which way they may haue profit by them;
But see vnto it you to whom't belongs,
See the Abuses done, redresse the wrongs:
And oh! renew the forces of this land,
For there's a fearefull bloody day at hand,
Though not foreseene, a bloody day for some,
Nor wil the same be long before it come.
There is a tempest brewing in the *South*,
A horrid *Vapor* forc't from hell's owne mouth.
'Tis spread already far into the *West*,
And now begins to gather to the *East*;
When'tis at full once it will straight come forth
To shoure downe all it Vengeance on the *North*.
But feare not little Ile thy cause is right,
And if thou hast not cast all care off quite,

Looke

Nor

Lib. 2. **PRESUMPTION.** Satyr. 4.

Nor art secure, why by that token then
Thou shalt driue back that threatning storme againe
Through Gods assistance for to ruine those,
By, and amongst whom, first of all it rose:
But if that still thou carelesse snorting lye
In thy presuming blind security,
Tak't for a signe that now thy sinnes are ripe,
And thou shalt surely feelee the death-full stripe
Of that ensuing ill, vnto thy shame,
And extirpation of thy former fame:
But yet I hope this ouer-sight will end,
And we shall this presumptuous fault amend:
I hope I say and yet I hope no harmes,
To see our *English* youth trick't vp in armes;
And so well train'd that all their foes shall heare
No newes from them but Horror, Death, and Feare;
Yea and their march, like *Iehues* King of *Iury*,
Shal shew they come with vengeance speed & fury,
I would we could as easily forsake,
Other *Presumptions*, and that we could take
But halfe the care and dilligence to arme
Our soules, in danger of a greater harme:
Would we the holy weapons could assume
Of *Christian* war-fare, and not stil presume
To leaue our better parts all open so,
For the aduantage of the greater foe
Then *Rome* or *Spaine*: oh would wee could begin,
To feelee the danger of *Presumptuous sinne*!
Which soon would be, if we would once be brought
For to consider with an equall thought,

Our

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Our base Beginning and infirmity,
Our wavering and wondrous misery:
And with this wretched poore estate of our,
Gods infinite and al-sufficient power:
His *Iustice*, with his hatred vnto ill,
And threatnings if we disobey his will.
Or else remember he did still behold
And see vs when we sin'd; for who so bold,
Vnlesse depriu'd of grace then to offend?
But it should seeme we our endeauiors bend
To anger God, for we of sinne complaine,
Yet with our *will* sinne in his sight againe.
Say, we'r not a presumption very great,
If comming to a *King* one should intreat
A pardon for some murther, and yet bring
The bloody blade with which he did that thing:
He would haue mercy for? & whilst hee's speaking,
Sheath it againe with bloud and gore yet reaking,
In the Kings sonne before his fathers face,
And yet stil bide as if he hop't for Grace:
Should we not thinke him mad? sure yes; yet we,
Cannot that madnes in our owne selues see:
For we dare come before th'almighty King
To sue for pardon for our sinnes; yet bring
The selfe same bad mind still, conceiuing murther
Against his children to prouoke him further.
And looke what ill is but in thought begun,
With him's all one as if the same were done.
It is no maruaile that no humane law,
Can keepe our ouer-daring hearts in awe;

Since

Lib. 1. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Since that we do so little dread the rod,
Of such a powerfull and so iust a God:
And if in mans and Gods owne fight we dare,
So searelesse sinne without respect or care,
It seemes that we do little conscience make
What mischeifes by our selues we vndertake:
Or think it no Presumption to commit,
Something alone in our owne fight vnfit;
Oh grosse and ignorant! why thats the worst,
Of all presumptions the most accurst
And fullst of *Danger*. Silly man take heed,
Do not before thy selfe an euill deed;
For when God wil forgiue and man forget,
Thy owne ill Conscience will oppose and set
Her selfe against thee; tell thee thine offending,
And keep thee back from euer apprehending
Grace or forgiuenesse; neither wil affoord
The smallest comfort of the sacred word:
But rather to thy sad remembrance call,
Each saying that may serue to prooue thy fall:
And though that fire wondrous torture brings
Vnto the body, yet when conscience stings
Nor fire nor sword, nor hell it selfe can yeeld,
Aworser torment; *God* defend and shield
Me from the like; and giue me grace to feare,
So, that I may preserve my Conscience cleare
In all my actions: And then I shall be,
In better case a thousand fold then he
That vnto wealth and honour hath obtaind,
With a craz'd Conscience that is blurd and stain'd:

Alas

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Alas how easie wert to climbe or mount
To worldly Reputation and Account?
How soone could I if I had an intencion
For to contriue or plot a damn'd inuention
Get golden heapes? yea and so priuily,
That though twere done by craft and villany,
I by the blinded World would yet be deem'd
Perhaps more honest; but much more esteem'd
Then now I am; But *God forbid that I*
Such base vaine trash and dunghil stuffe should buy
At such a rate; for there's no Iewell dearer,
Nor any losse a man can haue goe nearer
Then peace of *Conscience*; which for to be true,
The ancient Poets very wisely knew,
And therefore fain'd their *Furies*, with intent,
For to declare the inward punishment
Of guilty mindes; which sure they might do well,
For there is in them *Diuels*, yea and hell,
With all her torture; what else was the cause,
Nero who knew no *God* nor feared lawes,
When he had kil'd his mother tooke no rest,
But thought he saw her coming to molest
And plague him for't? What made him to surmise
He was still tortur'd in such hellish wise
That furies did to his appearance scorch
His liuing body with a burning torch?
Wast not his *Conscience* that had priuy bene
Vnto the fact? was not the cause within
His owne bad selfe? If twere let's to amending,
Of our presumptuous finnes, and bold offending,

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Saryt. 4.

If neither in regard of God nor men,
Oh lets for feare of our owne Conscience then.
Yet there's another thing which wert wel weigh'd
Our rash presumption would be som-what staide.
The End of life; with the ne're-ending paine,
God for presumptuous sinners doth ordaine,
Could we note that, with deaths vncertaine times,
And how it takes men acting of the crimes
Euen in the very nick of their offence,
And beares them, ere they can repent them, hence
To such a place where nothing shall appeare,
But all the Gastyly objects of grimme feate;
Whereas each sense shall severally sustaine
The miserable smart of endlesse paines;
The tender feeling shall in euery part,
Be subiect to th'intollerable smart
Of hellish flames, commixt with chilling cold,
Tortures beyond conceit, not to be told;
The dainty mouth, that had the Curiousst *saff*,
And of the choysest cates still made repast,
Shall be fild vp, yea belly, throat and all,
With filth more loath-some then the bitterest gall
The once perfumed *Nostrill*, there shall drinke,
Foule noysome smells: beside the sulpherous stinke
Of choaking flames; and there the listning eare,
Fed with the sound of pleasing *Musicke* heare,
Shall change it for the wofull screeching cry
Of *Damned soules*, that in hels torture lye;
VWhose hydeous howlings can by no defence,
Be kept from percing that amazed lence:

T

And

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr 4

And then while they shal trembling thinke to flye
From those amazements that do seeme so nigh,
Lo there the feareful'st objects of the sight,
Their quite despairing mindes shall more affright
For garish formes of foule mishapen fiendes,
And vgly *Bugs* for euenmore attends,
To thwhart each looke. But if this do not make,
Thy ouer hardened heart (oh man) to quake:
If this relation be too weake to win,
Or to reclaime thee from thy wonted sinne;
Reader, if this do no impression leaue,
So that thou canst not any feare conceiue
Through this description; thinke vpont at night
Soone in thy bed when earth's depriu'd of light
I say at mid-night when thou wak'st from sleepe,
And lonely darknesse doth in silence keep
The Grim-fac't night. And but imagine then,
Thou wert borne all alone to some darke den
And there set naked; though thou felts no paine,
Yet seeing no way to get out againe,
If thou shouldst in that naked loneness heare, (ne
Some yelling voyce, or some strange noyse draw
VVith threatning; or but calling on thy name;
Oh with what *Patience* couldst thou bide the same
But if withall, thy wandering eyes should marke,
And now and then see pearing through the darke
Some monstrous visages, or vgly faces
VVhich should make proffer of some rude embrace
And sometime seeme as if they would begin
VVith griping pawes to ceize thy trembling sk

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Or, but suppose that in thy Chamber there,
 Where cannot be the hundreth part of feare:
 (Because to thee the place well knowne will be
 And thou must haue wherewith to couer thee)
 Yet there I say suppose thou shouldst behold
 Nor such grim objects as are heere foretold,
 But Onely heare the dolefull voyce of men
 Complaining in the darke; And now and then
 Behold the ghastly shape of friends long dead,
 Wrapt in their sheetes as they were buried,
 Or else from out thy Chamber floore to rise
 A troupe of bony, pickt Anatomies
 Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he
 That must ere long their bare companion be:
 Then thou wouldst feare I know, and think on him
 Whose might & fearful power thou didst contemn
 Thou wouldst consider better of the feare,
 And hellish horror I haue mention'd heare.
 That Dungeons estate thou wouldst conceiue,
 And somewhat thy presumptuous actions leaue;
 Thou wouldst not so cast all thy care behind thee,
 But watch thy self for feare least death should finde
 Doing some ill; nor wouldst thou thus delay, (thee,
 Times of repentance still from day to day:
 But oh! how should I hope that this I plead,
 Will worke in them that shall but barely read
 What I haue writ? Since I my selfe that know,
 And haue some inward feeling of that woe
 For get my selfe; I thought when I shall be
 From such, and such like cares and troubles free,

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Sary 4.

Then wil I all my vanities forsake,
 A better course of life I'll undertake,
 And only seeke the glory of his name
 By whom I liue; That day ere long time came;
 Then I had other lets; but if that they,
 As I did seeke they might were once away,
 I would indeed my duty better doe:
 Well, so it pleas'd God I orepast them too;
 Yet something hindred still that I could neuer
 In my intended *Christian* course perseuer.
 But euer found vnto my grieve and sorrow,
 That I was bad to day and worse to morrow:
But ob! thou God that know'st my hearts desire,
Do not; oh do not at my handes require
My youthfull sinnes; though that my flesh be fraile,
And my affections often do preuaile:
Seeing thou know'st the weake estate of man,
And what a little his small power can;
Accept my will, and let thy blood suffice,
To quit the rest of mine iniquities.
 But now, because I haue obseru'd such store,
 I needs must tell a few presumptions more.
 Some in contemning others wisdom, show,
 That they presume themselues do all things,
 But that vile self-conceit nere raised any, (know
 Certaine I am it is the fall of many:
 Others (and they in this kind too offend)
 On their owne *Memories* too much depend:
 Such I haue heard so confidently speake,
 As if they had no thought that men were weake

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Yea those though twenty men haue all gaine-said
What they affirmed, were not yet affraid,
Their owne bare affirmation to out-face,
With sundry oathes: such wondrous trust they place
In their remembrance; yea my selfe ere now
Haue beene oft-times more rash for to know
What I thought truth; then ere Ile be againe:
For what I deemd to be so sure and plaine,
That I not onely stood in't to my might,
But would haue paun'd my life 'thad been the right
That to my shame, I haue my selfe alone,
Found to be false when all the rest were gone.
VVhich greeu'd me so that Ile nere more rely
Or trust so much to mine owne memory.
But what may I terme those, who for a name,
Or for to get some vile preposterous fame;
VVill desperately for the nonce begin,
To put in action some vngodly sinne
That all men loath; and only as they say,
For to be talkt of, VVhat are such I pray?
Presumptuous, vaine, or weake, or all that's bad,
The last I thinke and ten-times more then mad;
Yet we haue gallants, and great store of such,
That in their great Brauadoes care not much
VVhat villanies they doe; But 'tis their humor,
Only to fill mens mouthes with idle Rumor. (them,
And cause they know the Vulgar sort do deeme
Youths of great Spirit, and do much esteeme them,
But amongst wise-men they are sure to gaine.
Reprochfull shame and wel deseru'd disdain,

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

Yet for to adde some fame vnto this story :
We will bequeath them *Erostratus* glory.
Nor haue our old men left that humor yet,
For though through feeblenesse they are vnfit
To put in practise their old tricks againe,
Yet for to show they like them, and would faine,
Thei'le often with a lie or two recite them,
And the remembrance doth so much delight them
That whereas they ought rather to repent,
And with a grieued heart for to lament
Their former follie ; They with Ioy and Laughter
Seeme to approue in those that shall come after.
Yet there's a crew the which my *Muse* wel knows,
To them she here a *Memorandum* owes
And yet no Commendations, for they are
But busie fellowes that doe boldly dare
Take on them in their comments, for to finde
The secret meaning of each Authors minde,
And to apply that in particular
That should extend to all in generall :
And in this little booke perhaps they can,
Say here I ment one, there another man ;
And by their names they wil not stick to shew them
When as perhaps I nere so much as knew them.
So from my honest meaning they will reare them
A slander for some priuat grudge they beare them
But though these are so bold, yet I belecue,
Or hope at least, no men of wisdom giue
Credit to any such interpretations,
That are but false imaginations ;

Since

Lib.2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr.4.

Since each of these what stile soere he craue,
Doth show him a presumptuous foole and knaue,
But heare all you that are quite voyd of care,
VVhat you presume in: chiefly you that dare,
Maugre Gods threatens, go foreward to fulfill,
Your naughty, rash, vnbridled hare-braine will;
As if you thought that you your selues made all,
And that indeed there were no God at al.
Know this, ere long time it shall come to passe,
That you shall howling sit and cry, alas:
Cursing your births and miserable state,
VVith sad repentance when it is too late,
Vnlesse you now take time. Oh wormes! oh men!
For sake your follies, o h forsake them then,
VVhat wil you do else when that seiz'd by death,
Ready to draw the latest gaspe of breath:
VVhen as you are so weak that you would faine,
But cannot mooue your tongues for to complaine?
VVhat would you do if then their should appeare
The Authors of most miserable feare,
Your guilty Consciences, and there vnroll
To your remembrances the dreadfull scroll,
Of your Presumptions, and with all present,
A vision of th' infernall punishment,
Repar'd for such? And if in that bad case,
You should behold him you esteemd so base
With such power, that at each frown he makes
The earth doth tremble and the heauen shakes:
What would you doe? Oh any thing I'me sure,
Paine there is but you would then endure

Lib. 2. PRESUMPTION. Satyr. 4.

To scape his wrath if you do not dispaire,
Then wil you beg, entreat, and promise faire;
Or any thing, if so it were you might
Returne to life againe; then you would quite
Alter your doings, then forsooth you'l be
A patterne vnto all posterity.
You would be humble, meeke, deuout and chaste
But now theres time, and then it may be past:
Yet I my selfe haue heard those that haue vow'd,
Much in their anguish, and God hath allow'd
A longer time, yea hath vouchsaf't to saue
And giue them life againe e'ne at the graue:
And yet haue these forgot their former paine
And turnd vnto their owne ill wayes againe:
Which hauing scene, this for vs men Ile speake,
Not without griefe; though nothing be so weak:
Yet we are in our owne conceits so tall,
That for presumption we do out-passe all:
And if so be that this same hardning sinne
Do seaze vpon the heart once and get in;
My mind is this 'twill nere be purg'd thence well,
No not with all the feares and pangs of *Hell*.

EPILO-

EPILOGVS.

SO in some measure I haue now made knowne,
What foule abuses *Time* to me hath shovne
And what man is: I haue explain'd some Crimes
That I haue noted in these present times.
Then though I haue beene stil accounted idle,
This shoves I haue not giuen time the bridle
To run away ynmannag'd; But did vse it
Then best, when I seem'd most for to abuse it
Here sinfull man thou maist behold in part
Thy miserable state and what thou art:
Thy Passions, thy vanities heere see,
In part I say for all there cannot be:
Thy wauerings and thy frailties I'ue explain'd,
With thy Presumption, yet nothing sain'd;
If thou hast read it, then I hope thou know'st,
Though thou seem'st bad, thou art worse then thou
And I do trust thy wretchednesse espide, (show'st)
Will quell thy most intollerable pride;
I mus'd a while thou wert so prone to sinning,
But 'twas thy fault I see from the beginning:
And as the Lord himselfe once said, so stil,
T'imaginations of thy heart are ill:
That's one maine cause; then to performe an euill,
Thou hast the pronenesse of the flesh, the Diuell,
VVith

EPILOGVS.

With bad examples of his instigation,
 Besides the worldes rash approbation:
 But yet would I not haue thee think, oh man!
 That I with *Tymon* the *Athenian*,
 Desire to make thee so much feelee thy woe,
 To goe and hang thy selfe; I meane not so,
 Or for to driue thee thereby to dispaire,
 'Tis not my purpose, my intent's more faire:
 This I would haue thee doe, since flesh is fraille,
 And *Sathan* will be busie to preuaile:
 With heed and care watch ouer thy affection,
 And in thy doings follow this direction.
 First see if t be thy flesh that moues thee to
 Those thinges the which thou art about to doe,
 Next to consider well it doth behouue thee,
 What kind of men they are that do approue thee;
 For true it is as I haue oft beene taught,
 What flesh desires, and most approues is naught.
 And since they thrust thee forward vnto euill,
 Thou hast an ill heart, proud flesh, and the Diuill
 With bad example. Learne oh man to season (sonne)
 Thy hart with sacred, thoughts, with truth & rea-
 Thy flesh with labour; and with fasting tame
 And twil not be so subiect vnto blame,
 Preuent the Diuels baits and his temptations
 With earnest prayers and good meditations,
 And see thou heed to thy companions gnost,
 Since thou wilt be as these with whom thou liu'st,
 Yea since thou art so subiect vnto sinne,
 Shun all occasions that may draw thee in,

EPILOGVS.

So when thy God shall see thou hast a will,
And true desire for to amend what's ill,
He will accept it for his sonnes deare sake,
And thee more willing, and more able make;
Yea should thy Sinnes more red then scarlet grow,
Yet he would make them whiter then the snow.
Thy now blacke soule, were it thrice more defilde,
As innocent as is the new borne child:
And thy most miserable body, farre
More glorious then is the brightest Starre:
But if thou, without care or heed, dost leane
Vnto those lusts of flesh that are vncleane;
If thou take pleasure and delight to doe them,
Quite giuing ouer thy desire vnto them,
They both in soule and body too, will make thee
So fowle a Leaper that God will forsake thee;
His holy Angels and his Saints abhor thee,
And onely Diuels make entreaty for thee;
Yea thou must in *Gebyunon* waile with them,
That are excluded new *Ierusalem*.

The end of the second booke.

So when thy God shall see thou hast a will,
And true desire for to amend what aill,
He will accept it for his sonnes dearest sake,
And thus more willing and more able make;
Yes should thy sinnes more and then lesser grow,
Yet he would make them whiter then the snow,
Thy now blacke soules, were it thicke growne with sinne,
As innocent as is the new borne child;
And thy most miserable body frame,
More glorious then the brightest starre;
But if thou without care of heed, dost leave
Ymo those lulls of flesh that are vice,
If thou take pleasure and delight to doe them,
Quite giving over thy selfe into their traine,
They both in body and soule will make thee
So loose a Leaper that God will forsake thee;
His holy Angels and his Saints shall spurne thee;
And onely Devils make entrance for thee;
Yes thou shalt in Gehennes burne with them,
That are concluded now for ever.

The end of the second booke.

THE SCOVRGE.

MY Muse I purpos'd to haue rested heere;
 And so she should indeed, but that I feare
 A gentle warning wil not now suffice
 To make men leaue off their iniquities:
 Yea, I do know their negligence so great,
 Tis not enough for to perswade or threat:
 And therefore I me resolued ere I part,
 To giue them a remembrance to their smart,
 And though full leath, cause their ill natures vrgē
 Ile send abroad a Satir with a scourge,
 That to their shame for this abuse shall strip them;
 And being naked in their vices, whip them
 And to be sure of these that are most rash,
 Not one shall scape him that deserues a lash,
 But some will kick, now let them kick & spare not,
 So he may come and lerk them well I care not;
 For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or strong,
 Ile make him finde them that delight in wrong,
 Not in despiht, to make reuengefull rumors;
 Rather in sport to mock the worlds base humors;
 But least I make my Prologue ouer-large,
 Ile let my whipping-Satyr know his charge:
 First though he haue but little manners got,
 Rged in the woods; where many vse them not

THE SCORGE.

Yet will I send him to suruey the court,
And dance the *Witch* to make his king some sport.
Doe *Satyr*, goe, thou shalt not be disdain'd,
Loue without merit hath bin entertain'd,
And so may thine; that Progenies the most,
Yea all indeed of which the world can boast,
And that so worthy: ('tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt thou canst not flatter.
If thou maist get their fauour that's the best,
There is no cause why thou should'st feare the rest
The good will help but neuer hurt, then care not,
Although the wicked would offend they dare not.
First lash the great ones, but if thou be wise,
In generall and doe not speciallize:
Yet if thou do, so wisely let it be,
None may except but those that faulty be.
Now peraduenture some will rage or storme,
But that's no matter thou art freely borne;
And though their eies spark fire, and they look big
Be thou as sterne, thou need'st not care a fig;
And tell them plainly 'tis not all their shew,
Can make them think them better thē they know;
'Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,
Shall free them from the scandall of oppression,
Thogh they can now, to get themselves a name,
Build *Babell* vp a new, and quickly frame
Such loftie Pallaces as if they ment,
To threaten heauen from the battlement,
Who wonders at it? none I thinke; and why?
Who is so mad to tel them that, not I?

Yet

THE SCORGE.

Yet Satyr looke that thou before thou part;
 Giue them one ierke to make their Honors smart;
 Their Stately houses say are things but vaines;
 An age or two shall rot them downe againe;
 And for their vice if there be none dare show it,
 Say I haue vow'd to make the world to know it.
 Then tis not toombes nor yet a heape of stones,
 Shall make men thinke the better of their bones,
 No, it shall speake their Auarice and pride,
 Which those they scorn'd and wrong'd, shall then
 So let them go their Soueraigne to attend, (deride.
 And those that be not at the best, amend:
 Search on for more; but if thou hap to finde
 Any among them of the female kinde,
 VVomen or Angels, bad or good; thine eyes
 Shall not looke toward their infirmities,
 VVhat ere some say, no man will, or can,
 VVrong him (He warrant) that's an honest man,
 For they are good and surely would be still,
 VVer't not that men did often make them ill;
 Those that are angry with them let them show it,
 He say th'are Vertuous for because I know it.
 Mens faults I tell, so may he womens too (doe.
 That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to
 These if thou hap to see, I charge thee skip,
 And search in euery office with thy whip;
 There, there are those that for their private store
 Make both th'exchequer & the commons poore,
 Extortion doth maintaine their brauery,
 Yet lay not open all their knauery,

But

THE SCORRE:

But tell them they a new account must bring;
That last perhaps their guilty soule will sting,
Thou shalt in Court another troope espy,
Such as in show are full of honesty,
Esteem'd; but he that such fine followers wants
Is happy; for they are but Sycophants,
Dissembling Villaines: do but note them well,
And thou wilt say they are the brood of hell,
For pluck away their fain'd fidelity,
And they are e'ne a heap of villany: (mend
To make them smart these wordes to them com-
That beggery and shame shall be their end.
Yet thou shalt find depending on the Court
Some that wil leaue to make their betters sport,
But fist them, I durst pawne a brace of testers, (sters
If truth were known they are more fooles then Ie-
And so they are suppos'd, although indeed, (heed
They are more knaues then fooles; but take thou
Come not within the compasse of their Bable,
Then call them knaues as lowd as thou art able;
If thou come thither at some publike show,
As there thou shalt be whether they will or no,
Remember that thou make a shift to creepe
Neere to the place where they the Reuels keep.
There stand a while vnscene, and do no more,
But note those fellowes that do keep the doore,
If thou perceiue some, as some will do then,
Keep out a many worthy Gentlemen,
And let a Laundresse or a Scoundrel passe,
Giue him a ierk and tell him hee's an asse;

THE SCORQE

But least thou spy what may make thee asham'd,
 Or speake of that for which thou maist be blam'd,
 Leauē thou the Court if thy owne ease thou pittie,
 And come a while to walke about the Cittie,
 As soone as there thou en'rest thou shalt meet
 Great store of Gallants pacing out the streets;
 A part from dice, or fence, or dancing come,
 And peraduenture from a whore-house some,
 Those are goodfellowes that will frankly spend,
 While land will last or any man wil lend;
 And yet to see (more fooles the world had neuer)
 They are so proud as if 't would last for euer,
 And though these lightly cannot haue a worse,
 Or deadlier sicknes then an empty purse
 Which wil ensue, yet tell them they must meete
 At the Kinges-bench, the Counter, or the Fleet,
 Then step vnto the Lawyers, peraduenture
 They'l by some *VVrit* command thee not to enter;
 Yet feare them not but looke and thou shalt spye,
 Vnder their gownes a messe of Knauery.
 Pluck off their mask of law that clokes their drifts,
 And thou shalt see a world of lawlesse shifts;
 But tell them theres a iudge wil not be feed,
 And that perhaps wil make their conscience bleed;
 Then tell the Scriuēers as thou passest by:
 That they were best to leauē their forgery,
 Or else, why is't their eares do scape so well,
 The Diuell meanes to beare them whole to hell;
 Tell the Phisitions if thou meet with any,
 Their Potions & their Drugs haue murder'd many

THE SCOURGE.

For which thou would'st haue laste, but dost delay
Because the diuel means himselfe to pay thee; (them
But if thei'l proue conclusions, bid them then,
Try't on themselves and not on other men:
Desire the Brokers that they would not yaune,
After the forfeit of anothers pawne,
It is their right by law theile say, tis true,
And so's their soule, perhaps, anothers due;
But sting them if their conscience quite be fled,
Then shall they pay what they haue forfeited:
Entreat the Tailor next, if that he can,
To leaue his theft and proue an honest man;
If that he think the matter be too hard,
Knock him about the noddle with his yard,
If he bee rich and take the same in snuffe,
Tell him his substance is but stolen stuffe
And that the Iay would hardly brook the weather,
If eu'ry Bird should take away her feather,
So hauing whipt him, let the Priest go shriue him,
And if he haue authority forgiue him:
Go warn the Craftsman that he do not lurke
All day at ale-house, and neglect his worke,
And then suruey the ware of euery trade,
For much, I tell thee, is deceitfull made,
Which if thou find I charge thee do not friend it,
But call him knaue, and bid him go and mend it,
Oh see if thou the Marchant-man canst find,
For heele be gone at turning of the wind,
Bid him keep touch, or tell his worship how
His heart wil trebble when the Seas are rough,

Desire

THE SCORGE.

Desire him to, if he doe trauaile thither, (hither,
Where Conscience is, that he would bring some
Here's little; some wil haue it; if none will,
He shall gaine by it though he keepe it still;
If he bring none, 'twere Charitie, I thinke,
To pray some storme might make his vessell sinke;
Looke in their ships, for I haue knowne deceit
Hath bin in both the Owner and the freight,
Yea note them well, & thou shalt finde their bookes
Are ginns for wood-cocks made like tenter-hooks:
Well they are rich, the Marchant wealth obtaines
And cares not how, so he encrease his gaines;
Yet least his wealth may hap to make him proud,
Satyr I pray thee, tell him this aloude
To make him smart, *that whilst he lks a mome,*
Plays fast abroad, his wife p/aces loose at home;
Nor shall his ill-got masse of wealth hould out
But he or his become a banquerout:
Now to thy rest, tis night; but here approaches
A troupe with torches hurried in their Coaches,
Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,
Some bound for Shoreditch, or for Clarken-well;
Oh these are they which thinke that Fornication,
Is but a youthfull sportfull recreation:
These to hold out the game, maintaine the back
VVith marrow pies, potato-roots and sack:
And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,
Can hould out a Luxurious course by art:
Goe stop the horses quickly least thou misse
And tel the Coachmans wanton carriage this,

THE SCOURGE.

They of their guide must be aduised well,
For they are running downe the hill to hell.
Their Venery will soone consume their stocks,
And bring them to repentance with a poxe.
So other crimes committed without light,
Let such reueale as see like Owles by night:
For many men a secret fault can finde,
But in apparant rougeries are blind
Or else they will not see; but thou wertst best
Leaue whipping and betake thee to thy rest;
If in an Inne it be, before thou sup,
Will that the Tapster call his maister vp
And bid him kindly, since he giues thee lodging,
To vse plaine dealing and detest all dodging.
Dissembling's naught, hard rekonings they ar worse
Light gaines (they say) will make a heauy purse.
And let them not (this fault is very rife)
Make any guest familiar with his wife.
For many men (they weare but what they should)
Do make their wiues more wanto then they would.
Thereby they gaine, their Innes are wel frequented
But such ill courses are too late repented;
So schoole him well and do thy whip refraine,
And send him to his other guests againe.
Then thou shalt see the nimble Tapster flie,
Still yalling, *here, anon sir, by and by,*
So dilligent, till thou thy selfe acquaint
With his fly tricks thou'lt take him for a Saint.
But I suppose that they haue tane an oth,
Neuer to fill a pot but halfe with froth;

And

THE SCOVRGE.

And there's an old shift if they leaue it not,
There must be something added to the shot,
But wilt thou swagger with him for it? no,
But take him as he is and let him goe,
Now for most hostlers if thou hap to try them.
Knaues thou maist say they are and not belie them,
For they deceaue the poore dumb traueling beast,
And for the same deseru'd a ierke at least;
Yet do thou spare them, for there is no doubt,
Some guest will finde a time to pay the lout.
Well, hauing rested and discharg'd thine host,
Ile send thee downe, into the country, Post;
For I haue bus'nes, no man would beleieue, (Shreeue
With whom d'ye thinke? e'ne with the vnder-
Tell him thou heardst (and that's a fault indeed)
That in some causes he is double-feed.
And that moreouer he deserues a Portion,
With those that are indited for extortion.
Yea and for other things as well as that,
Tell him the country tearmes him he knowes what,
As which if he make light as if he care not,
Whip him in conscience soundly for't, and spare not
Now for our Knights; their much formality,
Hath made them leaue their hospitality,
Yet, lest they should be angry say no more,
This age hath made a number of them poore;
And that some toe (or else they are belied)
Haue begger'd their posteritie with pride,
And since thou art so neere them doe not cease
Vntill thou see our Iustices of peace,

THE SCOURGE.

There try if thou canst get but so much fauour,
To bind the Country to the good behauiour,
And tell them how thou hast informed been,
That they haue granted Warrants vpon spleene;
Are partiall, and haue ouer-sway'd by might
The poore mans cause that's innocent and right:
If this thou finde be true, thou hast permission;
To lash, or put them out of the Commission;
The Cunstable if he were bid, I wifs,
Be good in's office, 'twere not much amifs:
For he, they say, a many meanes may haue,
If so he be dispos'd to play the knaue;
See how he deales and makes thy message known,
For he hath stocks and whipping-posts of's owne:
There are Church-wardens to, I shame to see
How they ruine into wilfull periurie,
Partiie in fauour and in part for feare,
They wink't at much disorder in a yeare;
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them as euill members of the Church;
If they reply, offenders are so friended
Though they present, 'tis little thing amended,
Yet tell them 'tis their duty to discharge,
Their consciences in euery thing at large;
VWhich if they doe, ill doers shall be sham'd
Or the corrupted Visitors be blam'd
And prethee tell the B. Chancellor,
That thou art sent to be his counsellor:
And will him if he meane not to be stript,
And like a schoole boy once againe be whipt,

THE SCOVRGE.

His worship would not so bad minded be,
To peruert iudgement for a scuruy fee.
Then next go tell the reuerent good maisters,
Thou and the Clergy needs must fall at wasters:
Faith thou shalt find their Doctorships perhaps,
Disputing of their Surplesses and caps,
About the holy Crosse, and Gowne, a Hood,
Or some such matters for the Churches good;
But tell them there are other thinges to doe,
A great deale fitter to be lookt into.
And if they please to go their Visitation,
There's waightier matters looke for reformation,
Yea say theres many an infirmity,
Which they both may and ought to remedy.
But touch them with remembrance of their place,
And they perhaps will alter then the case,
Then bid those Dunces in our Colledges,
That they prouide them good Apologies:
For 'tis reported lately they haue borh,
Betooke themselues to Venery and sloth,
And seek not learning only as they should,
But are back friends to many a man that would
Twere fit they made a publike recantation,
And were wel whipt before a Congregation.
Sole auing them their wits for to refine,
Thou shalt be bold to looke on the Diuine;
They say, hee's growne more carefull of his stock,
His profits and his tithes then of his flock:
Now if thou find report hath not belied him,
With a respect vnto his Calling chide him,

THE SCOURGE.

I had almost forgot our ciuill Doctors;
 I pray thee warne them and their lazy Proctors,
 They would not vse to make so many pauses,
 Before they do determine poore mens causes,
 And let them not suppose their fees are small,
 Since they at last wil get the Diuell and all,
 There be Court Barrons many in the way,
 Thus maist thou to the Guardians of them say,
 Their policy in raising fines and rents,
 Hath put poore men beside their Tenements:
 And tel them, let them answer if they can,
 Their false Court-roles hath vndone many a man;
 Say thou hast scene what to their place belong'd
 And knowst, ofttimes both Lord & tenants wrong'd
 Yet spare thy whip; for why? the peoples curse,
 Already hath prepared them a worse,
 So when that thou hast punisht vices slaues,
 And roundly lekt the Country petty-knaues,
 Then march we to the Camp to bloody Nero
 And tel the ruffling shuffling Cauallero;
 He whose hard-heart can brooke to rob or spill,
 His friend or foe, to ruine, wound or kil,
 Tel him, I say, there is a misery
 Must follow to reuenge his cruelty;
 And see that thou the Ruffaines courage quaille,
 Or lash him till the stock and whipcord faile;
 Walke but the round, and thou maist hap to catch,
 The carelesse souldiers sleeping in their watch,
 Or in a march perhaps theile goe astray,
 But if thou see them in their best aray,

And

THE SCOURGE.

And without leaue and warrant roming out,
To fetch some desperate booty there about,
Remember them; and for their stout brauado's,
Let them be wel prefer'd with bastinadoes,
Then bid the Captaines in their Garisons,
Not lay to paune their rich Caparisons,
Nor come vppon the score til they are forc't,
To be disarmd for payment, or vnhors't,
Nor keepe rhe soldiers hire, least they be faine,
To make an insurrection or complaine,
For that indeed prooues oftentimes the cause,
They do so much transgresse the Martiall lawes;
Yea tel him 'tis a scandall to be drunke
And drowne their valour, or maintaine a Punk;
Then if he mend not for to blot his fame,
In steed of honor whip him for't with shame,
Then lastly there are selfe-conceited wits,
Whose stomacks nought but their own humor fits,
Detractors, Critticks; who en'e at the best,
Do bite with enuy or else snarle at least,
And in thy progresse if discern'd thou be,
'Tis out of question they wil snap at thee, (them,
To spight them then the waie's not to out-brawle
But say thou car'st not, & that lash wil gaule them;
Now Satyr leaue me to my selfe alone,
Thou hast thy message and thou maist be gone,
Whip any that shall offer to withstand thee,
In executing that which I command thee;
And yet so, ho, ho, ho, come back againe,
Be sure that thou do vnderstand me plaine:

First

THE SCOURGE.

First note; I from my Scourge do here except,
The Guard by whom the kingdomes peace is kept
The vertuous Peeres: Alas! I nothing grutch them,
And on my blessing see thou do not touch them:
And if in all our offices theres any;
That is an honest man amongst so many;
Him did I euer meane that thou shouldst spare,
Because I know that such a one is rare;
Phyick and Law I honor both (God blesse it)
With euery vertuous man that doth professe it,
I do not ayme at such as they, nor when
I flout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
Such worthy Brittaines as maintained be,
According to their fashion and degree:
No, those I loue; and what can I lesse doe,
Since I of them am wel-beloued to;
To blame all Marchants neuer was my will,
Nor do I think all Trades-mens work is ill;
My meaning must not so be vnderstood,
For the last shooes I had were very good;
Yea and so farre am I from such a thought,
Thou shouldst against the vertuous doe ought,
That if thou but an honest Tapster see,
Tell him I wish we might acquainted be;
And I'le that Hostler loue which in amends,
Will vse my horse wel, that we may be friends;
And to be breefe good Satyr vnderstand
That thou maist not mistake what I command:
'Tis not my meaning neither do I like,
That thou at this time shouldst in speciall strike,
Because

THE SCOURGE.

Because my hatred might appeare as then,
Not to the vice, but rather to the men;
VVhich is not so, for though some malice me
VVith eu'ry one am I in charitie;
And if that thou doe euer come to sight,
And bring thy yet concealed charge to light;
I wish it might be tooke as 'twas intended:
And then no vertuous man will be offended:
But if that any man doe thinke amiss,
Vpon my life that partie guiltie is;
And therefore lash him, so get thee out of dore
Come what come will, I'll call thee back no more:
So, now he's gone the way that I direct him,
I wonder how the world will now respect him,
If that the maruaile why he was not bolder,
Perhaps he may be when that he is older;
He hath too smooth a chin, a looke too mild,
A token that he is not wholly wild;
But may I reach the yeares of other men,
If that this loose world be not mended then,
Ile send a Satyr rougher then a Beare
That shall not chide and whip, but scartch & teare.
And so I'll teach him he shall be too strong,
For all your *Paris-garden* dogs to wrong.
This Satyr hath a scourge, (but it wants weight,
Your Spanish whips were worse in eighty-eight,)
That shall not onely make them howle for paine,
But touse them, till they hold their peace againe:
Now if the world, frowne vpon me for't,
Shal I be sorie? No, 'twil mend my sport;


But

THE SCOVRGE.

But what if I my self should hap to stray,
Out of my bounds into my Satyrs way ?
Why then ; and that's as much as I need doe,
I giue him leaue to come and lash me toe.
So now my Muse a resting time requires,
For shee's or' wearied and her Spirit tires.

AN' TUNE DECEASED.

FINIS.



Certaine Epigrammes to the
Kings most excellent Maiestie,
the Queene, the Prince, the Princesse,
and other Noble and Honorable Per-
sonages, and friends to whom the Au-
thor gave any of his bookes.

To the Kings Maiestie.

EPIGRAM. I.

L Oo here tread Sou'raign, and great Britains King
First to thy view I haue presum'd to bring,
These my Effaies; On which but gently looke,
I do not make thee Patron of my booke:
For 'tis not fit our Faiths-Defender (still)
Take the protection of each trifling quill;
No; yet because thy wisdom able is,
Of all things to make use; I giue thee this:
The Picture of a Beast in Humane shape,
'Tis neither Monkey, nor Baboone, nor Ape,
Though nere Conditioned; I haue not sought it
In Africk Deserts; neither haue I brought it

One

EPIGRAMS.

Out of Ignota terra: those wild lands,
 Beyond the farthest Magalanick strands
 Yeeld not the like; the Fiend lines in this Ile
 And I mu'd that you spied not all this while
 That Man-like Monster. But (alas) I saw,
 The look of Maiestie kept him in awe;
 He w'd not for he dares not before thee
 Shew what (indeed) he uses for to be;
 But in thy presence he is meeke, demure,
 Demout, chaste, honest, innocent, and pure:
 Seeming an Angell, free from thoughts of ill,
 And therefore thou must needs so thinke him stil.
 But for because thy Soueraigne place denies,
 The sight of what is view'd by meaner eyes:
 This I haue brought thee, with much care and paine,
 'Twas like to haue bin forced backe again:
 So loath the world was, that thou should'st view,
 The Portraiture that I haue drawne: so true;
 Yea yet (I feare) she findes her selfe so gal'd,
 That some wil study how to haue't recal'd;
 But tis too late; for now my Muse doth trust,
 When thou hast seen't thou wilt approoue what's iust.
 And if I may but once perceine, or heare,
 That this sounds pleasing in thy kingly eare,
 Ile make my Muse for to describe him fuller,
 And paint him forth in a more liuely colour:
 Yea I wil to the worlds great shame unfold,
 That which is knowne, but neuer yet was told;
 Meane while great King a happy Monarch raigne,
 In sight of Rome, the Diuel, Hel, and Spaine.

Another

EPIGRAMS.

Another to his Maieſty.

EPIGR. 2.

AShe that feedes on no worſe meat then Quails,
And with choiſe dainties pleaſeth Appetite:
Will neuer haue great liſt to gnaw his nailes,
Or in a courſe thin diet take delight,
So ſhon great King that ſtill doſt overlooke,
The learned workes, that are moſt deepe, moſt rare;
Canſt not perhaps theſe myrnde Satyrs brooke:
Thou doſt not for ſuch ſharp ſang'd Critticks care:
Oh do not yet thy ſelfe ſo much aſtrange,
From wonted curteſie to others ſhowne,
A Country diſh doth often ſerue for change,
And ſomething beere is worthy to be knowne.
Sharpe ſauce giues ſweeteſt meat a better taſt;
And though that this to many bitter be,
Thou no ſuch ſickneſ in thy ſtomack haſt,
And therefore 'twill be pleaſing unto thee:
VVhat though I neither flater, ſawne, nor ſooth,
My honeſt plainneſſe ſhall more truly praiſe thee,
Then thoſe that in Court language filed ſmooth,
Strine unbeleeuing Tropheis for to raiſe thee,
My Loyall heart cannot ſo well impart,
The lone it beares your Maieſty as other. ;
The want of Time, Encouragement and Art,
My purpoſe in the Embrio ſtill ſmother.

Obſcurity,

EPIGRAMS.

Obscurity, Grosse-Fates, and want of Meanes,
 Would haue made Romes great Maro harshly singe
 But if once Cezar to his musique leanes,
 His tunes through all the world will sweetly ringe
 And why are English wits so perfect growne?
 But for because thy kingly hand peruses,
 Their wel tun'd Poems; and hath bounty shewne,
 That it is thou giust light vnto their Muses.
 Oh! had I such a Star for Pole to mine,
 I de reach a straine should raiue all the Nine.

To the Queenes Maiesty

EPIGR. 3.

In posse.

Daughter, Wife, Sister, Mother to a King;
 And Empresse of the North, enrich your Names
 Yet do you chastity and wisdom bring,
 Bounty, and curtesie to make up true fame.
 Which since (faire Queen) my Muse hath understood,
 She's bold into your presence to intrude,
 Assured, honest meanings that are good,
 Shall find acceptance there, though they seeme rude,
 Looke and behold the Vanities of men,
 Their Misery, their Weaknesse, and their Pride,
 Daigne to suruey this booke (I say) and then,
 When you haue each perticular espide:
 Think with your selfe, how highly blest you be,
 For to enioy a Prince that both knowes how,

To

EPIGRAMS.

*To keepe himselfe, from such fel! Passion free,
 And make so many mad-wild creatures bow,
 Indeed here's Vices tablet plainely made,
 Not veiled ouer, or obscurely drawne;
 Tis in a colour which shall neuer fade,
 That men may blushe, on such a bag to fawne.
 But if your Grace will fauour what I sing,
 Though Vertue be in durance Ile reprecue her
 That now despised Nymph to honour bring,
 Set al her hidden beauties forth; and gine her
 So sweet a looke, and such a deist attire,
 Men shal grow loue-sick and burne with desire,*

TO CHARLES Prince of Wales,

EPIG. 4.

SEE here faire *Of-spring* of the royall *Stem*,
 What all the world almost is subiect to;
 Behold it so, thou truely maist contemne,
 And from thy heart abhorre what others doe,
 Now is the fit and only time to season,
 That young, rare-vnderstanding breast of thine
 VVith sacred precepts, good aduise, and reason;
 But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline,
 Inheritance, great Prince, will make it thine?
 And were *Mans* nature, yet more prone to fall,
 Soe to be borne, and so taught, helps all.

EPIGRAMS.

To the Princeſſe.

EPIG. 5.

Sweet Princeſſe; though my Muſe ſings not the glories,
Of faire aduenterous Knights or Ladies loues:
Though here be no *Encomiaſtick* ſtories,
That tender hearts, or gentle Spirits moues,
Yet in an honeſt homelie Ruſtick ſtraine,
She ſhews the Creature (ſuch may you nere know)
Forgiue her though ſhe be ſeuere, or plaine,
Truth that may warrant it commanded ſo.
Yea view it ouer with beleefe; but than,
I am afraid you will abhor a man.

And yet you need not; All deſerue not blame,
For that great *Prince* that wooes for to be your
If that his worth but equalize his fame,
Is free from any *Sat.* here of ours.
Nay they ſhall praiſe him; for though they haue
To make the wicked their offences rue, (whip
And dare to ſcourge the greateſt when he trips,
Virtue ſhall ſtill be certaine of her due.
But for your ſake; (if that you entertaine him,) Th
Oh would he were (a man) as I could faine him

Yet ſweet *Elizabeth*: that happy *Name*,
If we loſt nothing elſe by looſing thee;

EPIGRAMS.

So deare to *Eng'land* is, we are to blame
 If without teares and sighes we parted be;
 But if thou must make blest another Clime;
 Remember *Ow!* and for that; though I vse,
 A crabbed subiect and a Churlish Rime,
 Daine but to be the Mistris of my *Muse*;
 And Ile change *Theames*, and in a lofty stile,
 Keepe thee allue for euer, in this *Ile*.

To the Lords of his Maiesties most hono-
rable Privy Counsell.

EPIGR. 6.

Most Honor'd Lords; I heere present this book,
 To your graue censures, not to shew my *Art*:
 Nere did you on so rude a matter looke,
 Yet tis the token of an honest heart,
 I did it not to please, nor flatter any,
 Nor haue I made it for the thirst of gaine:
 For I am sure it wil not humor many,
 And I expect much hatred for my paine.
 Here something you may see that now requires,
 Your care and prouidence to haue't amended:
 That's the maine poynt to which my *Muse* aspires,
 And whereto I haue all my labour tended:
 It may be there be some out of their hate,
 Will mis-interprete what is plainly meant;

EPIGRAMS.

Or tax me as too saucy with the *State*,
 In hope to make me for the *Truth* be silent,
 Yet know *Great Lords*, I do acknowledge heere,
 It is your *wisdomes* that next God maintaines,
 This Kingdomes good; And from my heart I beare
 A reuerent respect vnto your paines.
 I do not, as such faine would haue it seeme,
 Presume to teach your *wisedomes* what is best,
 I do not my owne knowledge so esteeme,
 Vile selfe conceit I from my heart detest.
 But for because I know the percing' st eye,
 Can neuer into all abuses see;
 And since the greatest in Authority,
 May not behold some-time so much as we:
 What therefore I haue thought to be amisse
 And worth amending I haue told it heere:
 I know your Honor s will be pleas'd in this,
 Though some (it may be) cannot rage forbear.
 But if there's any take this writing badly,
 Had it told all, it would haue vext him madly.

To Henry Earle of South-
 hampton.

EPIGR. 7

South-hampton; since thy *Province* brought me
 And on those pleasant mountaines I yet keepe

EPIGRAMS.

ought to be no stranger to thy worth,
 Nor let thy *Vertues* in obliuion sleepe.
 Nor wil I; if my fortunes giue me time:
 Meane while read this, and see what others be;
 If thou canst lik't, and wil but grace my *Rime*,
 wil so blaze thy *Hampshire* springs and thee,
 Thy *Arle*, *Test*, *Stowre*, and *Anon* shal share *Fama*,
 Either with *Humber*, *Seuerne*, *Trent* or *Thame*.

To William Earle of Pen-
 brooke.

EPIG. 8.

Thou whom respect of kin makes not vnjust,
 True Noble Spirit free from hate or guile,
 Thou whom thy *Prince* hath for thy care and trust,
 Ac't for to keepe the entrance of this Ile,
 Against abuses of these wicked *Times*,
 Have expos'd them open to thy view:
 Thy iudgement is not blinded with like crimes,
 And therefore maist percenue that all is true. (chee)
 Take it, though I seeme a stranger, yet I know
 And for thy vertues *Penbrooke*, this I owe thee.

X.

To

EPIGRAMS.

To the Lord *Lisle*, Lord Chamberlaine
to the Queene.

EPIGRAM: 9.

BEing a *Sidney* and so neere allied,
To him whose matchlesse rare immortall pen
Procur'd of Fame to haue him deifide,
And liue for euer in the hearts of men:
The loue my soule hath euer borne that name,
Would certainly perswade me for your sake;
In honest seruice to aduenture blame,
Or any open dangers vndertake,
Yet shall not that your titles, nor your place,
Your honours, nor your might, nor all you haue,
Cause me to flatter for reward or grace,
Fortune shall neuer make my mind a slaue;
But seeing that your *Vertue* shines apparant,
And honorable acts do speake your praise:
Since *Good Report* hath giuen forth her warrant,
Which none so much as by himselfe gaine-saies,
That (and naught else but that) compels my *Muse*,
To sing your *worth* and to present her *Own*,
If this imperfect issue you'll peruse,
Ile make her in a better forme be knowne,
And teach her, that is now so rude and plaine,
To soare a pitch aboue the common straine,

To

EPIGRAMS.

To the Lady Mary Wroth.

EPIGR. IO.

M *Adams*, to call you *best*, or the *most faire*,
The *Vertu'st* and the wisest in our daies:
Is now not commendations worth a haire,
For that's become to be each hus-wifes praise,

There's no degree, below *Superlative*,
Will serue some soothing *Epigrammatists*:
The *Worst* they praise, exceeds *Comparative*,
And *Best* can get no more out of their fists.

But, *Arts sweet Lover*; (vnto whom I know,
There is no happie *Muse* this day remaines;
That doth not for your *Worth* and bounty owe,
Euen himselve, his best and sweetest straines.)

Vouchsafe, to let this booke your fauour finde,
And as I heare haue *Mans* abuses showne,
Ile with like iust, and vncorrupted minde,
So make your true vnfaigned *Vertues* knowne,

While others false praise, shall in one's mouth be,
All shall commend you, in the high st degree.

EPIGRAMS.

To Sir Thomas Ridgeway, Knight Baronet, Treasurer of Ireland.

EPIGR. II.

SIR, you first grac't and gratifi'd my *Muse*,
Which nere durst try til then what she could do
That which I did vnto my selfe was newes,

A matter I was little vs'd vnto:

Had you those first endeauiours not approou'd,

I should for euer more haue silence kept;

But now your good encouragement hath mou'd

And rous'd my Spirits, that before time slept;

For which I vow'd a giift that should be better:

Accept this for't, and ile be still your debtor.

Here you shall see the *Images* of men,

More sauage then the wildest *Irish kernes*:

Abuses whipt and stript, and whipt agen,

I know your Iudgement can the *Truth* discern,

Now so you will thinke well of this my Rime,

I'ue such a mind yet to *Saint Patrickes Ile*,

That if my *Fate* and *Fortunes* giue me time,

I hope for to reuist you a while,

And make those sparkes of honour to flame high

That rak't vp in obliuions cinders lie.

To

EPIGRAMS.

To his Father.

EPIGR. 12.

O Thers may glorie that their Fathers hands
Haue scrapt together mighty summes of gold
Boast in the circuit of new purchast lands,
Or heards of cattell more then can be told.
God giue them ioy; their wealth Ile nere enuy,
For you haue gotten me a greater store,
And though I haue not their prosperitie,
In my conceit I am not halfe so poore.
You learn't me with a little to content me,
Shew'd how to bridle passion in some measure;
And through your meanes I haue a Talent lent me,
VWhich I more vawew then all Indies treasure;
For when the al-most boundlesse *patrimonies*,
Are wasted; those by which our great ones trust
To be eterniz'd; when their *Ceremonies*
Shall be forgotten, and their toombes be dust;
Then to the glorie of your future line,
Your owne and my friends sacred memorie,
This litle, poore, despised, *wealth* of mine,
Shall raise a *Trophee* of eternitie,
Which fretting *enuy*, nor consuming *time*,
Shall ere abolish or one whit offend;

EPIGRAMS.

A toplesse *Statue* that to starres shall clime,
 Far greater then your Art shall comprehend;
 But I must needs confesse tis true, I yet
 Reape little profit in the eyes of men:
 My Tallent yeelds small outward benefit,
 Yet Ile not leaue it for the world agen,
 Though't bring no game that you by artful sleight
 Can measure out the earth in part or whole;
 Sound out the Centers depth, and take the height,
 Either of th' Artick, or Antartick pole:
 Yet tis your pleasure, it contentment brings,
 And so my Muse is my content and ioy,
 I would not misse her to be ranckt with Kings,
 How euer some account it is a toy,
 But hauing then (and by your meanes) obtaind,
 So rich a *patrimony* for my share:
 For which with linkes of loue I'me euer chaind,
 VVhat duties fitting for such bounties are?
 Moreouer *Nature* brought me in your debt,
 And still I owe you for your cares and feares:
 Your paines and charges I doe not forget
 Beside the interest of manie yeares:
 VVhat waie is there to make requitall for it?
 Much I shall leaue vnpaid doe what I can:
 Should I be then vnthankfull? I abhorre it,
 The Will maie serue when Power wants in man:
 This booke I giue you then, heere you shall finde
 Somewhat to counteruaile your former cost;
 It is a little *Index* of my mind;
 Time spent in reading it, will not be lost

Accept

EPIGRAMS:

Accept it and when I haue to my might,
Paid all I can to you; if powers diuine
Shall so much in my happiues delight,
To make you Grandfire to a sonne of mines;
Looke what remaines and may by right be due,
I'll pay it him as 'twas receiud from you.

Your louing Sonne.

George Wither.

To his mother.

Epig. 13.

VNgrateful is the child that can forget,
The Mothers many paines, her cares, her feares,
And therefore though I cannot pay the debt,
Due for the smallest drop of your kind teares;
This Booke I for acknowledgement do giue you,
Wherein you may perceiue my heart, my mind;
Let neuer false report of me more grieue you,
And you shall sure no iust occasion find,

Loue

EPIGRAMS.

Love made you apt to feare those flanders true,
 Which in my absence were but lately Towner:
 It was a motherly distrust in you,
 But those that raisd them are false villaines knowne:
 For though I must confesse I am indeed,
 The vilest to my selfe that liues this time,
 Yet to the world ward I'ue tane such heed,
 Theres none can spot me with a hainous crime.
 This I am forc't to speake, you best know why,
 Wherer's that man liuing that dare say I lye.

To his deare friend Maister
Thomas Cranly.

EPIGR. 14.

B Rother, for so I call thee, not because
 Thou wert my Fathers, or my Mothers sonne,
 Nor consanguinity, nor wedlock lawes,
 Could such a kindred twixt vs haue begun,
 We are not of one blood, nor yet name neither,
 Nor sworn in brotherhood with alehouse quarts
 We neuer were so much as drunke together,
 Twas no such slight acquaintanc' ioynd our
 But a long knowledge with much trial did it (harts
 (Which for to chuse a friend are good directions,) Lo
 And though we lou'd both well at first, both hid it,
 Till 'twas discovered by a like affections.

Since

EPIGRAMS.

Since which, thou hast ore-gone me far in showing
The Office of a friend; do't stil and spare not,
Lo heere's a *Mémemorandum* for what's owing;

But know for all thy kind respect I care not,
Vnlesse thou'lt show how I may seruice do thee;
Then I wil sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine G. VV.

To his louing friend, and Cousen

German, M. WILLIAM

WITNER.

EPIGR. 15.

IF that the *Standards* of the house bewray,
What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide;
Or if their *Destinies*, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signifi'd;
Tis so in thine: for that faire antique *Shield*,
Borne by thy Predecessors long agoe,
Depainted with a cleere pure *Argent* field,
The innocency of thy line did show.
Three sable *Crescents* with a *Cheueron* gul'de
Tel's that black *fates* obscur'd our howses light;
Because the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,
Lost her owne lustre and was darkned quite:

And

EPIGRAMS.

And as inded our aduersaries say;
 The very name of *VV*iber shewes decay.
 But yet despaire not, keep thy white vnstain'd,
 And then it skills not what thy *Crescents* be (wain'd
 What though the *Moone* be now increas't, now
 Learne thence to know thy lifes inconstancy,
 Be carefull as thou hitherto hast beene,
 To shun th'abuses *Man* is tax't for heere,
 And then thy soule, that's now ecclips'd with sin,
 When *Moone* and *Sun* are darkned shal look cleere
 And whatso er'e thy English name may threat,
 The *Haruests* sonne the *Greekes* entitle thee,
 Ere thou shalt wat, thy *Hore* wil bring thee meat,
 And, to kill care, her selfe thy make-sport be,
 Yea yet (though *Ennies* mists do make them dull)
 I hope to see the wained *Orbes* at full.

*For the better understanding of this Epigram, wee
 that his Armes are in a field argent, a Chevron, Gules
 betwixt three crescents sable, his name according to
 the Greeks is γιδις, and his Crest is a Hate with
 three wheat eares in her mouth.*

EPIGRAMS.

To his Schoole-maister, Maister

John Greaves.

EPIGR. 16.

I Feuer I doe wish I maie be rich,
(As oft perhaps such ilde breath I spend;)
I doe it not for any thing so much,
As for to haue wherewith to pay my friend.
For trust me, there is nothing grieues me more
Then this; that I should still much kindnes take,
And haue a Fortune (to my mind) so poore,
That (though I would) amends I cannot make;
Yet for to be as thankfull as I maie,
Snce my estate no better meanes affords,
VVhat I in deed receiue, I doe repaie
In willingnes, in thanks and gentle words.
Then though your loue doth well deserue to haue
Better requitals then are in my power;
Knowing you'l nothing *ultraposse* craue,
Here I haue brought you some *Essaies* of our:
You may thinke much, perhaps, since ther's so many
Learn'd *Graduates* that haue your pupils beene;
I who am none, and more vnfit then any,
Should first presume in publike to be seene:
But you doe know those horses in the teeme,
That with their worke are ablest to goe through,
Seldome so forward as blind *Bayard* seeme,
(Or giue so many twitches to the plough)
And so though they may better; their intent
Is not, perhaps, for to be fooles is print.

To

To the captious Reader.

WHat thou maist say or thinke, it is no matter
But if thou busily imagine here,
Since most of these are mighty, that I flatter;
Know, sacred Iustice is to me so deare, (then
Did not their *Vertues* in my thoughts thus raise
To get an *Empire* by them I'de not praise the

FINIS.

